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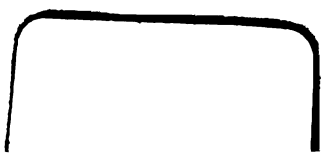

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The Wellesley Magazine

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EDITOR IN CHIEF.
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ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
BERNICE OLIVER KELLY, '99.

MANAGING EDITORS.
MAUDE EMILIE McCLARY, '99.
LOUISE EDGELL BALDWIN, '99.

LITERARY EDITORS.
HELEN MARIAN KELSEY, '95.
HELEN MARY BURTON, '99.
MARGARET BELL MERRILL, '99.
MARY GERALDINE GORDON, 1900.

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ON TOP OF A LONDON BUS.

ONE of the disadvantages of belonging to the Royal Family in England must be the social disqualification for riding about London on bus-top. Not even nobility is to be recognized on that joyous eminence, since, if it mounts, it comes incognito, with star and garter in its pocket; but this would be hardly prudent in his Lordship, for, among the piquant features of bus-top is the Artful Dodger, who slips into a modest seat behind innocent-eyed passengers, and watches athwart his drooping lashes to see where, after taking out the ponderous penny, they tuck away their purses. If this receptacle chances to favor an approach from the rear, and if the passenger likewise chances to be absorbed in an intelligent contemplation of something

else, Monsieur the Pickpocket, a mobile element in London life from long before the days of Dekker to ever since the days of Dickens, swings himself off the bus without embarrassing delay, and seeks at the neaerst "public" refreshment after toil.

You may be sure he has not far to go. The gin palace is one of the London sights, especially on a Saturday or Sunday evening, or most of all on a bank holiday, when men and women struggle with one another on the jammed threshold, and the services of "the chucker out" are in frequent demand. There is fighting sometimes, but singing more often. Some faces are sullen or desperate, but the most are good-humored enough,—craving human nature after its tuppence worth of joy. Now and then, when some poor fellow has drunk himself to the state of a mere foul bundle, one of London's fourteen thousand "blue kings" appears as by magic to prop and steer the reeling thing down the first convenient alley. "Where's the copper taikin' 'im?" pipes a childish voice on bus-top. "Ee'll walk 'im about a bit, till ee gets the throw of 'is legs; and then if ee can speak out 'is number, its 'elpin' 'im 'ome ee'll be," comes the parental response, so thickly as to suggest the wisdom of experience. "There'll be too mainy for runnin' 'em in to-night." And the answer ends in a chuckle.

I apologize for holding you, dear, respectable Wellesley, so long before the "public 'ouse," but it is there that the bus makes its regular halt. The driver clambers stiffly down from his steep, slippery perch for another of those potations which are burning his sinful old nose to a vivid tomato tint, nor does he fail to suggest to the passengers, suddenly transformed to stock and stone, that the moment is opportune for bestowing on his worthiness a bit of silver. The brisk young conductor, equally greedy, but more subtle, pops up the rear stairway with pressing offers to "do herrands for you, laidies,—fetch you hup refreshments, laidies,—bring you glasses of hanything you like." Only the jaded horses maintain their professional dignity. While the men are shouldering a way through the swinging doors to the bar, these responsible quadrupeds keep our place in the row of omnibuses, trundling us duly forward into each successive space cleared by the dispatch of the foremost bus, and the consequent onward movement of the line.

One speaks lightly of many things in London, as in life, because, otherwise, one could not bear to speak of them at all. The poor of London, and

the degradation that is part cause and part result of their poverty, are thrust always and everywhere upon even the idlest vision. You can hardly beckon a hansom in the most elegant quarter without the sudden upspring, as from beneath the curbstone, of a group of tatterdemalions who exchange fisticuffs for the quite unnecessary service of closing the cab doors upon you, in fervent hope of a penny. Crossing sweepers, flower sellers, pavement artists, cripples with shoe laces, old women with boxes of matches, young women with sleeping babies in their arms, merciless musicians with hand organs and other instruments of torture, peripatetic soloists who dog you with ditties through the week and run you down with a hymn on Sunday, small girls flinging up their feet in the ballet before the very noses of the horses in mid-street, small boys balancing themselves persuasively on their own grimy yellow wigs, all ragged, all dirty, all with the beggar's whine, make the most secluded stroll a Pharaoh exercise in hardening of the heart.

The bus-top is thus a refuge as well as an observatory. Once beyond the reach of the stretching hands, the cunning eyes and the ignoble tones, we find the London poor lend no small share to the fascination of the motley panorama. Here is the "starving mother," a round dozen of her, trooping together in jovial chat out of some dubious alley, each woman carelessly bearing over her shoulder a child that is flushed of face and sleeping with suspicious soundness, hired and drugged, perhaps, only borrowed and hushed with gin, perhaps,—in evil case, poor babies! at the best. But the "mothers" are sallying out for their day's labor ("Do 'elp us in our need, laidy! Oh, for Gawd's sake a penny, laidy! Do 'ave a feelin' 'eart, laidy!") in much the cheery mood common to us all when the freshness of morning encourages the blood. Their exchange of jocularities is accompanied by such noisy laughter that the down looker from the bus-top wonders again what kind of baby slumber it may be which there is so little fear of disturbing.

Ah, well! Perhaps London can spare a few babies, and yet her wealth of nursling Englishmen is worth more to her than the Thames. From every squalid court—and unspeakably squalid have they been since East London entered upon her cruel water-famine of this summer—comes the happy riot of children. It only needs a pump, and a sponge, and a generous cake of

soap to establish a cherub factory at any corner. Such sweet, merry blue eyes as glint up from under the thatch of might-be golden curls, and, despite heat, and hunger, and sin, and soot, and shame, the poorest streets that the buses traverse keep the smiles in motion. Here it is a small boy whose wrists are firmly held by an urchin two sizes larger, while an intermediate ragamuffin, deliberately munching a sandwich, breaks off fragments of the crust to hurl into what Spenser would call the "blubbered face" of the prisoner, who sends forth a howl wavering between irony and anguish: "'Ow mainy of yer? O Lawd, 'ow mainy of yer? An' me but one!" Here is a Saturday night meat market, with its auction of the left-over cuts and joints. Burly fellows in frocks slap the lumps of flesh from one hand to the other, while East London, wan and anxious in the glare of the gas-bursts all along the stalls, sniffs and haggles, and finally counts out its copper, amid such envious jeers as: "That's a rare un! Its smell is strong enough to fetch it home," and "Was yer kindly intendin' to ask the Queen to dinner, mum? That's her reg'lar St. James tripe, that is." And here—once more—is an old crone bent double and standing mute, a huddled, distressful shape, in the middle of the way. The hansom driver roars at her in vain, and finds himself reduced to the strange and mortifying expedient of turning out. A roughly sympathetic crowd presses upon her from all sides to learn why she doesn't move on, but the obelisk itself is not more dumbly fixed, and hardly seems more ancient and more mysterious. Suggestions are freely offered, to the effect that she has been run over, that she is going to have a fit, that she has been taking a drop too much; but a flaunting girl, who has just come up screaming a rowdy chorus, arm in arm with a tipsy sailor, pushes in close beside the witchlike figure and gets an answer which she repeats to the crowd. "She says move on yerselves. She's got nobbut to go to an' don't belong nowheres, an' she says she'll do no more 'arm on this 'ere street nor I will,—an' that's so." The girl's voice had risen on a curious note, not easy to interpret. Looking back from the rolling bus, which could no longer in decency pretend to be waiting for a passenger—had such appeared running toward it, the driver would have whipped up at once, while the conductor would have jerked the unfortunate on board by the elbow and dispatched him or her on the jolting climb with the grim injunction to "'Old 'ard!"—it would seem that the girl remained

standing beside that defiant image of desolate old age, while the sailor reeled away with the crowd; but the eyeblink was too brief for certainties.

Yet London is not all like this, and I see that I must mend my ways, or the Dean will never let me play chaperone again. The buses roll not through Rotten Row, indeed, but along many a stately avenue where rank and fashion congregate. Life is more of a ceremony over here than at home. Uniforms are gaudier, and every grade and calling, from Blue-coat Boy to Bishop, has its distinctive dress. Nor do Londoners object, it would seem, to going thus badged and ticketed. Perhaps they realize that social grades are marked by less palpable insignia from which there is no escape. The laborer wears his neckkerchief as simply and frankly as the fine lady wears her rouge. The footmen take their liveries seriously. The tall, silk hat knows its place and keeps it, even in the heats of August. The legal wig refuses to be ridiculous. The feudal picture book turns its leaves with an irresistible dignity. If it is a curbstone throng to view the carriage-roll of Royalty, the Crowned Head (in a bonnet) grants the old Olympian nod, and Demos waves a ragged cap as heartily as if one of the royal hostlers had never divulged the fact that one of the cream-colored horses wears a false, cream-colored tail.

Uncle Sam (and blessings on him!) might do worse than take a lesson in manners from John Bull. The only rude official, of any standing, whom I ever met in Europe was an American, and he, bland, brotherly soul, had not the least idea that he was rude, or the least concern about rudeness and politeness as human qualities; it merely happened to be more convenient to keep his hat on than to take it off, more agreeable (to himself) to talk with a quid of tobacco in his cheek, and more natural to answer a serious question with a bit of joking impudence flavored by a wink.

It is not on bus-top, to be sure, that John Bull's courtesy is at its best. That precious briarwood pipe of his too often befogs the virtue there. Yet the honest English kindliness and sturdy English self-respect, which are the basal rocks of his etiquette, may well be studied on the roof of his pumpkin vehicle, much as Zoölogy busies itself with the fundamental frog.

The Englishman deserves a better name for graciousness than the common consent of nations has so far given him. He has his John Bull phases, undoubtedly; he can plant his hoofs and shake his horns and roar,

but this is in South Africa, or India, or a continental hotel, or a United States sleeping car, or wheresoever else his imperial spirit suffers outrageous wrong. Within his own palings he is a very lamb, so far as the guest of the pasture or even the well-disposed stray is concerned. Again and again one hears travelers exclaim, "But how kind they are, these English!" Note them now on bus-top. A working woman stumbles, and a well-gloved hand flies out to catch her, the other hand flying, as instinctively, to the hat. A sickly child following his baby-burdened "dad" shrinks and whimpers at the top of the stairs. An immaculate West Ender excuses himself midway in a sentence on the Hooley scandal, picks up the scared toddler and, very carefully, hands him down, returning with all youthful majesty to resume his remark at the exact point where he left it. The conductor calls to his driver, "Slow up, please; thank you," and "Go on, please; thank you." The fierce-eyed old gentleman with an eagle profile, who has striven to assist a florid dame by taking her parcel—upside down—while she pitches to a seat, discovers too late that it is a small oil can, whose odorous contents he has emptied on his distinguished knees. He apologizes mildly to the woman for the waste of her oil, she sops him solemnly with the wrapping paper, nobody smiles, but on every side the soft, sweet English voices chime, "Very awkward for him, isn't it?"

The mellow tones go far toward conveying this impression of kindliness. It is amusing to contrast the scathing epithets with which these two plump, broad-hatted clergymen, tucked in over tightly on a curving front seat, are denouncing the "Romanizing wolves in Church of England surplices," with the dulcet benignity of their voices. It is anathema in lullaby. But, as a rule, bus-top is an unsociable place. On this miscellaneous summit the English instinct of reticence flourishes in full bloom. Here sit, side by side, father and daughter, here, hand in hand, Tommy Atkins and cockney nursemaid, all serenely silent, while a Frenchman and his wife are making a genuine festival of the trip. Their glances are as alert as their tongues. Nothing escapes them. They comment with quick pleasure on the athletic postures of a sidewalk group of lads in Eton jackets, on the rich violet gleam of an opera cloak flashed from a crested carriage, on the professional quality in the trills of a shabby street singer who stands in a dusky doorway, with her face turned from the gas. They lean over the rail to catch the grimaces

of Punch and Judy and the antics of a gray, sardonic monkey, and have a swift exchange of crisp French syllables, with nod and shrug, for every least incident of the route. Their neighborhood is charming. One understands how to such as these the English manner is repellent in its gravity and seeming coldness. A young Parisian, all grace, and flush, and fire, fluently declaimed to me the other day against the English phrase "enjoy a concert." The upshot of his sparkling little oration was that the expression was so blankly English,—guarded, non-committal, unenthusiastic, subjective, and calculated to cut off the delights of detailed criticism. "The French have no such phrase. No! no! no! no! We find a concert delightful. And how did you find that solo? Oh, enchanting! Such a freedom! Such a fullness! Such a feeling! And the new prima donna? Ah, but she is divine! We drop the knife and fork. Our hands fly out. So and so! We are in ecstasies. But your Englishman! What of him? We turn to him. How did he find the concert? He enjoyed it! Brute phrase! It tells of him. What does it tell of the concert? Does his face change? Does he yet add something? No! He eats roast beef, and more roast beef, and is silent. He enjoyed it! That finishes. With such a man, who can talk of art?"

There is no little truth on the Frenchman's side. This glum old world may well be grateful for Gallic gaiety, vivacity, *esprit*. But let the woman tourist tell whether she finds the public manners of London or of Paris more to her liking. She readily pardons the taciturn Briton for minding his own business, because she knows he will not interfere with hers, by word or look, until she needs his aid, and that then his plain, straightforward chivalry will honor all demands.

One feels continually in England the moral basis of the life and character. At this watering-place hotel, for instance, you should see the head waiter rap the guests to order for the grace. Ask Miss Willcox whether our bus conductor took advantage, in the dark, of the sovereign she gave him for a shilling. The high-erected image of Nelson in Trafalgar Square is like the great word DUTY set above the humming city. England still expects it of every Englishman. It is a part of the national pride,—a pride too proud for boasting. They speak very quietly of Omdurran. There have been earnest prayers in the churches, detailed reports in the papers, but the facts are left to glorify themselves. Superb generalship? Splendid fighting? One of

the most brilliant cavalry charges on record? "Quite so." It was done as Englishmen ought to do. As our young Frenchman would say, "That finishes."

Up here in beautiful Malvern (conveniently pronounced Mollon), where the "hills on hills" are green in spite of the great drought, and where St. Ann, though put to her shifts of late, is still able to fill the climber's glass with a trickle of crystal water, London yet haunts the imagination. Much of the year it is swathed in fog,—only a huge, ugly, yellow freckle on the face of England,—but it is, nevertheless, London, the focus of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

As one thinks back through the ages, what a city! In its muffled din, which I still hear as a background to the vespers of little Robin Redbreast,—"St. Robin," my right-hand table neighbor calls him,—is gathered up the roar of centuries. The tramp of Roman legions on those tesselated pavements, fifteen feet below the modern streets, when Westminster was a marshy heath and the Thames bore down to the sea freights of blue-eyed slaves, must have left their cadence in the air. And Saxon London, with its huts of wattle and daub, where men, women, and children slept on the ground, wrapped in mantles, with their feet to the central blaze, though it has bequeathed no visible trace of itself, not even the circular arches of a single church, cannot have utterly swallowed up in its gulf of oblivion the human tumult, banquet-songs, and battle-cries and prayerful chants, of those four hundred years. The invading shout of the Danes must linger yet, and Norman London, with its great walls reaching to the river, its bustling market at Chepe, its horse fairs and races at Smithfield, its tilting, archery, wrestling, dancing, is audible forever. The hall, with its open fire, trestled tables, and carpet of reeds, is gone, and the bower above, where Norman ladies withdrew from the clamor of the men-at-arms to embroider church vestments with gold and precious stones, or to work designs in pearls upon their own azure bodices and scarlet shoon,—this, too, is gone, but St. Bartholomew abides, with its deep-toned echoes of Latin litanies. The church bells of Plantagenet London, chiming as bells chimed when a fourth of the city was held by the religious establishments, —Crutched Friars, Grey Friars, Black Friars, innumerable monasteries, nunneries, colleges for priests, parish churches, lazar-houses,—made a peal-

ing that can never die away. Clash and clangor resounded, too, from the palaces of the great nobles that lined the water-way, or clustered about Chepe, in the days when Richard III plotted the murder of the little princes in his banqueting-room at Crosby Hall,—where now the city clerk and Baedeker tourist eye each other across restaurant tables,—in the days when the Earls of Leicester lived proudly in the Old Bailey, and the Dukes of Buckingham in Milk Street; when heralds in emblazoned coats trumpeted the passing of a royal retinue, with banners and shields, pageants and minstrelsy, whereat the flat-capped, blue-gowned 'prentice, turning out prayer-beads in Paternoster Row, scampered away from his work, as Chaucer tells us, and

> "Til that he had al the sight ysene,
> And dannsed wel, he wold not come agen."

This was the noisiest London of all, uproarious with the racket of the trades. Tudor London, city of ruins, where grammar schools and playhouses were rising on the sites of despoiled abbeys and priories,—still the London of cross and conduit, of houses with out-jutting upper stories, carved fronts and high-pitched gables,—has a million accents yet in the vows of Protestant England and the eternal, unmatchable music of Spenser and of Shakespeare. As for Stuart London, who does not hear to-day the crashing axe at Whitehall, the terrible tread of Cromwell under the windy, flapping, creaking signs of the Strand, the cheer that welcomed Charles II at Temple Bar, the buzz and flutter of fashion about Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and, apart and alone, "on evil times now fall'n," the song of the blind Milton? And that bewigged, bepowdered London of Anne and of the Georges is vocal yet with some of the dearest tones the English speech has known. Goldsmith comes running from the Temple along Fleet Street, with its rows of bookstalls and troops of hungry authors, to seek out Dr. Johnson at The Cheshire Cheese. "He who is tired of London," thunders the Oracle, "is tired of existence." And how Lamb loved his London, often moved to tears in the bustling ways, from "fullness of joy at so much life"!

The London of to-day! A mighty spell it wields by virtue of its kaleidoscopic variety, its prodigious range, and stress, and struggle; a noble

city it is,—but the end is not yet. The faces of East London are proof enough of that. I will go out over these Malvern Hills, hunting for the gaunt and sombre shade of Long Will,—though if I find him "slombryng in a slepyng," be assured I shall not wake him, remembering how "forweried" he was five centuries ago. But perhaps this Langland, strenuous idealist of Worcester Beacon, can tell me whether the hoarse, monster metropolis I have watched from bus-top is nearer than his own green London of the church bells to his Beatific Vision of righteous and love regnant on earth. Perhaps he knows. I'll go ask him.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

THE ADVENTURES OF MAISIE.

MAISIE closed her book with a long sigh and put it down beside her on the piazza step. Why did things never happen to her? The little girl of the story, who was only nine, too, had been shipwrecked twice, and had been lost and rescued by robbers once, and had finally fallen heir to an immense fortune with ciphers stretching out for a yard or more. Maybe looks made a difference. Perdita, the heroine, had "eyes the sky's own color, and hair like spun gold, which hung in curls far below her waist." Maisie twisted her neck in vain to get a view of her own stubby brown braids. How could anyone be a heroine who had straight brown pigtails, brown eyes, no nose to speak of, and freckles? And, moreover, how could anyone have an adventure in this stupid little country place?

She let her eyes travel up and down the part of the village street visible beyond the arbor-vitæ hedge enclosing the yard. Every house sat primly back from the road, and, with front shutters closed, seemed to defy the intrusion of excitement as well as light. In the white dust of the street several hens were ruffling themselves contentedly, now and then scuttling out of the way with a squawk of disapproval as a farmer's team jogged slowly by. The drone of insects was in the air, broken occasionally by a rasping scream from a neighboring sawmill. It was all so hot and drowsy, and hopelessly prosaic.

A door banged in the brown house across the street, and two girls came out on the piazza. Maisie's eyes brightened as she watched them. Were

they coming over? They started down the flagged walk to the gate and crossed the road. Maisie ran down to the opening in the hedge. "Hello, Fanny," she called; "coming over here?"

Fanny was fat, with no waist. She puffed a little as she came up to the place where Maizie stood. She spoke slowly, with a lisp. "Yes," she said; "Mamma says we can go raspberrying. Mabel's never been."

She looked with a certain pride at her cousin. Mabel came from Boston. She was pretty, with a doll-like prettiness of blue eyes and pink cheeks. Her gown was pink and white, with ruffles over the shoulders. Her shoes were new tan ones. Maisie was suddenly conscious that she had on a checked gingham apron, and her shoes were worn white in places.

"Ask your mother if you can go," Fanny went on, "and ask Nan, too."

Maisie grew red and dug her toe into the walk, kicking the pebbles. "I—I don't want to go if Nan's going. She—I—er—she's mad," she said.

Mabel looked curiously at her. "Oh, all right!" said Fanny. "You come along without Nan."

Maisie ran into the house, and soon came out with a tin cup. "I can go," she said. As they went out of the yard she glanced apprehensively at the next house. She hoped Nan wouldn't see them. When they had almost passed, a derisive call behind them made them turn.

"Oh-h, you're goin' berryin', and there ain't any raspberries this side o' Bigelow's pasture. You won't get any; you can't walk that far. 'Fore I'd go berryin' a hot day like this, anyway!" Nan was swinging on the front gate. Her face was turned away; but Maisie did not need to see the expression which went with the words.

"I don't care," she shouted back. "My mother said we would get some, and what she says is so, even if 'tisn't so."

"Come along, Maisie," Fanny urged, pulling at Maisie's sleeve. "Don't mind her; she's horrid, anyway."

Maisie gulped down her wrath, and they turned to go on; but a fresh taunt stopped them. "There's Mister Tag. 'Fore I'd be tagged when I went berryin'!"

Fanny looked around quickly. "Oh dear!" she said.

A small boy was hurrying after them. He was barefooted, and picked

his way in a gingerly manner over the sharp pebbles. A pair of overalls hung by one diminutive suspender. A huge straw hat almost obscured his face; but through the crown a tuft of yellow curls wagged with every step.

"Oh, dear!" Fanny repeated. "Elly, I told you to stay at home."

Elly stopped and looked up with an engaging smile. "But I camed," he said, sweetly.

"Let's take him," Mabel said. Elly was her favorite cousin.

"He would spoil all our fun," said Fanny, disconsolately. "He can't walk very well without his shoes, and he *will* go barefoot, and the brambles 'll scratch his leg, and he'll cry, and we'll all have a horrid time."

"Make him go back for his shoes," Mabel suggested.

"It's after eleven now, and we won't have any time if we wait for him. Elly, if you'll go home I'll give you—my lickerish stick."

Elly looked at her. He chewed his tongue when he was excited, and his jaw was in rapid motion now. "Don't like lickerish," he said, briefly. The girls looked at him in despair. He stood on one leg, scratching it with the toes of the other foot, and smiling at each in turn. "I'm goin' anyway," he added.

"Now you can't go at all," came from the gate behind them. "'Fore I'd start out an' have to come back."

Maisie grasped Elly's hand and started along the road. "*I'm* going, and Elly can come just as well as not."

Elly beamed with satisfaction and ignored Fanny's reproachful glances, as she and Mabel followed them. "Where're we goin'?" he asked.

"Raspberrying," Fanny said, sharply. "If you must go, Elly Graham, you needn't talk all the time."

"Don't, Fanny," Mabel urged. "You'll hurt his feelings."

"I'd like to; then maybe he'll do what I say another time."

Mabel looked shocked, and Maisie interfered with, "How far do you s'pose it is to Bigelow's pasture?"

"I don't know; a long way," Fanny said, indifferently; then with a sudden thought, "We aren't going there, Maisie!"

"Yes, we are;" Maisie answered. "I am, anyway. You needn't if you don't want to, but I thought Mabel would like to see the view. It isn't like what they have in Boston," she added, tentatively.

"Yes, I should," Mabel said; "I can walk real far, too."

"But Elly can't," Fanny put in.

"Yes, I can," Elly interrupted. "I'm goin' with Maisie."

Fanny gave up with a sigh, and the four children plodded on through the dust. They soon reached the limits of the village proper. The houses were fewer now, with wide stretches of green cornfields between. The banks on either side the road were covered with a tangled growth, which now and then showed a red berry to the eager little eyes. Beneath a fringe of ferns and long grasses, close under the bank, ran a tiny stream, making its presence known by a soft little ripple as it moved over the pebbles. The air was heavy with the pungent sweetness of unseen berries and heated undergrowth.

After walking some distance, Mabel flung herself down on the bank and fanned her pink face with her hat. "Let's wait awhile before going on," she said. "It's awfully hot."

Elly went up to her. His curls were sticking in little wet rings on his forehead, and his face was almost purple with heat. Raspberry stains showed around his mouth and streaked his cheeks. He stood with his fists thrust into the overall pockets, and his bare feet apart.

"I'm not tired," he said. "Girls always get tired easy."

"I'm not tired, either," answered Mabel, a little resentfully. "I'm just hot. Come along. How far is it to the pasture?"

"I don't know exactly," Maisie said, doubtfully. Her conscience was beginning to work. Mamma had not said they might go so far. It must be about dinner time, too. But she had only one or two berries in her cup. She could not go back without a cupful. Yet Mabel was tired, and Elly was limping a little.

"Oh, here's the bars into the pasture!" Fanny broke in.

Maisie forgot her conscience and the ache in her legs.

"Now we'll get heaps of berries," she said. "Let's climb over and begin picking right away."

"O Maisie!" Fanny exclaimed in an undertone; "look, there's a man running after us!" Up the road came a farmer with a pitchfork in his hand. He was shouting and brandishing his fork threateningly at the children as he ran. One look was enough. Maisie sprang

for the bars and climbed over, regardless of the long rent she tore in her apron.

"Quick, poke Elly underneath; we can't get him over!"

The bar was low and Elly was fat, but Fannie pushed vigorously behind and Maisie pulled in front, and Elly was squeezed through in safety, though a button or two was lost and his overalls were smeared with brown loam. The two girls clambered over, and grabbing Elly's hands, they hurriedly dragged him between them over the uneven ground.

A dense growth of young birch trees grew close up to the bars on either side and stretched along parallel to the road for some distance, completely hiding the pasture from the view of the chance passer-by. The children plunged into this shelter and stumbled through the underbrush. Elly stubbed his toes on every root, and finally wailed aloud when a long branch, pushed aside by Mabel, swung back and cruelly switched his bare legs.

"O hush," said Fanny; "he'll hear you."

"I won't go a bit farther; no, I won't. I'm going home!" he shrieked in a piercing crescendo.

"O dear! we'll be caught! Can't we stifle him?" Maisie said, trying in vain to stop up his mouth.

"Here, take this," said Mabel, thrusting her handkerchief into Maisie's hand. She took it, and tied it quickly over the red hole whence the yells were still coming.

Elly stopped, aghast, his mouth still open and the tears streaming down his already much-besmeared face. This was new treatment; were they playing a game with him? A big sob was cut short by a chuckle, and then he began to laugh so infectiously that the children could not help joining in.

"I guess the man's gone; let's get out of this," Fanny said, trying to wipe away Elly's tears with the flap of the handkerchief.

Though they had been running for some time through the trees they had been going parallel to the road, so a few steps to the side brought them out into the pasture again. The sun was hot, mercilessly hot. The berries were not very plentiful and Elly was thirsty. But Maisie insisted, doggedly, on trying to fill her cup, and persuaded the others that they would reach a larger supply farther on. They wandered about, here and there, growing more and more weary, until finally Mabel broke out,—"I don't

think this is a bit nice. There aren't any berries and there isn't any view, and I wish I hadn't come. I'm hungry, too."

"So'm I," wailed Elly. "I knew there was sumphin inside me, and it's hungriness. I want some dinner."

"Something inside you?" Maisie said, indignantly; "I should think there was. You've been eating berries and checkerberry leaves ever since you started. Just look at your face!"

"I can't," Elly said, making himself crosseyed in the effort. "I put them in my mouth anyway."

"You big goose!" Maisie burst out, contemptuously.

Elly looked at her with wrath flaming from his big gray eyes. He could not bear to be ridiculed. With a swift movement he snatched the cup from Maisie's hand, turned it upside down on the ground and sat on it. Then he beamed up at her again, his good humor restored. "Ain't you sorry you said I was a goose, Maisie?"

It was too much. She had it almost filled with berries, and now she could see the juice oozing out from under the inverted cup. Pangs of hunger and mortification overcame her. She darted at Elly, gave him one vigorous shake which nearly snapped off his hat, and then sat down and cried.

"Oh, oh!" Elly whimpered; "I did not mean to, Maisie. Oh dear, but I'm not a goose!" He threw himself upon her, trying to pull her hands from her face.

"Maisie, Maisie, Fanny, Mabel!" The long call came like a thunderclap on the children's ears. Maisie stopped crying and looked at Fanny in amazement. "It's Mamma!"

Elly made a mad rush toward the sound of the voice. "Oh, oh, Maisie's crying, an' I want some dinner!"

"Why, here are the bars," Mabel said, following him to an opening in the birch trees. "We must have been walking around in a circle."

As the children came in sight of the road they saw the phaeton, with Maisie's mother sitting in it, and just behind was Mrs. Graham in another carriage. The anxious look on their faces changed to one of consternation when they saw the four dilapidated figures climbing the bars. Mabel's ruffles were torn off by the briars, and her hat was hopelessly crushed where Elly had sat down on it. Maisie's torn apron flapped dismally and her face was

streaked with tears, and down the side of Fanny's dress was a long stream of raspberry juice from the pail she carried on her arm. Elly was beyond description. He was streaked with loam in front and dyed with juice behind, and his face was hardly recognizable beneath the stain of berries, and tears, and dirt.

"Where have you been?" Maisie's mother said. "It is after three o'clock, and we have been hunting everywhere for you."

After three o'clock! The children looked at each other. "But jump in quickly," she went on. "You and Elly may sit in the bottom of the carriage here, Maisie, and Mrs. Graham will take Fanny and Mabel. I never saw such looking children."

The two climbed in, one in each side, and sat with their feet dangling out. Then as they drove home, Mrs. Stanton talked seriously. Parties had been hunting for them everywhere since noon, and the greatest anxiety was felt when they discovered the children had gone to Bigelow's field, where a bull had recently been pastured. Some one had seen them going in and had tried to stop them, but they had escaped him.

Maisie was much ashamed at first as her mother talked. She had caused a good deal of needless trouble and anxiety all on account of her foolishness. Then a sudden thought struck her. She had had an adventure! She was lost,—or at least people thought so,—and though they weren't chased by a bull, they might have been.

As they rode down the street people came to the doors and called, "You've found them! I'm so glad," and Maisie's heart swelled with pride. She was the origin of this commotion. Everyone in the village had been stirred up, and all on her account. She was a heroine, too.

A company of small boys and girls followed the carriage as it turned into the yard. Maisie looked back at them. Nan wasn't there. She looked over the fence anxiously. Nan was standing on the step of her house with back turned to the triumphal procession. Maisie clambered out of the phaeton leaving Elly to go home attended by the admiring crowd. She ran over to the fence.

"Nan," she called, "I've been lost!" Nan looked around at her. For a moment she did not speak. Then, "Huh, you're proud!" she said.

Maisie turned and walked back to the house alone.

A little later she sat on the piazza step again, eating bread and milk. Her hair had been wet, and was streaked unevenly back from her forehead. Her face was shiny from soap and water. Her eyelids were red, and she sniffed a little now and then. She saw the book lying where she had left it in the morning, and she gave it a shove with her foot.

"I don't want any more adventures. They aren't nice," she said.

MARGARET BELL MERRILL, '99.

A LETTER FROM HAWAII.

ON my way back to Hawaii, I stopped off on the Island of Maui, to pay a visit in the crumbling old village of Lahaina. My visit was to have lasted ten days, but it grew into twenty, and even then I came away leaving my heart behind me. To know Lahaina, you must read Charles Warren Stoddard's "Chumming With a Savage," and some other of his "South Sea Idyls." "Chumming With a Savage" is in "Little Classics," I believe, and it has haunted me since my infancy. And Lahaina itself is even lovelier than the description of it,—a long, low, palm-fringed village, lying close to the blue, blue sea, with a white beach reaching out to meet the water. Behind it rise lofty mountains broken by deep valleys, over which rainbows float. Rarely does it rain in Lahaina. It is always summer. And the adobe houses are crumbling to pieces, and the trees are a century old. The old chiefs planted the cocoa palms long, long ago, when Lahaina was the capital of the Islands. Then it became a whaling port, and white people came: still it remained the capital of the Islands. Thirty years ago everything moved up to Honolulu, and Lahaina went to sleep in its sunshine. It is a native town, one may say; there are so few white people there. I visited, for the first part of my visit, in the family of the native Hawaiian judge of the place,—Judge K——, a fine type of the elder generation of Hawaiians. He has a large, one-story house with broad verandas facing the sea. I spent ever-to-be-remembered hours there gazing through the palms on the green lawn to the white sand beyond, and the blue waves breaking eternally upon it. Far off in the western horizon rose the mountain island of Lanai, and to the right the rare purple peaks of Molokai, sometimes touched with flame

by the setting sun. In the night wonderful stars came out, and we saw the Southern Cross. There the judge's son sang strange and haunting Hawaiian songs to his guitar, and sometimes the old judge joined in the singing also. His wife could speak no English, but we grew to care a good deal for each other in spite of that. She was a tall, stately, elderly woman, who walked like a barefooted queen in her sweeping *boloku*. I wonder if you know how comfortable a *boloku* is! Wearing one perpetually in Lahaina makes me suffer untold misery in the foolish clothes of civilization demanded at Pepeekeo! Also I learned to eat poi and fish—I may say to be content with poi and fish, so that the return to other food and long-drawn-out courses becomes a burden heavy to be borne! Also I went out into the surf, far out on the coral reef, and the judge's son would send my *koa* board flying in with the breaking, laughing wave! It was glorious! And I went to native *luaus* or feasts, and ate from calabashes set amidst fern leaves on the floor, I myself and all the guests besides, garlanded with fern wreaths also. And I rode horseback for miles down the beach road on a horse that "could beat any horse in Lahaina"; which the same he proceeded to do, as far as the company I was with was concerned, leaving me a lonely, joyful cloud of dust whirling on through space, far out of sight of any other human being!

The latter part of my visit was up on the hill behind the town—at Lahainaluna, a school for native boys. The old buildings were built sixty years ago, and the trees—mangoes, bamboos, alligator pears, and the like—have grown into a perfect jungle about it. I visited the wife of the principal of the school—Mrs. A——, just back from a year in Paris. Her husband is still in Germany, having just taken his Ph.D. there. Mrs. A—— is a delightful woman to visit—unconventional, bright, musical, and various other pleasant things. We were again shut out from the society of white people, but rejoiced instead in two or three young natives connected with the school, who sang Hawaiian songs for us all the long, beautiful evenings, and with whom we went far up into the valleys, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback. It is true that the few white folk in Lahaina came and called upon me, and I solemnly returned their calls—and then, *pau*, which means "no more of that." It was the Hawaiians I rejoiced in and grew

nd antly to love. Of course they differ from the Anglo-Saxons in count-

less ways. I have yet to discover the measureless superiority of my own race, however, especially when enervated physically and morally by a tropic climate. The Hawaiian is always hospitable, generous, affectionate, courteous, and by nature happy. Other ethical traits we consider essential simply do not exist for him. But if his morality is not ours, it is morality nevertheless. He never forgets a friend. He is by nature true. I don't mean that he always tells the truth. I have read otherwise. I have no experience of his doing anything else myself.

Of course, being at Lahaina, I saw none of the annexation festivity. I heard only the Hawaiians' bitter cry, "No more Hawaii!" I saw only silent and averted faces. The more educated Hawaiians—a very few of them, at least—have been made to believe that annexation was inevitable, the only thing to save the Islands from conquest by some more alien power, as well as from civil war within (I suppose the latter was exceedingly true; the Dole oligarchy was nearing its end), and they therefore try to accept the inevitable with as good a grace as possible. The more ignorant part of the people—the people in general, I may say—are convinced that the United States will take away the few lands they have left and drive them into the mountains. "Look at the Indians," they say. Most bitter of all to all of them has been the lowering of their beloved flag. They cannot speak of it without tears. And in all conscience there was no need to drag it down as ruthlessly as was done in Hilo and in one or two other places when the news of annexation came. It was not the *kamaina* whites (old residents) who took part in this, but the new men flooding the country, who "have no use for the natives, anyhow."

Well, I am one of those sentimental souls who still harbor secretly the belief that Hawaii was originally the *aina* (land) of the Hawaiian, and that we ought, at least, to take it from him and kill him off as gently and courteously as possible.

Eh, well! you would think me a Royalist, like some of my friends, whereas I am nothing of the kind; a good American instead, and one who realizes, after all, that no one man of the Anglo-Saxon race is responsible for it all—no, nor party of men. It is in our blood. We shall keep on acquiring and aggressing until—but that is beyond me.

LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES, '91.

CATHEDRAL WOODS.

I watch the rifted sunlight on the bark
  Of swaying trees, and overhead the light
Dancing on the silver leaves. Now I hark
  To sleepy sounds that tell of coming night,—

The singing crickets in the misted grass,
  The tinkle of the cow bells far away,
The cry of mournful whip-poor-wills that pass,
  And all the gentle stir of closing day.

Near by three golden grasses gayly wave
  Above the brown, moss-covered tapestry;
Gold splashes dance about my feet, and save
  For this gold light all else is brown I see.

And my poor anxious heart is gone to church
In quiet, no Holy Grail but Peace her search.

JEANNETTE A. MARKS.

THE NORTHERN SEAS.

I know where the breezes blow so fair
  Sweet scented from Eastern seas;
Slowly they rock in the Northern air
  As the branches swing in the trees.

Down by the shore wild roses blow,
  And the pine trees shake their cones,
While 'way in the South the palms, I know,
  Sing their songs in softer tones.

Calmly the moon sails over the sky,
  And the pine tree sings and blows,
And the wind and the Northern seas they sigh,
  And why I sigh—who knows!

JEANNETTE A. MARKS.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE PASTORAL ELEMENT IN ROBERT HERRICK.

If Robert Herrick could see Puvis de Chavanne's representation of Pastoral Poetry, I think he would laugh contemptuously up his coat sleeve, and exclaim, with his artless disregard of the congruous: "Thank heaven I didn't live in such a gloomy, stupid time! Where are the Maypoles, the quintals, the merry lads and lasses?" Then, with his characteristic conceit, he would decide that the painting should have represented a morris dance, or a fair maid stirring a bride cake, in order to be typical of Pastoral Poetry.

Well, Parson Herrick, rest assured that in centuries to come you will never be confused with Virgil! Imagine you gazing meditatively, earnestly upon a roll of parchment, the serene Mediterranean blue at your back, and two listless shepherds reclining near you. We cannot; no flight of fancy can carry us so far! And you yourself,—why, if you should have to pose thus for ten minutes I am sure you would be more disconcerted than ever was Christopher Sly. No; the sun must be shining brightly behind your curly head, crowned with daffodils by Julia's own hand, and you must be in the midst of the most hilarious gayety all Devonshire can furnish!

For our jovial parson was never born to bear the burdens of the world. Although he lived through some of the saddest years of English history, still he sang with the same joyous, fanciful note. It was at the waning of the Elizabethan glory that the poet first touched his lyre. The great burst of song from the lips of Breton, Campion, Jonson, and the other Elizabethan songsters had already faded away before Herrick let forth the last strain of that sweetest of all music.

Herrick was born in London in 1591. Little is known of his boyhood, except that as an apprentice he served his uncle, a goldsmith, and that he lived in London for the first twenty-four years of his life. During this London life he belonged to the group of poets who sat at the feet of the inimitable Ben Jonson. We do not know certainly whether he was acquainted with any other great poet or not. In 1615 he entered St. John's College at Cambridge, where he remained until, in 1629, he became the pastor of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. Here he lived until 1648, when he was ejected by the Puritans. Then it was that he went back to London in

apparent great glee, for he sings most gratefully of the "everlasting plenty" of the "blest place of his nativity." But, unfortunately, he soon found that it was not the London of James I. to which he was "flying." In this year of his return Herrick had the "Hesperides" published,—a book of golden verses, that must have been like meteors appearing in a dark sky, coming out as they did in such gloomy and turbulent times. Imagine the naïveté of a poet who would have directed the eyes of England to the sports of Devonshire, and to the charms of his Julia, his Anthea, and his Sylvia, when the whole country was on the very brink of a revolution, when Charles the First was to be beheaded in but a few weeks! Herrick lived to be over eighty, and during the latter part of his life he was restored by Charles the Second to Dean Prior. But we cannot think that he enjoyed the sweet country life then as he did in his younger days when he joined hands in the country dance, and was the most jovial of the rustics around the wassail bowl.

It was during these early years at Dean Prior that, as we have said, the songs and epigrams of the Hesperides were most of them written. Though Herrick is apparently disgusted at times with the "long and irksome banishment," yet we notice that the bright, glorious coloring of his poems and his rollicking delight in life is due to this very banishment.

To his Cambridge life Herrick of course owed much. Although his poems do not show a definite debt to Theocritus, they are so thoroughly Theocritean in spirit that it is evident the Greek idyllists, if not copied, were zealously studied and assimilated by him. Possibly it was, as some hold, Ben Jonson who first introduced him to the classics, so that when he took up his work in Cambridge he would naturally revert to them with delight. At any rate there is a decidedly classic touch in Herrick's handling of the pastoral, though the foundation is so stalwartly English.

Of the two, Herrick seems to be more akin to the Greek than to the Latin in his treatment of the pastoral. There is not the formal eclogue of the Latin pastorals, with their artificial ring, and their somewhat monotonous metre, but, rather, Herrick offers the simple εἰδύλλιον, the "little picture" of Theocritus, and the lyrics of the "Anthology." Yet here, too, there are wide differences. Herrick, though treating us to the most exquisite and dainty detail of English scenery, does not portray the broad ex-

panse, the steep hills, and the blue sea beyond, that Theocritus so fondly paints. We might, indeed, expect that, living at Dean Prior, the poet would have pictured the far-stretching Devonshire moors, and the low-lying valleys, with as strong and sympathetic a touch as Theocritus painted the Mediterranean. Instead, every weeping primrose, every lock of Julia's hair, stands out in vivid relief with perhaps nothing for a background save the bright sun, and, more than likely, Herrick himself.

The formal pastorals of Herrick are few, and perhaps the most formal are inferior. Rather, to find some of his most charming idylls, we must conceive of shepherds and shepherdesses clothed in the rude smocks and gowns of the Devonshire rustics, and being Jacks-of-all-trades. To be sure, it does not take a vivid imagination to do this, for there is an obvious pastoral motive throughout. We must simply keep in mind that the shepherdess may be stirring a bridecake, or dancing around the Maypole, instead of guarding a flock. The pastorals of the Greeks, on the other hand, picture the shepherd and his flock first of all; then there may be a singing contest between two swains, or a shepherdess may lament her love, or a dirge may be sung around the tomb of some shepherd, or, perchance, a good-humored satire. "Indeed," as Mr. Palgrave says, "Herrick's deepest debt to ancient literature lies not in the models which he has directly imitated, nor in the Anacreontic tone which with singular felicity he has often taken. But the power to describe men and things as the poet sees them, with simple sincerity, insight, and grace; to paint scenes and imaginations as perfect, organic wholes, carrying with it the gift to clothe each picture, as if by unerring instinct, in fit metrical form, giving to each its own music, beginning without affectation, and rounding off without effort,—these gifts are at once the true bequest of classicalism. He is classical in the great and eternal sense of the word."

Like Theocritus, Herrick's circumstances were such as to make the singing of country life almost inevitable. Though he professed to loathe the delves of Devonshire, "the dull confines of the drooping west," yet we can see at a glance that, as I suggested before, the very blitheness and spontaneity of his note is due to his escape from the complexity of city life, and from the political strife which must have been going on both in London and in Cambridge. So, in the guise of hermit parson, he lived in the rickety

old parsonage at Dean Prior, with no one but his old servant Prue and his pets,—a hen, a cat, and a pig, as happy as a lark. His introductory verses to the Hesperides show that he did not aspire to the fame of "uttering shrill shrieks of passion," which fame some critics would ascribe to him. Indeed, it seems to me that he never becomes grave until he thinks of dying; and it is not death in general upon which he reflects so sadly, but that he, Robert Herrick, must depart from the joys of life. Glancing at the introductory verses it seems that there could be none more ingenuous, more simple and unaffected, yet overpoweringly sweet in their cadences:—

> "I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
> Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
> I sing of Maypoles, hock carts, wassails, wakes,
> Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes."

Indeed, we are glad, when we read such charming lines, that Herrick was not affected by the all-too-turbulent age,—that he was not a stern old Puritan who would have steered as clear of spontaneity as of vice itself. There were to be enough "bewigged and bepowdered gentlemen" in the century to come. The natural grace and charm of the Elizabethan era had almost died out; the Hesperides was but the last ruddy glow after the most glorious of sunshine.

We should indeed be disappointed if Herrick had not gained extraordinary inspiration from Devonshire. To its charming scenery and simple inhabitants he owed much that was dearest to him in his best days. Devonshire, and especially Dean Prior, is one stretch of ideal English landscape. Broken into constant waves of hill and valley, "every coppice and meadow and steep-banked lane is starred from early spring to late autumn" with tufts of sweet English wild flowers. That Herrick loved these blossoms is indisputable from the tone of his exquisite flower poems. "To Primroses, Filled with Morning Dew," is the expression of a man who not only observed, and clothed his observations in sweet rhythm, but the dainty touches, such as, "Why do ye weep?" and "Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young," show they are the lines of a man who had a child-like and sincere, if fanciful, sympathy for these loveliest, brightest of England's field flowers. His other flower poems, "To Daisies," "To Violets," and those appealing,

sweet lines, "To Daffodils," show Herrick to be the lover of all Nature's works, however small and insignificant.

To say that Herrick entered into all the country sports with his whole heart is superfluous. He regards Devonshire as a neigborhood permeated with the sweet, rustic air of familiarity and good will. The "Hock-cart" is full of the most delightful abandonment to the simple fun of the harvest home. Listen how gayly he sings:—

> "About the cart, hear, how the rout
> Of rural younglings raise the shout;
> Pressing before, some coming after,
> Those with a shout and these with laughter,
> Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
> Some prank them up with oaken leaves."

And again the rollicking lines:—

> "If smirking wine be wanting here,
> There's that which drowns all care,—stout beer;
> Which freely drink to your lord's health,
> Then to the plough, the common wealth;
> Next to your flails, your fanes, your vats;
> Then to the maids with wheaten hats.
> To the rough sickle, and crooked scythe,
> Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blythe."

Can anyone say Herrick was standing off and describing the gala day as a draughtsman would? No, indeed; there is light-hearted, frank enjoyment here, and the sparkling gayety of one who has "drunk and frolicked" with the loudest of the rustics, perhaps cracking a coarse joke now and then, perhaps waxing too free and familiar with the "maids with wheaten hats," to become a parson, but nevertheless enjoying himself in the wild pranks and merrymaking along with all the lads and lasses of old Devonshire. His description of the Maypole dances, the quintals, the wakes, and morris dances are equally vivacious,—inspired by the muse of the most jovial of natures. With the exception of Breton, perhaps, Herrick was the first English poet to see real beauty in this homely country life.

Perhaps it is straining a point to compare the art of Herrick with that of Botticelli, but the primitive, sweet simplicity with which they adorn their

maidens and their fields impartially, seems to be born of the same spirit. The second stanza of the gay, lilting poem, "Corinna's Maying," seems, indeed, almost like a transcript of Botticelli's "Spring":—

> "Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
> To come forth, like the springtime fresh and green,
> And sweet as Flora. Take no care
> For jewels for your gown, or hair.
> Fear not, the leaves will strew
> Gems in abundance upon you."

The conventionality of Botticelli, yet the same dainty and elusive fancifulness, is marked throughout the entire poem.

All in all, hunt as we will for the traces of influence, we find that Herrick is more like himself than like anyone else. Though the atmosphere of his poems is distinctly pagan, though Bacchus breathes a ruddy glow over many of his sweetest lines, yet England, yes, and Devonshire at that, is so serenely present "in spirit or in deed," that we cannot say Herrick has forgotten a single dell of Dean Prior, not even to transport us to the entrancing Sicily. Like Bottom and Quince, he is English, distinctly English, and no wearing of Greek robes can make him anything else. Moreover, though we are told that the poet was probably influenced by Chaucer, by Marlowe, and by Spenser, still we feel that the differences are far greater and more irreconcilable than the likenesses, and that Herrick did not forfeit one iota of his individuality in order to imitate any one else.

Should anyone have rebuked our simple country parson for being himself when his country was in such a crisis, for singing to his "many mistresses" the daintiest of lays, and for being too regardless of conventionality, he would have replied, "'Away with systems! Away with a corrupt world!' Let us breathe the air of this enchanted Devonshire! . . . 'Descend, great Radiance! Embrace creation with beneficent fire and pass from us! You and the vice-regal light that succeeds to you, and all heavenly pageants, are the ministers and the slaves of the throbbing content within.'" Only, in place of the splendid style of Meredith, he would have couched this last in his simple, unaffected way: "Whatever comes, content makes sweet." For my part I am glad he was himself. I am glad he did not carry all the world on his Anacreontic shoulders, for if he had we should have lost one of the

most gladsome, the most spontaneous of England's songsters. To-day there are only too many who are weighted down by the complexity of our nineteenth century problems, who feel as though they could not breathe the fresh, pure air of our country meadows without depriving one of the millions who need it. In such a time, then, it is refreshing to turn and pluck some of the golden apples of the Hesperides, to reflect that there was once a man whose saddest note was at the thought of his death, and that one of the greatest crises through which England has ever passed, inspired merely such words as,

"Give me a man that is not dull,
When all the world with rifts is full,
But unamazed dares clearly sing
When as the roof's a-tottering.
And, though it falls, continues still
Tickling the cittern with his quill."

Perhaps it was the least noble attitude, perhaps the very fact that Herrick alone among all the poets of Jonson's school continued to pipe out his pastoral ditties undisturbed by the political crisis, and was the only cavalier lyrist who followed the bent of his genius in spite of the times—perhaps these very facts are evidences of his true weakness; yet what did those other poets gain by allowing themselves to be troubled? The weaker ones, like Lovelace, were completely broken, while the stronger ones, like Suckling, were so zealous and intense in the affairs of the nation, that they finally quenched all their natural poetic instinct. At any rate, Herrick has surely perpetuated his name in his "Pyramides," thus fulfilling his dearest wish,—he has furnished to us one of the most superb examples of wit, fire, and delicate fancy imaginable. So let us be thankful he "gathered rosebuds" while he might.

MARY GILSON, '99.

THE CASTING OF THE GREAT BELL.

ADAPTED FROM A CHINESE LEGEND.

THE great mandarin trembled at the feet of his emperor: "Son of heaven," he faltered, "my soul is heavy with the thought of death. Try thy servant once more, I beseech thee, and if he fail again, do with him as thou wilt."

Yung-lo, the third ruler of the Mings, seated upon his throne of gold and jade, moved restlessly, and a scowl knit his heavy brow. For some moments he was silent, as he let his gaze wander down the long-pillared vista of the audience hall, out through the great open doors of bronze, and into the court beyond.

By a fountain, among the pomegranates in that court, stood a young girl. The emperor saw her, and his scowl lost some of its sullenness. He turned abruptly to the man at his feet.

"Go," he said; "thy daughter is waiting for thee without. Twice thou hast failed. Remember that the third time brings death."

The tension of the mandarin's nerves suddenly gave way. He sobbed as he caught the hem of his monarch's robe and kissed it fervently.

"May the Lord Buddha himself bless thee, O Magnanimous One," he ejaculated, and slowly began to back out from the Presence, until, with a final salaam, he passed through the doors. The emperor, watching, saw a shower of red blossoms strew the marble pavement as a girl burst from among the pomegranates and flung herself into her father's arms.

"Fools!" he muttered; but, lo! the usual scornful curl upon the lips of the great Ming had given place to a sunny smile.

. . . . . .

For many months the Celestial Kingdom, known to outside barbarians as the Land of Cathay, had suffered grievously from drought. Thousands of sheep and oxen had been daily driven into the capital to supply the public sanctuaries, and the entire population had become a mob of fanatics yelling for rain. But apparently the smoke of the sacrifices had never reached heaven, or, perchance, the gods were sleeping. At any rate, the sky remained like an inverted copper pail, from which all the water had long since fallen.

The smouldering, rebellious element which always exists in an absolute monarchy, and bursts out into manifest life at dangerous crises, now began to show signs of activity. To the north, the Manchu Tartars, who were destined more than two centuries later to seize the throne of the Mings, waited, eager to aid in a rebellion. A mob, led by one of the "northern barbarians," and put down by the royal troops with some difficulty, had actually broken into the sacred city and threatened the palace. The great

"Son of Heaven" had even been accused of taking sides with his celestial progenitors in their stubborness about the rain.

It was in this predicament that the emperor paid a visit to the tombs of his ancestors. Attended by a stately throng of mandarins, over a beaten road of yellow earth, the monarch came, and prostrated himself in turn before the ancestral tablets. He lingered longest at the tomb of his grandfather, that great Hung-wu, the first of the dynasty, who, rising from the position of a common laborer's son, had seized and held the throne from the Mongol usurpers. His ghost the emperor now invoked: "Hast thou no message for me, O my Father?" he cried, and his white lips quivered with earnestness. "Behold, there is a grievous drought in the land, and I am sorely beset by mine enemies. Speak to thy son, I pray thee, and save thy race from ruin."

A pause followed in the death chamber, and the mandarins waiting without heard each the beating of his heart. But at last a voice arose from the depths of the tomb.

"Thou art heard, my son," it said. "Go, prepare a bell larger than any the world contains. Strike upon it three times, and if it ring true, so shall the gods awake and haply send rain."

The emperor arose comforted, not knowing that from beneath the stone the voice of the old sage T'su-li had spoken.

. . . . . .

Chang-An, Grand Duke of the province of Chili, and Keeper of the Imperial Treasures, was in the midst of celebrating the betrothal of his daughter, the beautiful Pau'tz, to the young noble Teng.

The occasion was one of great splendor, notwithstanding the prevalent distress without. Rumor had it that the bride's dowry was beyond guess in magnificence, and that the beauty of the bride herself surpassed belief. Nor would it appear that the groom was unworthy of her, if common report could be believed. Possessed, likewise, of fabulous wealth, and endowed by nature with a magnanimity and wisdom beyond his years, the young Teng had the added charm of a genial and lovable personality. It was, indeed, his boundless popularity and the fame of his intended largeness that had kept all growls silenced at the stupendous extravagance of the betrothal ceremonies. Others might die of thirst and hunger, but it was fitting that the idol of the people should wed gayly.

The solemn rites of the betrothal had indeed been already accomplished. The young couple had kowtowed together before the ancestral tablets of the bridegroom. They had supped wine from the same cup, which had afterwards been shattered to fragments, and now the great ten days' feast had begun. The people were rejoicing, for the bounty of the grand duke and the young noble was unparalleled in lavishness—generosity especially welcome at this time of drought and famine.

But into this high festival of mirth there suddenly entered a foreshadowing spirit of evil. The emperor commanded; the festivities were stopped, and the grand duke ordered to cast a bell larger than any the world contained, covered inside and out with extracts from the Buddhist canon. This, if it should ring true, would wake the gods and cause them to send rain upon the earth, and much honor would redound to Chang-An. But in the event of failure a shameful death awaited him.

Yung-lo had spoken. Twice had the great mandarin drawn together from all parts of the empire skillful workmen in bronze, and twice had he built the gigantic mould,

> "Carved and pressed and polished well
> By the master's cunning hand."

But when the boiling, molten mass had cooled, and the outer crust was removed, both times the bell had given forth a harsh and discordant clang, at which the gods shuddered in their sleep and drew deeper within their cloudy curtains.

But the emperor, remembering the fair face of Pau'lz, had relented from his wrath and given Chang-An a third and last chance. If he succeeded, the event would be celebrated on that very day by the wedding of his daughter; if he failed—by his death!

. . . . . .

"Is it then quite necessary?" The girl asked the question with a shiver of horror as the full meaning of the old man's words struck home to her brain.

T'su-li, the ancient, rose upon his tottering feet and looked dimly around the chamber, hung with its priceless tapestries.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "the blood of a maiden,—that was it.

The Lord Buddha himself spoke to me in a dream, 'The bell will never ring true unless there is mingled with it a virgin's life.'"

"Ah, father, dost thou know what thou sayest?" The girl whitened to the lips as she clasped the knees of the sage in an agonized embrace.

T'su-li's old eyes filled with tears as he stretched out his withered hand and laid it pityingly upon her head. "Daughter, be comforted, after death thou shalt have exceeding joy, for the gods honor filial piety. A moment of pain, and then shall break for thee an eternity of endless rapture."

"But I am betrothed, father. Must I then leave him whom I love?" Her eyes fixed themselves upon the old man's face, as if to find some last hope there. But, instead, a wave of impatient anger swept over his brow.

"What, mad one! Dost prate of love and thy father in peril? Lord Buddha has spoken; choose, then, between life and filial duty."

He turned to go. A violent trembling took possession of the girl's limbs. For one moment she hesitated, then cast herself at T'su-li's feet.

"Help me, good sir," she cried in an ecstasy of self-sacrifice; "the god has spoken; I will pay the ransom for my father's life."

. . . . . .

"Silly one, silly one, see! even the old moon is mocking thee, and all the little stars are winking from merriment at thy dear, doleful face. Come, have done with this sad talk, and let us both laugh with them, for to-morrow we wed."

As he spoke the young Teng snatched a crimson scarf from Pau'tz's shoulders, twisted it into a lasso, and flung it dexterously over her head. "Ha, ha! I've caught thee," he cried in boyish glee; "thou knowest the ransom." He bent his face down to hers, and took her hand. "Great Buddha!" he ejaculated suddenly, the mirth dying from his tones. "Thou art as pale as death, and thy hand is cold."

"The evening is chill," the girl answered. "See! the roses are already touched with frost." They were standing in a summer house of her father's garden. "Let me go in. I would spend the night in prayer."

"To atone for the crime of becoming my wife, I suppose," Teng said, with some return of his former playfulness. "Penance, indeed, was never more fitting! But continue it not too long, little one, lest thy strength fail thee for the joy of to-morrow."

"The joy of to-morrow!" The girl echoed the words with a shudder. Her lover saw it, and his tones became yet more tender.

"I have guessed thy sorrow, beloved," he said soothingly. "But fear not. The third time thy father will succeed; Lord Buddha himself has declared it."

"Thou speakest truth," the girl replied solemnly; "the third time my father will succeed."

She slipped her head from the silken noose and ran away, never looking back once until she had gained the women's court. The young noble followed her with a wondering gaze, until her lithe form had quite vanished from sight. Then he lifted the crimson scarf which she had left in his hands, and kissed it with superstitious reverence.

. . . . . .

The great day had come. Around the giant mould outside the city was gathered an illustrious throng. The emperor himself was there, surrounded by a crowd of silken-robed exquisites, who represented the scholarship, culture, and genius of the whole Middle Kingdom. Close about the caldron, waiting orders, was a band of workmen, stripped ready for action. In a group to the right of the emperor stood the family party of Chang-An. The great mandarin leaned slightly forward with eyes riveted upon his monarch's face, alert for the final command. His lips were bloodless; otherwise he showed no emotion. Near him stood his wife, weeping with anxiety. Pau'tz, with face pale as death, had flung her arms protectingly around her mother, and ever and anon whispered words of encouragement. Next to the maiden stood the old Amah, who had nursed her from babyhood; behind her, Teng, happy and confident; a little to the left, the sage, T'su-li.

A band of shaven priests, with harsh clang of cymbals and monotonous beating of gongs, marched ceaselessly about the caldron, wherein bubbled the thick brown fluid. If they could prevent it, no Fung-schwai (spirits of the air) should disturb with evil influence that precious pot.

Suddenly the cymbals dropped and the gongs were silent. The emperor arose, and every one fell upon his knees. Yung-lo spoke in loud thrilling tones.

"Chang-An, my servant, I command thee now to do the behest of thy monarch and the Lord Buddha."

Instantly the mandarin moved forward and gave the order. With a single impulse the workmen rushed toward the levers which were to lift the caldron and turn its contents into the mould, and then—the multitude gasped with wonder! A maiden, beautiful beyond all compare, sprang like a deer from her mother's side and leapt into the flaming sea. But before she had utterly disappeared, the faithful old amah of her baby days ran forward and grasped her foot in a vain attempt to pull her out. Alas! in her hand remained only a tiny shoe.

. . . . . .

Centuries have gone since that day. In the Middle Kingdom a perfect bell has long hung between heaven and earth,—a bell whose clear, dulcet tones never fail to wake the gods in time of drought. And still, when the great bell sounds, the old dames gather the children around their knees and whisper into their wondering ears the story of Pau'tz. "Hark!" they cry; "listen to the beautiful maid calling for her shoe—'*Wo-hie, wo-hie*'" (My shoe, my shoe).

EDITH M. WHERRY, 1901.

SLIP SHEETS.

I. A WINDOW.

THE light came through the stained-glass window in soft, warm colors of gold, and green, and brown. The Venus on the sill, her cold Greek whiteness accentuated by the background of green holly leaves and red berries, was clothed by the soft radiance. Three eras had met to beautify this modern drawing-room. The lovely human goddess of Greece, warmed by the soft, medieval colors, touched by the modern symbol of peace and good will, gazed with unseeing eyes down upon the modern life passing and repassing beneath her. There are three life theories there in the window. You may take one, or reject all,—it matters not which. They are there only to grace this modern drawing-room.

II. AS IT IS FALLING NOW.

Dark days are memory days. The falling rain seems to moisten and soften the earth heaped over the past, and vague, half-forgotten incidents are washed to the surface, like dry bones of some dead thing that was once alive. . . .

A loft in the old barn is filled with dry, fragrant hay. Near the square window, with a kitten and a huge book in her lap, sits a child of ten, her eyes eagerly following the close print. The raindrops patter on the roof, and once in a while dance through the window, to the great interest of the kitten, who first tries to catch them in her tiny paws, and then sneezes in disgust when she finds they are wet. But rain and kitten play together unnoticed. Duessa and the Red Cross Knight, Una and her faithful dwarf, are filling the dark loft with the poetry of their story. The light gradually grows too faint for the tired eyes to see. With a sigh the book is closed. The kitten bounds away. Outside the rain comes down with a steady, dreary monotone—as it is falling now.

III. AN IMP O' LIGHT.

Every morning there comes a gentle scratch, scratch, on the window-pane, which soon grows louder and more imperative if not noticed immediately. Outside sits a gray squirrel, his head turned a trifle to one side, both little paws folded across his breast in the most approved begging fashion, and his pride of a tail ruffling above his head. When the window is raised a trifle he thrusts a tiny claw inside, and most impolitely clutches the nut offered; then turning his back he sits on the sill and eats, his plume switched under the sash, and gracefully hanging down inside. You may stroke it if you touch it ever so lightly, but only as long as the nut lasts. Then, presto! he is on the piazza floor daintily drinking the crystal raindrops on an oak leaf. Back again on the sill he begs once more, but is refused. With a parting vindictive scratch and a spiteful flirt of his tail, he is away to another window.

M. B. M.

IV. MR. RALPH COVERT.

"Ralph Covert, Parkersburg, W. Va." These words appear on the loop at the handle end of my old nickel button hook. Mr. Ralph Covert, of Parkersburg, W. Va., I salute you, with a grateful heart. You have convinced me that somebody has achieved something, and proudly stamped his name upon that achievement. You tried to make a button hook, and you succeeded. Or if you did not make the button hook—for something tells me you may only have sold it—you at least succeeded in stamping your name upon what passed through your fingers. In your town are there other men like you? From this moment I shall think of Parkersburg, W. Va., as the Utopia of the apostles of self-realization; a place where all the bakers and goldsmiths stamp their names upon their handiwork; where burglars proudly leave their cards after a midnight call; where magazine writers courageously sign their own names. And when I visit that Utopia I shall look for a certain flaunting sign, and step into a neat little shoeshop, and shake hands with the self-reliant proprietor, and say, "I hope you have as much honest pride as your capital letters seem to indicate, Mr. Ralph Covert, of Parkersburg, W. Va."

V. AN EVERYDAY AFFAIR.

As I watched the color grow I was glad to think that the sun rose and set several times before Father Adam and Mother Eve wondered over the mystery of his movements. Suppose they had appeared first on the earth. Fancy our revered parents patronizing the youthful sun! But to them the trailing glory of the day was as old as it is to us, and as fresh every evening as this particular deepening glow was to me. At this moment the spirit of desire, of faith was abroad. A golden radiance quivered through the air. The crimsoning river rolled breathlessly under the bridge and across the meadow, where golden-rod and barberries, and red grass and purple asters bestowed their silent royalty. The white birch trees leaned up the hill like waiting Adventists. The clouds, sweeping solemnly westward, reached out in delicate coloring toward one great wing with plumes of royal purple that overspread the gorgeous western heavens. A fitting herald, I thought, to

usher the king of light into his new realm. The hush deepened as they disappeared together. The day was over. There had been a new death and a new birth. And then the river and the wind and the white birches began to talk about it.

G. L. C.

THE SPECTATOR.

Among the striking incidents of an eventful summer, not the least vitally dramatic episode was the coronation, in Denmark, of a girl queen whose soul-shaken utterance of pure patriotism has touched the hearts of all men everywhere. To us who are girls like herself, the sweet courageousness of Queen Wilhelmina, and the complete submergence of personal timidity and self-consciousness at the supreme moment of union with the lives of her adoring subjects, appeal with a sudden poignant sympathy that almost starts the tears. In spite of our democratic notions, we may well envy Her Majesty the sacrificial exaltation of the coronation service.

During the coronation festivities the national spirit of the Hollanders afforded an example of proper pride in a nation's gift of art to the world. The *Boston Transcript* calls attention to the significant enthusiasm with which the people of Holland thronged to the loan exhibition of Rembrandt's paintings. This recognition by his countrymen of an artist who is the nation's greatest man, reminds one of the recent celebration in France of the Michelet centennial, wherein every Frenchman of high or low estate joined with native glee and fervor. To read of their spontaneous eulogiums makes us wish that our own country were not too strenuously occupied with rougher forces to yield to the spell of an art which cannot yet be termed "national."

Yet there is abundant evidence that a recognition of art and of plain truth seeking is not absent from our American life. The reverence with which Tolstoi's name has recently been honored throughout the country, and especially the spirit which prompted the birthday banquet in New York, have a peculiar interest for those of us who believe in the universal quality of the great man's genius. To be sure, most of the dinner speeches con-

cerned themselves with politics and other graceless generalities; but the influence of the man to whose honor the toasts were drunk, was potent and significant, despite the half-hearted forbearance shown by some speakers toward the old man's achievement. I confess to a keener relish for Tolstoi's novels than for his social practice; yet to appreciate his latest, and perhaps final, utterance on art, I fancy one must have a certain sympathy with both sides of his life work. And in spite of the half-scornful and ever unanimous disagreement of the summer critics with Tolstoi's principles, some of us may wonder if a little over-emphasis on the relation of art to social ideals, will not have its good effect on modern æsthetic criticism.

Whether it be for Art's sake or another's, the interest in pictures and in ornament seems to be a growing one here at Wellesley. The recent valuable additions to the collection of photographs in the Farnsworth Art Building has done much to enliven our sluggish appreciation of opportunities close at hand; and the small, but well chosen, exhibitions held last year in the Art gallery gave fresh impetus to our enthusiasm. It is owing, perhaps, to the increasing familiarity with these art treasures, that most of the girls have on their study walls well-framed copies of the world's best pictures. Among the new pictures brought from summer travel, prints and carbons from the Congressional Library are especially conspicuous. And now, as always, certain mortals, who are favorites of the gods, show their unmounted European photographs and discuss artistic framing to the exasperation of the unblessed.

EDITORIALS.

I.

WHILE the European nations have been playing a peculiarly dramatic game, and our own countrymen have been suffering the after pangs of war, the old activities have still gone on in the old way, and September found, as September always finds, thousands of young men and young women thronging to the colleges as if there were nothing but youth and learning in the world. About two weeks ago, the eight hundred women and girls with whom we are intimately concerned all made their last visits to dressmakers, packed their trunks, and boarded unnumbered trains that steamed night and day from every part of the country straight to Wellesley. And now, already, the eight hundred are adjusting themselves to the small world where they are to live and labor together for nine months,—a much longer time than our soldiers spent in camp and field.

To all comers, old friends and new, the Magazine offers an ink-stained hand of greeting; and with the joy of the welcome given is mingled the memory of earlier welcomes received from those whose familiar faces no longer meet ours in the corridors. We are glad, however, that some of last year's vacant places have been filled; and we wish to add an especial word of greeting to all members of the faculty who have returned to us after so long an absence.

II.

MEMBERS of the College who were here last year find few changes in the Wellesley they left in June, but those few appeal to the eye at once. The Houghton Memorial Chapel, with its completed arches, and its tiled roof and spire, is a most satisfying token of summer labor. Already, as the interior work progresses, many eager surmises as to windows and furnishings are passing from student to student. A sudden touch of quaintness is added to the old "Chapel Hill" corner by the Shakespeare House, with its gleaming red roof, and low eaves, and tiny window panes. The house, which seems larger than the foundation led us to expect, is modeled after Shakespeare's birthplace, and not, as has been generally supposed, after the Anne Hathaway cottage. To the members of the Shakespeare Society the happy

significance of the new home must give an added grace and permanence to an already strong fellowship. And to all other past and present members of the College, not only the picturesqueness of the pretty house, but also, and far more essentially, the reverent associations which it suggests to every lover of our literature, must bring genuine gratification. To the Shakespeare Society we are all able to extend a glad sympathy and cordial congratulation.

III.

MUCH has been done, and uncommonly well done, this year to make the opening weeks of the term not merely comfortable, but full of pleasure for the strangers. If a certain amount of loneliness is unavoidable, this feeling must have been reduced to a minimum by the thoughtful and tireless efforts of many old students. As the routine of work and pleasure becomes familiar to members of the freshman class, they will no doubt find the kindly cordiality of the first days ripening into a more familiar and enduring comradeship. The freshmen speedily become an integral part of the college life.

There is, however, one group of people in college who, while independent of the same need of a helping hand, might, perhaps, still claim a larger share in our abundant cordiality than we have yet given them. Graduate students who come to us from other colleges, eagerly interested to know the conditions of our life here, have sometimes met a hospitality less gracious than they had expected to find at Wellesley. There is no lack of friendliness toward the post graduates, and there may be a general notion that they prefer to act for themselves and to have little or no intercourse beyond the Graduate Club. Yet they, like the freshmen, are strangers in a strange land; and one is grateful for an outstretched hand, even if one be wise and self-confident. Many of these older students have more to give than they can receive from us. Throughout the year it would be to our advantage, as undergraduates, to make some frank recognition of the character and ability which often claim our respect in the classroom.

IV.

BE it known to the two hundred and fifty new students who are to do shopping in Boston and Natick this winter, that the most expedient method of learning where to buy what, is to study carefully the advertisements in

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE. All sorts of good shops are represented, and many firms advertising with us offer a discount to Wellesley students. An index and directory to advertisers will be found in the front of the Magazine. We believe the new students will be as ready as the old students always have been to recognize the advantage to themselves and to the Magazine of giving a generous portion of their patronage to advertisers.

FREE PRESS.

[NOTE.—All contributions to the Free Press should be sent to Miss Kelly before the twenty-fifth of the month.]

I.

IN order that the students entering Wellesley may have a clear idea of the work of the Christian Association, it has been thought wise to publish a partial report of the work done last year, '97–98.

The work of the Association is carried on almost entirely through committees. There are eight standing committees, the members of which constitute the chairmen of the sub-committees. It is one of the aims of the Association to include as many as possible in the active work, in order that each may feel a personal share in its welfare. The Thursday evening prayer meetings are under the care of the Devotional Committee. Two out of every three are led by faculty or students, while a speaker from out of town is often invited to take charge of the third. Last year the first Sunday in every month was under the auspices of the Missionary Committee. Missionaries from Spain, Bulgaria, Japan, Micronesia, and Turkey, represented the foreign field, while the home work was reported by Miss Paddock and Miss Carter. The mission-study class under the charge of this committee must not be forgotten, nor yet Dr. Bissell's work in India.

The Bible classes took up Robert E. Speer's book, "The Man Christ Jesus," as the guide for the work, and most excellent work was accomplished in this branch of the Association. The object of the Temperance Committee was to "awaken interest in the great work being carried on in the outside world by the temperance workers." Two or three meetings were held, and at the reception after the last service of the year, at which Mrs. Baker, Sec-

retary of the Mass. W. C. T. U. spoke, it was decided to reorganize the Somerset Y's. The work of the General Religious Committee had two distinct branches of work; one in connection with Sherborn Prison, the other with the Needle Work Guild. The prison work was confined to bi-monthly talks before the women by different students, while the object of the Needle Work Guild was to collect articles for Dr. Bissell's box. The Indian Committee secured one speaker to talk in the interests of the work, and sent a large, well-filled box at Christmas time to some Western Indians.

It is the aim of the Correspondence Committee to keep in touch with the Wellesley girls who have gone to the foreign field, and to bring to us at home some of the enthusiasm and spiritual strength which sent them out.

The work of the Reception Committee is now prominently before the freshmen, and need not be elaborated. Through the canvassing for new members last year, done by this committee, one hundred and twenty-three new members were received into the Association.

The work during the year was a pleasure and inspiration to all the officers, and many of them feel that the impress which it left on their lives will never pass away. It is earnestly hoped that many from 1902 will soon find their places in this part of college life, and derive much help and strength from it.

RUTH SHARPLESS GOODWIN, '98.

II.

IN these days of beginnings it does not seem amiss to bring up the subject of concert etiquette again. Many of us are guilty of an ill breeding in that matter that would not be tolerated outside of the College Campus. Did any one of us ever attend a concert in our native town during which fully a half or two thirds of the audience got up and went out before its close? We lay aside many small conventionalities here, and necessarily so, but concerts and lectures positively demand our utmost courtesy while in attendance. It is at that time that we often represent the College to the outside world. I have frequently wondered while I have watched an audience gradually become conspicuously small here, how must the performers feel? what must they think of the social instincts of college women?

It does seem pardonable to slip into the gallery for a few minutes, since an exit from there is not very conspicuous; but to sit on the front rows of the chapel proper and calmly march out when a concert is half finished, is certainly behavior that reflects unpleasantly upon our good breeding. We are only a little thoughtless, I trust, because it is so easy to be so in a large college gathering.

C. M. C., '99.

III.

MANY thanks to whom thanks are due for the much-needed dividing rod in the post office. It is at last made possible for the occupants of box ten to grasp their letters, turn around without bumping their heads on the shelf of the little window, and reach their friends outside in a recognizable condition. We are all keenly appreciative of the benefits which this neat little arrangement secures. Let us be so grateful as to use it always in the right way, keeping to the right as law and sign direct, and not stopping to read our roommates' postal cards by the way.

G. P.

IV.

BENEVOLENT Christian Associationists who have been looking out for freshmen, let me tell you and all others interested that there is an upper classman who needs your attention. This upper classman has been lowered to the rank of a newcomer, and must begin again at the bottom round of the ladder when he belongs near the top. Unless we all try to assist him in his climb, he must remain at the bottom. Perhaps you have been the recipient of favors from him in the shape of quick drives to meet a train, or in the delivery of a parcel, or possibly in a "free ride" on the front seat of the barge. At least you must admit that the clear, ringing voice of "All aboard," has warned you frequently of train time, no matter where you were in College Hall. Though we have lost him from his familiar place, we still have him with us where he can continue his favors. Then use your influence over your freshman friends and patronize the carriage which stands by the bushes near the station.

A., '99.

THE BOOKS WE READ.

Dreamers of the Ghetto, by Israel Zangwill. Harper and Brothers: London and New York, 1898.

If Mr. Zangwill's "fascinating ugliness" is as complete as the portrait in the September *Critic* would lead us to suppose, his personality must, indeed, lend an added flavor to his books. It is just possible that a sight of the author would help us to account for the unwarrantable mixture of poetic insight and dramatic force combined with weak constructive perception and extremely bad taste in which his latest book abounds.

"Dreamers of the Ghetto" is a collection of stories and studies from that Jewish life for which Mr. Zangwill has long claimed our sympathetic and intelligent attention. Sometimes his imagination has penetrated into the personal experience of great Jews like Spinoza and Heine, whose genius belongs to the whole world; sometimes the characters are the author's own, introduced as types of certain phases of Jewish faith or revolt. The essential unity of the book, as hinted in the preface, is seen in the relation of the first sketch, "A Child of the Ghetto," to "Chad Gadya," the last. The strenuous seeking of the Jew, his intellectual restlessness accompanying his racial versatility, above all the protest of his reason or his will against the mystic ceremonial binding him to a dogmatic religion, together with that touch of ineradicable fanaticism which is stronger than reason,—these determine the background and theme of the studies. There are stories of Jews who turn Christian, of Christians who turn Jew, of Jews and Christians whose thought leads to a rejection of Judaism and of Christianity. The stories end in sadness, for, as the author plainly tells us, the dream does not come true.

The several studies vary greatly in scope and treatment as well as in merit. In the whole volume nothing is more delicately subtle in its analysis than "A Child of the Ghetto," with which the book opens; and, perhaps nothing is more crude, in spite of its haunting refrain than the psychological meanderings of "Chad Gadya." Among the attempts at genuine story telling, the failure of "Joseph, the Dreamer," finds compensation in the pathetic little tale called "The Conciliator of Christendom." "Uriel Acosta" is strongly sketched, with a sympathetic appreciation of the early

Portuguese Associations linked with those of later Amsterdam life. The Heine paper has a singular freedom of touch, which places the shriveled, spirited form clearly before us. In strong contrast to this graphic work is "A Maker of Lenses," which, in its sustained and sober meditation, is one of the most successful studies in the volume. Mr. Zangwill has caught the heroic nature of the man Spinoza and his sense of the austerity of Truth, his renunciation, his courageous, clear-eyed gaze upon human life in its relation to the universal and divine. Above all, Mr. Zangwill emphasizes the unifying influence upon Spinoza's thought of his Jewish training and heritage, with all its far-reaching traditions.

Considered aside from their individual bearing as character studies, these Ghetto sketches give a final impression of the oneness of Jewish thought of all ages in London, Smyrna, Venice, and Amsterdam. We marvel that the message of this scattered people to the nations of the earth should be a message of unity. C.

Life is Life, and Other Tales and Episodes, by Zack. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1898.

Quite a sensation has been created of late among the literary people of England by the appearance in the English periodicals of some short stories by a new writer. The name of the author is Miss Gwendaline Keats, but she writes under the *nom de plume* "Zack." Through the interest of Mr. Sidney Colvin, Scribner's Sons have collected these stories and published them in book form. The volume takes its name from the longest story. Many of the leading book reviews have expressed the greatest enthusiasm for Zack's work, and a brilliant career is promised for the young author.

The stories are certainly very striking and highly original, both in thought and expression. The dialect in which many of them are written is something unique in itself, and not the easiest thing in the world to understand, as the presence of many explanatory footnotes testifies. The language is forceful and direct—sometimes almost brutally so. Still it is very picturesque, and the terse sentences often paint vivid pictures. The author has, too, a decided dramatic gift. The story called "The Storm" shows this in a marked degree.

The tales are extremely pessimistic in tone; sorrow, failure, and even bodily suffering, sometimes of a rather revolting type, being the favorite

themes. One of the stories, "The Red-haired Man's Dream," shows delightful humor, and begins like a comedy, but soon changes to gloom. The carrot-headed hero, with his companion, "a bullet-headed baby, howling with some lustiness," and the heroine, who made faces and had for her pet a pig, may not seem characters particularly well suited to tragedy, but they are made to serve as such.

Undoubtedly the stories have one great virtue—there is not an uninteresting tale among them. They have, on the whole, created such a favorable impression of the author that her future work will receive a warm welcome.

H. M. B.

Helbeck of Bannisdale, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The Macmillan Company.

The serious-minded reader usually rejoices at the appearance of a new novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, for he is sure to receive from the author of "Robert Elsmere" and "Marcella" some heavy moral or spiritual problem with which to wrestle. To such a reader "Helbeck of Bannisdale" will be no disappointment. The special theme of this novel is Roman Catholicism, and the religious life which it produces in various characters. "Helbeck of Bannisdale," the hero of the story, belongs to one of the few remaining Catholic families of Westmoreland. He is a man of very intense nature, full of Scotch earnestness of purpose, highstrung, and very susceptible. To such a man Catholicism is not merely a family tradition; it is the ruling force of his life. He spends his strength and his fortune in following out the minutest observances of his faith.

Laura Fountain, the most interesting character of the book, is his exact opposite. Born and bred an atheist, she feels an unconquerable aversion for the Catholic religion, which, try as she will, her love for Helbeck cannot overcome. The contact between these two natures makes a tragedy inevitable.

Mrs. Ward's power of analysis and her intellectual keenness have made it possible for her to make a very subtle delineation of these characters. Her dramatic power shows to good advantage in several scenes, but it is usually kept in the background by the philosophic trend of the work. The structure of the book is uneven and abrupt almost to a fault, but extremely forceful.

Although "Helbeck of Bannisdale" has met with considerable success, it will probably not rank so high as some of Mrs. Ward's earlier works.

BOOK NOTES.

Two neat little volumes of the Arden Shakespeare have been received from D. C. Heath & Co.: *Cymbeline*, edited by Alfred J. Wyatt, M.A., and *The Tempest*, edited by Frederick S. Boas, M.A. In the preparation of each volume especial attention has been paid to the index of words, to a brief study of Shakespeare's prosody, and to illuminating appendices when necessary. This edition primarily attempts to be suggestive to the student along the line of æsthetic criticism.

To the student of political science Prof. Woodrow Wilson's revised edition of *The State, Elements of Historical and Practical Politics*, published by D. C. Heath & Co., will be of particular interest. A carefully elaborated topical analysis cannot fail to be of valuable assistance. In its purpose of giving a comparative and historical study of politics, Professor Wilson's book represents pioneer work.

George P. Putnam's Sons have just brought out the second volume of *The Historical Development of Modern Europe*, by Charles M. Andrews, of Bryn Mawr. This volume takes up the history from 1850 and carries it down to the present day. The work aims to give a scholarly, logical treatment of the subject, free from unnecessary description and biographical reference, and adapted to the needs of the general reader.

Professor Painter's *Introduction to American Literature*, Part I., published by Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, comes as a recent addition to the list of works on the subject. As its title indicates, the book is by no means comprehensive. It contains a "General Survey" of each period, and is available with or without annotated selections from the works of the authors treated. We note with pleasure that the numerous illustrations of the authors are unusually satisfactory.

The September number of the *Psychological Review* contains a collection of "Studies in Memory and in Association from the Wellesley College Psychological Laboratory." The first report describes a series of experiments which corroborate in a striking way the common opinion that concrete objects are more readily recalled than mere words, written or spoken; the second paper deals with "the tendency to mental combination" of the most diverse stimuli. The third of the studies compares, with respect to

their associations with childhood experience and their associations with the immediate past, "ninety Wellesley students with eighty-four persons in middle life or of advanced age." The following conclusions are reached: "At least one third of the suggested objects of consciousness, both of young people and of older persons, are connected with the immediate past. The multiplication of childhood experiences with advancing years is very apparent, but . . . is not a constant characteristic. . . . Evidently the grasp of the recent is heavy upon the conscious life of most of us, and deviations from this type of association are due to individual caprice." The article closes with the acknowledgment of "the careful and thoughtful work of students, too numerous to be named, who have assisted."

COLLEGE NOTES.

The new college year, 1898–99, opened Thursday, September 22. An incoming class of about two hundred was given a hearty welcome by the committee from the Christian Association.

Of course this is not quite the same Wellesley which we left last spring, but one regrets that the changes must reach even to the station, where the old student gazes about bewildered for "Tom's" familiar face. We hope that he will soon be back in his old place on the platform.

The new chapel is growing, slowly, perhaps, but most surely. It seems strange to see the cross on the tower mingling with the Stone Hall turrets, but the sight is a welcome one, for it means one step more toward the chapel's completion.

Another building which seems to have sprung up during the summer, like the proverbial mushroom, is the Shakespeare Society Clubhouse, which will soon be ready in rough finish for occupancy.

Changes less immediately obvious have occurred among the faculty, also. Professors Chapin and Bates are abroad for their Sabbatical year. Professor Morgan is away on a two years' leave of absence. Associate Professor Kendall is also away for the year. We are heartily glad to welcome back those of the faculty who have been for some time absent from the College. Among them are Professor Wilcox, who has returned from a

two years' absence in Germany, with a degree of Ph.D. from Zurich University; Professor Wenckebach, who has been traveling the past year in Egypt and the Holy Land; Associate Professor Hart, in charge of the English Department, who has been studying at the University of Michigan; Associate Professor Sherwood, at Yale, studying for the doctor's degree; and Miss Fletcher, Wellesley, '89, who has been studying at Radcliffe and Harvard.

Dr. Alice Luce, last year instructor in English, will conduct courses in English Literature during the coming year.

The new department of Pedagogy has at its head Miss Ellor E. Carlisle, formerly of New Haven.

Miss Lydia E. Sanderson has been appointed instructor in Biblical History.

The Christian Association held the first reception of the year Saturday evening, September 24, in the Centre, instead of the Barn as was at first planned. Mrs. Durant, Mrs. Irvine, Miss Stratton, and Miss Breed received. Mrs. Irvine welcomed the freshmen in a short address, which was enthusiastically received. The Glee Club furnished the music.

Flower Sunday was gloomy outside, but the chapel was bright with flowers and light gowns. Dr. Henry Stimson, of New York, preached from the usual text, "God is Love."

Miss Edith Ramsdell, '99, has left college, much to the regret of her classmates. Miss Ramsdell will be at home during the coming year.

IN MEMORIAM.

To Wellesley women who were in college between 1877 and 1879, Mary Sheldon, Professor of History, who five years later became the wife of Mr. Earl Barnes, is a vivid figure in memory. To the "Girls of '80," especially, she was a shining light, and the word of her death will bring to them, even after all these years, a sense of peculiar loss.

Mary Sheldon was born in 1850, in Oswego, New York. Her father, to whom she was bound by the closest ties of sympathy and love, was prin-

cipal of the Oswego Normal School, and early imbued her with his own strong enthusiasm for improved educational methods. In Michigan University, of which she was one of the pioneer women graduates, she specialized in science; but her life work shaped itself more and more about the study of history, and, more particularly, about the search for better ways of teaching history. Her theories have already found illustration in her two text-books, known as "Sheldon's General History" and "Sheldon's American History," but the book which was to give them fullest and ripest demonstration lies unfinished on her desk. Her work as teacher or student took her from Wellesley to the libraries and archives of Europe, to Newnham College, again to Oswego Normal School, and thence to the universities of Cornell, Indiana, and Leland Stanford. Here in California, at Palo Alto, where her husband held the chair of education, while she opened up new lines of work in the history of the Pacific Slope, she passed, perhaps, her happiest years. Her delight in the young university was unbounded, but the life grew too exciting for her slender strength, and a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Barnes came to Europe for an indefinite period of rest and study. Last winter, spent in Rome, was rich in joy, although preceded and followed by exhausting illnesses. Another attack came on in London this summer, where Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, like many other truant Americans, were delving in the treasures of the British Museum. At first her weakness was not thought alarming, and friends went in and out of the bright sick room almost as freely as ever; but perilous complications declared themselves, and, although for days the undaunted resolution and heroic devotion of her husband seemed to hold death at bay, she passed, as she expressed it, into the "new life," on Saturday morning, the twenty-seventh of August. In accordance with her desire the body was cremated, and the ashes will be taken to Rome, the city by which her historic imagination was most deeply stirred.

A little company of mourners, including representatives of Leland Stanford, Cornell, Vassar, and Wellesley, gathered in her room on Sunday afternoon for a service of commemoration and prayer. Her life of buoyant hope and gladness, of ideal faiths and generous loves, was recalled in quiet words by those who knew her best, and her own brief creed was read: "I believe in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in the progress of humanity."

K. L. B.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

[NOTE.—All contributions should be sent to the alumnæ editor before the twenty-fifth of the month.]

Lucy F. Friday, '87, is teaching in the Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore. Md.

Edith A. True, '87, is teaching in St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Elizabeth D. Leach, '90, is teaching in the Misses Hebb's School, Franklin Street, Wilmington, Del.

The engagement is announced of Sarah Jane Freeman, '91, to Mr. Henry Percy De Wolfe.

Frances C. Lance is teaching Greek and Roman History in one of the New York City High Schools.

Marion Fitz Randolph, '92, has been in Paris since the autumn of 1897 studying languages, music, and history of art. She is now recreating at Fevey, Switzerland, but will go back to Paris in October. She will return to her home in Plainfield, N. J., early in 1899.

Katharine Reed Elliott, '92, is teaching English and History in Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.

Laura C. Green, '93, is teaching at Wellsville, Ohio.

Alice Newman, '93, is acting as Reference Librarian in the North Adams Library.

Levenia Smith, '94, is teaching in the Harcourt Place School, Gambier, Ohio.

M. Grace Caldwell, '95, is teaching Latin at Dana Hall.

Lillian Brandt, '95, is enrolled among the graduate students for the coming year.

Eva M. Dennison, '95, is teaching in the Academy at New Bedford.

Katharine Lord, '95, is teaching in Mrs. Hanson's School, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Edith L. R. Jones, '95, is teaching in the Walnut Lane School, Germantown, Pa.

Bessie S. Smith, '95, remains at the Harlem Library this year.

The engagement is announced of M. Gertrude Wilson, '95, to the Rev. Lyman P. Powell.

Mary A. Dartt, '96, is teaching in the public schools of Taunton, Mass.

Sarah Louise Hadley, '96, is teaching Latin and Greek in the High School of Willimantic, Conn.

Mary Frazer Smith, '96, is back at College as a graduate student this year.

May Kellogg, '96, is teaching in the Pittsfield (Mass.) High School.

Elva Hubbard Young, '96, is the first woman to win admission to the Bar in western Massachusetts.

Teresa Huntington, '96, has gone to Harpoot, Eastern Turkey, to be connected with Euphrates College.

M. Myrtle Brotherton, '97, is teaching at St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Ore.

Frances L. Chapman, '97, is teaching in the Butler Grammar School, Portland, Me.

Cora N. Crosby, '97, holds the position of State Secretary for Massachusetts of the Young Women's Christian Association. Her business address is Room 5, 167 Tremont Street, Boston.

Emma A. Morrill, '97, is teaching in the High School at Chelsea, Mass.

Florence McM. Painter, '97, remains at the Boston Public Library.

Alice E. Sherburne, '97, is teaching at the Science Hill School.

Elizabeth H. Hazeltine, grad. '97–98, is teaching in North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Maud Almy, '98, is teaching in Winchester, N. H.

Alice W. Childs, '98, is assisting in the Zoölogy Department of the College.

Edna V. Patterson, '98, is teaching in a private school in Alleghany, Pa.

Louise T. Penny, '98, is assisting in the Chemistry Department of the College.

Marion Jackman, '98, is teaching in Hallowell, Me.

Mary E. Pierce, '98, is teaching in Deposit, N. Y.

Marcia H. Smith, '98, holds the position of assistant in the Nichols Academy, Dudley, Mass.

Grace B. Gilpin, '98, is assisting in the Newport (R. I.) Public Schools.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olive V. Young, formerly of '99, to Lieutenant John Alfred Edward Turney, of Nottingham, England.

MARRIAGES.

BALLORD–ADAMS.—In Davenport, Iowa, June 28, 1898, Miss Marie Cooper Adams, '94, to Mr. John Gilman Ballord. At home after July 25, at Saint Hilare, Minnesota.

ROGERS–KRUSE.—In Central City, Colorado, July 12, 1898, Miss Clara M. Kruse, '94, to Mr. Fred. Newton Rogers.

BAKER–ADAMS.—In Medford, Mass., Aug. 20, 1898, Miss Mary Coleman Adams, '95, to Mr. Malcolm Harlow Baker.

HURD–PORTER.—In Keene, N. H., Sept. 7, 1898, Miss Emilie Wheaton Porter, '96, to John Hurd, of Swampscott.

BIRTHS.

July, 1898, a son, Charles, to Mrs. Emily Stewart Howard, '92.

Sept. 5, 1898, at Chester, Mass., a daughter to Mrs. Clara Keefe Gardner, '87.

Sept. 10, 1898, at Derby, Vt., a daughter, Priscilla Warren, to Mrs. Susan Maine Silver, '86.

Sept. 26, 1898, at Palmyra, N. Y., a son to Mrs. Evelyn Parkes Adams, '92.

DEATHS.

In London, August 27, 1898, Mrs. Mary Sheldon Barnes, Professor of History at Wellesley, 1877–'79.

In St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 23, 1898, Florence Therese Forbes, '95.

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The Wellesley Magazine

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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EDITOR IN CHIEF.

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

BERNICE OLIVER KELLY, '99.

MANAGING EDITORS.

MAUDE EMILIE McCLARY, '99.

LOUISE EDGELL BALDWIN, '99.

LITERARY EDITORS.

HELEN MARIAN KELSEY, '95. MARY SPINK, '99.

MARGARET BELL MERRILL, '99. LUCY MAY WRIGHT, 1900.

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All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Helen M. Kelsey, Wellesley, Mass.

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IN WHITTIER LAND.

IT is one of the perfect days that September brings, and discussion waxes hot at the breakfast table as to where we shall take our guests on pilgrimage. We decide to make a picnic in any case, and fall to cutting bread and butter with an enthusiasm worthy of a Charlotte. Finally, our own Merrimac Valley and the Whittier Country carry the vote, and we sally forth armed with lunch box, camera, and guide book, that we may miss no point of interest along our route.

The valley of the Merrimac is as sweet and gentle in its wide meadow reaches, quaint old villages, and softly murmuring river, as was the life of the poet to whom it owes so much of its historic fame. The serenity of

Whittier lies over it all, despite the whirring looms and huge brick factories that make Northeastern Massachusetts a great manufacturing center. The atmosphere of the Friends has not yet wholly departed, although the tiny meeting house at Amesbury numbers now but a handful in its congregation on First Day mornings. Surely it will be very blessed to spend at least one day in Whittier land.

We board an open "electric,"—that joy of the modern pilgrim,—and go spinning along the winding valley, past Kenoza, whose blue waters sparkle in the sunlight; past the poet's birthplace, where, later in the day, we mean to end our wanderings; through Merrimac, with its shady streets and little white-steepled church, and out again into open country, where the view widens far across the river, and we catch glimpses of other slender white spires that cut a sharp line against the blue September sky. An hour's ride brings us to the square in Amesbury, and the car leaves us behind as it speeds onward, eastward, to Salisbury and the sea. We pay our respects to the memory of the town's most famous citizen, whose statue crowns the market place, and gravely read through the long list of virtues and good deeds attributed by his faithful fellows to Josiah Bartlett, of Revolutionary renown. We get a draught of cool water from the old pump near by, more for the sake of its odd, antiquated appearance, and its date of 1735, than because we are really thirsty. And finally we turn down Friend Street, and find the low, yellow house that is the Mecca of our pilgrim feet. A tiny bronze tablet tells us that this is Whittier's home.

Our letter of introduction to the little woman in charge wins us a gracious welcome, and we spend a charming hour in the low, old-fashioned rooms, so full of memories of the poet that it seems as if he were himself our host. His kindly face looks down upon us from every wall, and his actual presence is very near us as we tread with reverent feet across the threshold of the "garden room," the sunny southern windows of which look out upon the narrow stretch of lawn which was Whittier's favorite retreat.

We sit down comfortably in the hair-cloth covered rocker and big brown easy-chair, and listen to the tales our hostess tells us of the famous people who have gathered, in years gone by, in this quiet room to discuss many a burning question of the troublous times before the war. Not least interesting of the many memorials are the autograph letters: one from

Garrison written in January of 1863, exulting triumphantly over the Emancipation Proclamation; one from Holmes, evidently written in haste, and full of the kindly fun which is characteristic of both poets, different as they are. Here is the old desk upon which "Snowbound" was written; the eagle quill sent from the far northern lake; the pressed gentians that made the title of another poem; the many books with their author's compliments and autographs upon the fly leaf. And here, too, we see the face of old Barbara Frietchie, over which is draped a tiny flag. Everywhere are the familiar things that were Whittier's inspiration,—the gentle, homely, commonplace things that he rendered beautiful in simple song.

The sunshine flooded the big garden that afternoon as we wandered about under the old trees, and thought of the September just six years ago when the quiet Quaker service brought together so many of Whittier's friends to pay him the last beautiful respect. "It was like a benediction, not like a funeral," some one told us: the peace of God lay on the world that day.

We are sorry to leave the old house, but as we have already taxed the patience of our hostess to an unwarranted extent, we buy our souvenirs, artistic little photographs of house and garden, and try to express our gratitude as best we may. We eat our luncheon on the top of "Powow Hill,"—"the highest point of land in Essex County," as our guide book duly tells us,—and find ourselves well repaid for the hard climb by the view of the sea with which we are greeted as we reach the summit. The long line of the Salisbury cottages is very distinct; we can even see the white breakers on the beach, and the gleam of the distant sails far out against the horizon. We remember that this was one of Whittier's favorite walks; that many a time he too had

> "Climbed the neighboring slope with feet
> Slackened and heavy with the heat,"

until he had

> "Reached at length the topmost swell,
> Whence either way the green turf fell
> In terraces of nature down
> To fruit-hung orchards, and the town,

With white, pretenceless houses, tall
Church steeples, and, o'ershadowing all,
Huge mills, whose windows had the look
Of eager eyes. . . .
And looking eastward, cool to view,
Stretched the illimitable blue
Of ocean from its curved coast line."

There is scarcely a spot all up and down the Merrimac Valley that Whittier has not loved and sung. From the mountains to the sea he has followed the course of the "winding river" with his poet's tribute, and made the whole region live anew for all its lovers in the beauty of his gentle verse.

It were good to linger on the hilltop, where the cool breezes fan our hot cheeks, and the far sea line rests our hearts and eyes; but the sun will not stop with us, and we must make the most of our one holiday. So we journey down the long slope again, cross the market place and the main street of the town, and come at last to the sharply peaked roof that covers "The Captain's Well." Here we pause to get another drink and to read the poem, pasted upon the side of the well house, in which Whittier has told the old Amesbury tradition of Captain Bagley. Shipwrecked upon the coast of Arabia, he suffered from the dreadful thirst of the desert, and registered a vow that, should he ever return to his native land, a wayside well should be his thank-offering to Heaven. And as he prayed, lo, help was at hand, and the rescue was no longer a dream.

"From pain and peril, by land and main,
The shipwrecked sailor came back again;
. . . . . .
"And like one from the dead the threshold crossed
Of his wondering home, that had mourned him lost.
. . . . . .
"But when morning came he called for his spade.
'I must pay my debt to the Lord,' he said.
. . . . . .
"And when at last from the loosened earth
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,
. . . . . .
"He shouted for joy, 'I have kept my word,
And here is the well I promised the Lord!'"

From this point we turn across the highway to the quiet cemetery of the Friends, and find the green-hedged resting-place of the poet and his kindred. A block of spotless white marble marks the grave we seek. Name and date are all the one side reveals; on the other are the few words which Holmes uttered, "Here Whittier lies." It is all so exactly as he would have wished—the peaceful God's acre among his people, the plain white stone, the simple speech of his friend. The stillness drops down upon us as we stand for a moment beside that quiet grave, and the words of the poet himself seem to sound in our hearts:—

"The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The gospel of a life like [his]
Is more than books or scrolls."

It was pretty to see a little maiden putting flowers upon Mr. Whittier's grave, and to learn that every Saturday some one comes to renew the beautiful tribute. "Sometimes my father brings them," she said shyly, in answer to our question, "but I always want to myself." It was not hard to remember that the children, too, had lost a friend.

At the western gate of the cemetery we take our car homeward, breaking the ride by a visit to the "Birthplace," the proudest possession of old Haverhill. The square, strongly-built farmhouse carries its two hundred and odd years easily, and looks good for several centuries yet to be. This is the site of "Snowbound," and interest centres in the big kitchen, low-ceiled and shadowy, around the glowing fireplace of which the family gathered on that "brief December day." It is easy to imagine it all, despite the sunshine and blue sky of September; and one of our number, whom we laughingly accuse of being romantic, buys a tiny souvenir copy of the poem, and sits down forthwith in the old wooden rocker to read it on the spot. Ourselves seem to vanish as the familiar lines bring up vividly

"The dear home faces, whereupon
The fitful firelight paled and shone";

and the crackle of the brushwood which our hostess has lighted in the big chimney adds not a little to the reality of the picture that we call to mind.

The homeliness of Whittier—surely it is that which most endears him to his readers. No other poet seems to have gathered unto himself so wholly the sacredness of home and hearth. And yet their highest blessedness never came to him.

In the old homestead are many interesting memorials of the early days. We are shown the square little apartment where the poet was born, now, as then, the "best room" of the house. Opening from the kitchen, up two shallow steps, is the tiniest of bedrooms, so small that the huge "four-poster" bed seems by contrast to magnify its own already noble proportions. Tokens of Mrs. Whittier's busy fingers are found here, and even some of the handiwork of the poet's grandmother—linen, yellow and worn, but exquisitely soft and fine. The spinning wheel by the fireside stands silent now; no modern housewife can tune its magic song.

Out across the worn stone step of the back door we go to the moss-grown well, and on beyond it, up the brook path to the hill meadow, where the white birches grow. The brown water of the brook ripples softly over the stones, singing a gentle lullaby; the tiny squirrels frolic along the branches, undisturbed by guest or tourist, for all are friendly here; and the sunset light streams down the long, green upland, warning us that we must end our pilgrimage at last. We turn back for a farewell glimpse of the house, with its picturesque bit of red coloring, the long curve of the well sweep, and the big barns that tell of bountiful autumn harvests by and by, and then, slowly, we cross the bridge, and find ourselves upon the highway, with a noisy electric car whizzing into sight. "Nothing in the past is dead to him who would know how the present came to be what it is." We try to reconcile the crane-hung fireplace and the pewter porringers and plates with our swift, modern method of getting into town. But we may not see all the inner workings of the quiet years.

We are weary pilgrims, but happy-hearted ones, that night. For our hasting, busy lives we have gained a day of peace. We have walked in the silent shadow of a good man's life, and felt upon our foreheads "the benediction of the air."

MARY HOLLANDS MCLEAN, '96.

MISS LUCY'S TROUSSEAU.

Miss Lucy Richards was as much a part of literary Westfield as the Young Ladies' Seminary or the State University itself. She lived alone in the old Richards homestead, at the farther end of the university campus. There, in the old-fashioned drawing-room, she had held her formal little teas ever since the days when there were no railroads in that part of Ohio, and the students who came to the university traveled in lumbering stage coaches past Miss Lucy's very door. That big white door had opened to the knock of many famous men; for some of Miss Lucy's "literary" teas in Commencement week were memorable occasions. State governors and senators, and once an ex-President of the United States, had sat in her old, straight-up-and-down chairs, and balanced her dainty china cups and saucers on their steady broadcloth knees. Miss Lucy, in a soft silken gown, would sit beside the low mahogany table, never forgetting in the midst of her tea pouring that her first duty was to keep the conversation on subjects worthy of her guests. This was not always an easy thing to do, and Miss Lucy found that governors and senators are very commonplace people at heart, and are likely to grow prosy over their tea. The professors at the university, especially the poorer ones, delighted in her father's well-stocked library and in her own thin bread and butter sandwiches. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings the leading spirits in the little town would gather around her tea table and discuss with her the latest book, or the last news from the East. Grave problems of the university student life were decided over her fragrant tea, and Miss Lucy, though she little knew it, was really an important member of the Faculty Board of Government.

Miss Lucy was not ill prepared for the position she held in Westfield, for her father had been the first President of the university. He was a grave, scholarly man, and he had undertaken her entire education himself, training her young mind according to his most approved educational theories. But he died very suddenly when Lucy was just turned fourteen; and then it was too late for the serious little girl ever to know the meaning of a real childhood.

Miss Lucy's mother was a pretty, sentimental little woman, who had never truly shared in her husband's life. She did not know, happily, what his theories about Lucy were; she would not have understood them had he

ever troubled himself to explain them to her. She was only sorry that her pretty little girl was such an odd child, and she felt a little hurt and bewildered sometimes when she realized dimly that she had such a very little part in the child's thoughts and affections. So she left Lucy's higher education to take care of itself, and that fact became the scandal of literary Westfield. But Mrs. Richards smiled sweetly when the professors' wives and daughters came to remonstrate with her; she hoped down in her loving little heart that the child would forget the books and remember her.

It happened, however, that it was through some of the books themselves that Lucy discovered her mother, who sat so often embroidering on the other side of the library table while she was deep in her reading. One day Lucy closed her book with a long, low sigh of admiration.

"Mother," she said softly, "she must have looked so like you!"

Mrs. Richards put down her embroidery with a happy little smile.

"What are you reading now, dear, more history?" she asked.

"It isn't history at all, mother. It's very real. I could cry because it's so beautiful; and Elaine was young and fair, like you. I am sure that she looked like you, mother. Shall I read to you about her and Sir Launcelot?"

She sat down before the fire, at her mother's feet, and read aloud in her sweet child's voice the old, old love story. That was the beginning of a beautiful new life for both of them. They entered hand in hand into a world of romance and wonder. Mrs. Richards, timid and fearful of her husband's displeasure, had stood at its borders all her life, and had never dared to enter. In their long, happy hours together, Lucy found in her pretty little mother hidden graces and beauties of character that her father, for all his philosophy, had been too dull to discover. She laughed at her sentimental notions sometimes, but never unkindly, and she loved her all the more because she was timid and dependent.

It was during this "romantic period" of Miss Lucy's life that her trousseau was begun. She had gone one day into her mother's bedroom and found her sitting on a low stool before her chest of drawers. Something beautiful, and soft, and shimmery was spread out before her.

"O mother, what is it? How beautiful it is!" As she spoke she saw that her mother was crying softly.

"It is your wedding gown, dear. It was mine, and I want you to wear it when you are married. Don't laugh at me, dear, for giving it to you now. I want you to know that it is here. I want you to begin to live now for the day when you shall wear it; to make yourself worthy of your husband's love when it shall come to you. I was a foolish little bride; I was not worthy of your father, dear."

Lucy knelt beside her and put her strong young arms around her mother. And tears were brimming her own eyes. Then together they folded the beautiful pearl-embroidered bridal gown, and laid it away in the rose-scented drawer.

From time to time Lucy was shown rich, soft-tinted silken stuffs and sheer white linens that were to be hers on her wedding day.

"These are for you, little Lucy," her mother would say, touching them with loving fingers as she held them up to catch the light. "I brought them with me when we came out here from the East. You do not remember, for you were only a baby then. I had so many trunks, and your father didn't guess what was in them. He never used to notice my pretty gowns; poor man, his mind was filled with such weighty matters!"

Then Lucy would stoop and kiss her gently, and help her fold the beautiful silks and put them away again between the sweet rose leaves.

Her mother died when Miss Lucy was twenty, and for thirty lonely years she lived in the old home, with only her two faithful servants and her precious books to bear her company. It was after her mother's death, when she had joined the Westfield Literary Circle in the vain hope of there satisfying her bookish soul, that her "literary" at homes began. Her drawing-rooms were never crowded; there were not enough of the elect in all Westfield to crowd even a much smaller drawing-room than Miss Lucy's. The university was not the flourishing institution in those days that it is now, and the faculty list was pitiably short. In spite of all the changes that took place during those early years, Miss Lucy never spread her sandwiches in vain. Professors died and were buried, and young men were sent out from the Eastern colleges to take their places; the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy changed hands nine times, but the men who sat in it all day long were glad to cross the broad campus, knock at the big white door, and spend their Wednesday and Saturday evenings in one of Miss Lucy's com-

fortable, chintz-covered rockers. The new men looked upon Miss Lucy's teas as part (the very pleasantest part) of the regular university life, and the thought did not occur to them that Miss Lucy's hair had not always been touched with gray, and that the little teas had not always been.

No one guessed, as Miss Lucy poured tea and discoursed on grave and learned subjects, that overhead in her mother's bedchamber lay her secret,—white and shimmering and pearl embroidered, sweet with the scent of pressed rose leaves.

When Miss Lucy was about fifty years old, Helen Richards, the daughter of a cousin whom she had never seen, came to Westfield to teach music in the Young Ladies' Seminary. The young girl made her home with Miss Lucy, and brought into her narrow round of life a new interest and joy that widened and renewed it. The girl was poor, and an orphan; but she was clever, and pretty, and brimful of life, so that it was not long before Miss Lucy was devoted to her, heart and soul. She took great pride in her accomplishments, and a new piano was brought all the way from Cincinnati for her especial use. The teas became musical as well as literary, and the discourses of the professors were not always as grave and pedantic as they had been before Helen's coming.

Little by little the girl made the life of the old house all over. When the spring came she drew Miss Lucy away from her musty little library out into the fresh fields and down the shady lanes.

"Come," she said, in her sweet, imperative way; "I want you to smell the spring air, and feel the soft, green grass under your feet. You are like a lady in a book, Cousin Lucy, and I want you to be more than that. We will play together this afternoon, like children on a holiday. Oh, Saturday is the very best day in the week!"

Miss Lucy did not know how to make holiday; but she sniffed the mild air daintily, and smiled contentedly as she listened to Helen's talk and saw the happy light come and go in the girl's dark eyes. It was good to be with her, and feel the infection of her youth. This slender young girl, with her golden hair and her dark, questioning eyes, who could laugh so gayly and think so deeply all in a moment's time, was revealing to Miss Lucy a new interpretation of life. As the weeks went by she began to see her own life in a clearer light, and to compare it with this other life which had come

so close to hers, and had quickened and awakened it by the touch of human sympathy and love. She saw, with a strange new pain in her heart, how empty and dead had been the years that stretched behind her, in the gray, joyless past.

Sometimes the Professor of Botany and Biology went with them on their long rambling walks. He was a young man, eager and happy, and hopeful. He showed Helen and Miss Lucy unfamiliar glades and swift-running brooks; he taught them the secret places where strange wild flowers grew. The birds and the squirrels were his friends, and he knew where nests were hidden. It delighted him that Helen should care to struggle through the tangled undergrowth with him, for the sake of standing hushed and breathless on tiptoe by a high old stump to see an anxious chick-a-dee feed her gaping little brood.

Through the long, beautiful summer Miss Lucy watched them with eager sympathy. She saw, with quiet joy, a new, soft light come into Helen's eyes; but she felt again the old, half-forgotten sense of loneliness and loss in her own heart. She thought very often now of her little mother as she was in those early days, so young and so unhappy, like the fair Elaine of Astolat. When the rush of memory brought the tears to her eyes, she would steal away to the little white chamber over the drawing-room, and there, amid its peace and quiet, weep until the pain in her heart was eased. But she never unlocked the drawer where the silken bridal gown lay between the fragrant rose leaves.

Before the last glowing autumn days were past Helen and the young professor were engaged. Through the long evenings of the following winter Miss Lucy sat alone very often by her library fire, but the murmur of happy voices came softly to her from the drawing-room, where Helen and her lover sat planning their golden future. They were to be married in the spring, and their home was to be with Miss Lucy in the old Richards homestead. Miss Lucy shared all Helen's dreams, and the young girl did not guess that her gentle little cousin was torn by a great struggle.

Helen had brought out her money box one day and counted her savings twice over.

"It is so little," she sighed, "and there are so many things to buy. If I could but have a real wedding gown, Cousin Lucy,—a satin one, soft

and rich and creamy white! I should so love to look bride-like on my wedding day. Do you know, Cousin Lucy, Edward thinks I am beautiful!" She laughed a little, but she sighed, too, as she put the slender roll of money back into the box. "I shall have to wear 'a simple muslin gown,' like the village bride in a book; and I want to be rich and beautiful for Edward. I am not worthy of him, Cousin Lucy."

Helen wondered a little at the sad, strange look that came into her cousin's quiet face. Then she fell to planning the "muslin gown," and did not notice that Miss Lucy left her alone.

That afternoon one drawer of the tall chest was unlocked, and through a mist of tears Miss Lucy looked again at the shimmering silken gown. Could she give her bridal gown, hers and her mother's, to Helen, however much she loved her? She looked long at the shining brocade, and it was to her like the symbol of all the richness of joy and of love that had been denied her in her empty, barren life. She closed the drawer and locked it. Then she tried to pray, but the words that came to her lips were, "O, my mother!"

Early in the spring Helen fell ill, and through long, long weeks she lay sick and helpless in her bed. Sometimes, when Miss Lucy left her room for a moment, she would count over and over again on her fingers the few savings that were hidden away somewhere in the money box, and she would cry a little, in her weakness, when she thought that they were not growing now.

When the days grew warmer, she sat propped up by the window, where she could look out into the fair, green world. The birds were building their nests in the eaves above, and she could hear them all day long as she watched the changing lights and shadows across the broad, green sweep of the campus.

She began to worry again about her wedding gown, and one day when she sighed for a fairy godmother, she saw a troubled look come into Miss Lucy's face. She had seen it there very often of late, and the girl had wondered at its coming.

"Do you think that I am very selfish and dissatisfied, Cousin Lucy?"

Miss Lucy took Helen's thin hand between her own. "No, dear," she said, kissing her; "I think I understand." Then she left her, and Helen

remembered always the glad light that swept across her face as she turned to go. In a moment she returned, bearing in her arms something soft and silken and pearl embroidered. She carried it tenderly, and her face wore still the strange, holy smile.

The girl cried out in wonder and amazement; but Miss Lucy laid the lovely gown across her lap.

"It was my mother's, dear, and it was to have been my bridal gown," she said softly. "But you shall wear it for me, dear Helen."

The girl drew her arm down beside her chair and held her close.

"O, my poor Cousin Lucy," she whispered after a little, "I am so sorry, so sorry!" She was wondering why she had never heard of Miss Lucy's love story.

Miss Lucy smiled through her tears, and stroked the girl's soft hair. "Hear those little birds," she said; "and see, dear, there is Edward coming across the campus."

MARY GERALDINE GORDON, 1900.

AUTUMN.

TO MY MOTHER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

A merry child was gathering flowers in May.
With sudden, new delight she stooped for one,—
A bud,—and held it laughing in the sun.
"Will it grow up, and be a flower, some day?"

Through all the weary summer, in hot toil,
One labored, watering with anxious care
The thirsty vines, and whispering in despair,
"Shall thorns bear fruit in sick and fevered soil?"

With glowing smile of joy the autumn stole
Upon the land. Amid the purple light
A woman lifted high a gleaming bowl,
And looked with shining eyes upon the bright
O'erhanging fruit. Her deep-exultant soul
Had conquered toil, and love had cleared her sight.

G. L. C.

THE ITALIAN RIOTS OF MAY, 1898.

THE Italian "bread riots"—so called—of last May resulted from such a complication of causes that differing explanations of the same phenomena are easily possible. For this reason the differences, when carefully examined, prove to be chiefly differences of emphasis. I am about to introduce Mrs. Dario Papa's appeal for the Italian prisoners, with a brief explanation of the chief of these causes, without, however, attempting in the least to determine the relative proportions of the various elements which went to produce the May riots.

The riots began on April 27, when mobs collected in Bari and Faenza to protest against the rise in price of flour, caused by the Spanish-American war. Riots also occurred in Piacenza, Ravenna, Florence, and other cities. In some cases the mobs were pacified by promises; in other cases they became violent, setting fire to buildings and murdering wealthier citizens. Their behavior does not indicate any political motives.

In Milan the course of affairs was different. The history of the great riot there is as follows. A grand demonstration in sympathy with the hunger-stricken peoples of other cities was planned by the republicans and socialists for Sunday, the 8th of May. On Friday a man was distributing among the workmen of an india-rubber factory handbills announcing this demonstration. It was at the noon recess. He was seen by the police and arrested. Three workmen who protested were also taken into custody, but a mob collected, who compelled the release of two of the men. That night the men in the india-rubber factory went on a strike, and Saturday many others followed. By Sunday barricades had been erected, and the authorities had turned the troops upon the mob. The insurgents, among whom were many university students, stationed themselves behind the barricades and upon roofs and fired upon the soldiers. They shouted threats against the government, the taxes, and the high price of bread. On Saturday and Sunday many leading republicans and socialists were arrested, the liberal newspapers were suppressed, and the socialist organizations dissolved. Milan was declared in a state of siege; a censorship was established over the telegraph offices and mails, and courts-martial superseded the regular civil courts. These rigid measures of the government soon calmed the disturbance.

There can be no doubt that the term "bread riots" is to a certain extent applicable to these disturbances. Hunger was the immediate cause of the uprisings in Bari and Piacenza, and the immediate occasion in Milan. Food is scarce in Italy,—an unfortunate condition, for which two reasons have been assigned: first, the heavy taxation, due to the ambitious policy of the present government; second, the unprogressive state of the country.

Italy's ambition to stand on a par with older and wealthier nations has proved expensive. The conditions of the Triple Alliance, by which she gained her position, were the maintenance of an army and navy too large for her strength, a splendid court, and a numerous diplomatic corps. These things are a terrible burden upon the people. In many cases fully fifty per cent of a peasant's earnings goes to support the government. Much local freedom in the matter of taxes results in oppressive *octroi*, or duties at town gates; while the small Signori control by corruption the taxes in the rural district, so that the quota is raised almost entirely on the staple needs of the people rather than on their own luxuries. As the people are politically ignorant and unused to self-government, they are at the mercy of politicians, who replenish their private fortunes from the public treasury.

The unprogressive state of the country is traceable to similar causes. The land is naturally fertile, but there is no capital forthcoming to encourage its productiveness. Fields are spaded and rivers dredged by hand, while capital is wasted in extensive railroads and ambitious colonial schemes in Africa. Poor Italy must have railways and colonies like other nations. The effect of this policy is pathetically seen in the story of the African colony. In pure emulation, an army under an inexperienced officer was set down on the East African coast, wedged in just north of the British and German possessions. During the progress inland the populace at home were fed with wild tales of valour and conquest, until finally they suddenly learned that in one battle the well-disciplined forces of Menelek, the Abyssinian king, had cut the Italian army totally to pieces. The burst of national wrath endangered the government; and, though the storm was weathered for that season, we can hardly say that the wanton loss of life in East Africa a year ago has been forgotten. At any rate, waste to a degree such as this leaves no wealth in the country available for agricultural encouragement.

Hunger is, without doubt, the result of clearly definable political condi-

tions in Italy, and might, with great reason, be the cause of an insurrection. But there are many who claim that the real cause lies in the definitely subversive plans of the malcontents, who used the discomforts of hunger merely as a tool. These malcontents are, first, the clerical party, who hate the House of Savoy as the blasphemous restricter of the temporal power; secondly, the republicans, who regard the monarchy as a makeshift, designed to perform the unification of Italy, and then to vanish; third, the socialists; and fourth, the anarchists—two parties of more recent growth. These four diverse elements work together toward the overthrow of the monarchy, and mean to get as large a share of the spoils as possible.

The malcontents led the revolt in Milan. Even the church party connived at it, for the Archbishop of Milan left the city soon after the beginning of the riot, and when reprimanded afterwards for deserting his post in a time of danger, had only evasive answers to give.

The malcontents hate the monarchy, more for the fact that it is a monarchy than for any of its real faults; but these faults supply them with concrete grievances, whereby they gain what hold they have over the people. If the present government were beneficent and just, we should hear of no serious riots. The people will not listen to subversive arguments unless they are already discontented.

The May riots may, therefore, be truthfully called either "bread riots" or an insurrection. The policy of the government has been ambitious, its national economy unsound, and its method of burdensome taxation has driven the people to listen eagerly to plans of remedy, both good and bad, which agitators and liberals are proposing. But the result of the riot in Milan seems to show that Italy is not ready—at least, just yet—for any radical change.

GRACE ALLEN BRAZEE, '99.

POLITICAL STRIFE IN ITALY.

IN explaining the political situation in Italy, the question of the Papacy must first be made clear. American and English people have been made favorable to the monarchy simply in order to be opposed to the Papacy. It was difficult for people outside of Italy to understand the true situation.

In order that it may not appear that I am prejudiced in explaining it, I must state that my people have for generations been Presbyterians, and though I am not a member of the Presbyterian church, I am certainly not a Catholic.

The Catholics are accused of plotting with the republicans to overthrow the monarchy. It must be remembered that Humbert and Margherita are bigoted Catholics. The proposed removal of the court from Rome to Turin is out of consideration for the Pope. The government itself is Catholic. The only question is that of the temporal power, and most Italians, even those devoted to the church, do not wish the temporal power to be restored. It is to be doubted whether the Pope himself considers its restoration possible. His messages to the people speak of a republic in which the Church shall be free as in America.

We complain that the Catholic Church keeps its people ignorant. So does the Italian government. The fact is, that liberals send their children to Catholic schools because they consider them better than government schools. The catechism is taught in the public schools as it is in the clerical schools. Church processions go through the streets freely, though a republican procession or demonstration of any kind would not be permitted. In short, Italy is ruled by Catholics now. The government is Catholic; the Italians are Catholics; and whether under a monarchy or a republic, this question remains to be dealt with separately; but the party in which there are the fewest followers of the Church is the republican party.

It is believed that a republic will some day be formed by the coalition of the best men of all parties.

The only serious opposition that the monarchy has made to the power of the Church has been in confiscating its property. The way in which this was done is denounced even by the liberals as being unjust and dishonest. The reaction against this and the failures of the monarchy in ruling Italy are driving people into the arms of the Church. For the last twenty years the Church has gained ground rapidly.

The old Garibaldian republicans fought the Pope, and though they gave way in the matter of uniting Italy under the House of Savoy temporarily, they have never given up the hope of finally having a government of the people. Up to this time it has been impossible for the old republicans and

the clericals to become reconciled; if it had been possible the republic would have been established long ago.

The Pope is so anxious that the House of Savoy should govern Italy in its own way, that he forbids his followers to vote in the general elections. Many disregard the injunction, but if he should give his consent and all should vote, the result would be astonishing, at least. The Pope knows perfectly what the result of the present government of Italy will be. It must end in disaster; then Italy will fall prostrate into the lap of the Church. He does not hurry events. In the struggle of the people against the monarchy many opponents of the Church will be crushed. The Catholic Church is renowned for waiting its opportunity, and it must be confessed that those surrounding the Pope are far superior intellectually to those surrounding the King.

The charge made against the Papacy of plotting with republicans to overthrow the monarchy is so weak, that now the French republicans are accused of being the republicans of the plot. Alas, France has as much as she can attend to at present. Such a plot has never been discovered, and we must deal with facts.

It is true that Don Davide Albertario, a priest and editor of the *Osservatore Cattolico* of Milan, has been sentenced to several years of solitary confinement as a common convict, but it was not for advocating the temporal power or for plotting with the republicans. He is punished as many others are for telling the truth about Italy, and especially for telling the facts about what happened in Milan last May.

What is called *terrore bianco* [white terror] has reigned in Italy since the uprising of last May. No one dares speak his mind in public, and hardly in private. Even in Parliament the silence is appalling.

The revolution in Milan could only be called a massacre,—the most dreadful one of the century. It was done by the government partly through fear, partly for revenge, and partly through ignorance. Even the most devoted subjects of the House of Savoy can find no excuse for it except that it was to "preserve the institutions." Institutions which preserve themselves by such awful means are unworthy of preservation.

It was not the first time that the troops had been ordered to fire upon the people in the streets of Italian cities. It has been calculated and proved

that more Italians have been killed in this way than were killed by the Austrians, except in open battle. The killing of one or two, or a dozen, does not impress the world, but the list added up through a number of years, tells a tale of slaughter. It was entirely unnecessary to add the victims of Milan.

The Milanese, who defended themselves for four days unarmed against an armed foe, are worthy to be called heroes, for their cause was a just one. The government found the means of declaring a state of siege, and by court-martial to imprison the men of conscience who had dared criticise the misgovernment of the country. Americans will say: "How was it possible to imprison them? Could it be done legally or constitutionally?" No; but law and the constitution are held in little consideration by the Italian government.

The Italian monarchy is called a constitutional one, but it could not well be more absolute. Parliament is convened, dismissed, or dissolved arbitrarily. The means taken by the government to accomplish its ends will be seen by the following account of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, June 30, 1898, which is verified by the accounts given by the Italian papers, even those favorable to the government:—

"The government in Milan alone has made some hundreds of arrests—journalists, deputies, priests, children, and street roughs netted with fine impartiality. Then, spurred by a justified distrust in popular juries, and even in its own appointed judges, the government has given the administrators of justice a summer holiday, and has filled the bench with military tribunes. To make this amazing violation of the rights of the citizen possible, the government has declared a state of siege. But a state of siege cannot legally be declared without consent of Parliament, which, as every one knew, would never be granted. Therefore, the opening of Parliament was delayed beyond the limit prescribed by law. When Parliament did meet its mind was so plain that the government shrank from hearing that mind declared, and resigned without taking a vote. And the king up to now has avoided the course customary in such a situation. No member of the Chamber of Deputies has been asked to advise on the crisis. Only senators and generals have been called, the result desired being, apparently, a non-parliamentary solution of the difficulty. The whole thing is a succession of unlawful acts, each, for its support, needing the sequence of an act more unlawful than itself."

It will be perceived that the Parliamentary situation cannot be discussed seriously, for Parliament cannot act according to the constitution. The situation in Parliament is always the same, for whether the corrupt Crispi, or the weak Di Rudini, or the acquiescent Pelloux is at the head of the government, the result is invariable; the story of oppression will be always the same so long as the "prestige" of an extravagant monarchy is to be maintained.

Republicans and opposition members are kept out of Parliament by every conceivable device—fraud, influence, money, trickery. The republican member of Parliament, Sig. Di Andreis, was elected twice before the election was admitted. He was entitled to his seat in Parliament three years before he was permitted to take it. When no further excuse could be found to keep him out of Parliament, he was imprisoned, and he is now in solitary confinement as a common convict,—humiliated, deprived even of his name. He bears the number 1012. In the next cell is another member of Parliament, No. 1013, Sig. Filippo Turati. These men have been re-elected for Parliament since their imprisonment, as a protest against its illegality and injustice. According to the Italian constitution they should be at once released to go to Parliament. That they may not do so, they have been deprived of their civil rights. Having been intimately acquainted with Sig. Di Andreis and Sig. Turati for several years, I can testify to their being honorable, high-minded men. They have been imprisoned for nobly living up to their high ideals.

The Italian government is driving the Italian people to desperation and anarchy, but the dangerous anarchists are not in Italy—they are men who have been driven out by poverty or persecution, and have suffered abroad. Poor, friendless, and almost necessarily unfortunate in a foreign land, they come to the conclusion that all governments are alike—cruel as that of Italy, and that nothing but extermination can rid the world of its oppressors. Those of whose crimes we read are ignorant people, maddened and in distress. The number of these is increasing so rapidly that they are becoming a danger to other nations.

Exactly the opposite of the anarchists are the good, brave men and women who have been struggling to keep a spark of hope and faith in humanity alive in the breasts of the people. These noble souls have been thrown into prison as common criminals.

Such dreadful things cannot be realized in this free America. Close your eyes and try to imagine what a horrible prison cell would be, then think of passing years of precious life there! Thousands are condemned unjustly to that torture. Try to realize it. They are in those prison cells now.

Wellesley College has heard my appeal. I beg help in protesting against this awful wrong.

FIDELLA DINSMORE PAPA.

TO MYSELF.

Dear little child, that wanders through dim shade
  And sun-bathed gardens, with thy wistful eyes
  Turned searchingly to gaze in glad surmise
Beyond the boundaries of thy sheltering glade;
Thy dauntless heart shall follow undismayed
  The beckoning spirits, robed in stately guise,
  Who point thee onward, till a dread surprise
Dawn in thy face at truth so long delayed.
I would not have the mystery unfurled
  That wraps thee round, for well my woman's mind
Doth know that in thy magic, dreamspun world,
  As in her own, truth long delayed is kind;
So wonder, like a garment, cover thee,
Dear little self, as now it covers me.

R. C.

SLIP SHEETS.

I. THE LACK OF INDIVIDUALITY IN MY FEATURES.

No one has ever told me of a single feature of mine that was individual: my hair is my mother's, my high cheek bones my father's, my eyes my Aunt Mary's, and so on. I should not object to this lack of originality if it were shown only in my general appearance, but the peculiar furrow between my eyebrows is the duplicate of my grandfather's; the dimple in my left cheek is my grandmother's. There is not the most insignificant characteristic that

is wholly and entirely my own. Once I became weary of my likeness to so many people, and I determined to cultivate some other kind of a mouth; so I massaged, and rubbed, and pulled that feature till it assumed an entirely different aspect. For a few short weeks my cup of joy was full. Then how bitter my chagrin, when I heard my mother say, "How like her Aunt Julia's Mary's mouth is!"

II. MY ROOMMATE.

My roommate has a peculiar appearance, which only adds to her charm and worth. She has a queer, drum-shaped body, but I never heard her complain of this, for she's a cheery person when she has been worked up to the right pitch. Her face, too, is queer. It is perfectly round, and hasn't much expression, though it always looks happy. Her legs and arms seem to have changed lengths with each other,—the arms are so long and the legs so short. She always stands with her legs apart, as though to brace herself against the avalanche of books I am often tempted to throw at her, when her continual cheerfulness tries me too much. Eliza—I call her Eliza because she tells so many lies—has a peculiar habit of folding her queer, spindly, slender arms across her face. She has only one unpleasant trait,—she is always making me do what I do not wish to. She wakes me for breakfast, and sends me off post-haste to recitations; but she can't help this, for it is her business to tell time. Eliza is my clock.

III. MY POETRY.

So far as I know, my poetry has been confined to the productions of one single occasion,—my tenth birthday. Then, inspired by the dignity of years which I had attained, I wrote three poems. Their sole merit—if merit they possessed—was brevity. The first one never passed beyond the title, "To the Venus of Milo." The thoughts suggested by that theme were too great for expression, but I was not to be daunted. Bravely I wrote the subject of the next, "The Dying Gladiator," and these lines:—

> "Who is this man with look intent
> Upon his wounded bosom bent?
> He it is, the gladiator ——"

That was all. I could not overcome the difficulties of metre in the poem, and so I began once more, "To the Golden-Rod":—

"What is this flower beside the road
Upon whose slim, green stalk a load
Of golden blossoms rests, like crown
Upon a sceptred monarch's brow."

But the lack of an *n* in my last word so discouraged me in my search for rhymes, that I then and there forsook forever the high calling of poesy.

M. C. S., 1901.

IV. HOW ONE MAN EARNED A DIME.

The bold clamor of a hand organ broke in with unwonted disturbance upon the academic quiet of Stone Hall. Kate and Margaret dropped their books and went to the window. The tune had set the world ajog; dancing blue lake, dancing yellow trees, dancing gray squirrels, all kept time to that ridiculous piping, while the unsteady old instrument itself jigged solemnly on its one leg to its own wheezy melody. In the midst of the radiance, with loose leaves fluttering about him, stood the little dingy foreigner, his right arm working automatically, his restless eyes following the long rows of windows. He spied the two new faces on the second row, and danced his one-legged partner a few steps nearer.

"Poor as I am, I'll give him a dime if he plays 'Hear me, Norma,'" exclaimed Margaret.

"He ought to know better than to expect even coppers here," returned Kate. "Why did he come? But he may win your dime, after all, for he has just the sort of worn-out machine to play such a trite air as 'Hear me, Norma.' Why should a person of your Wagnerian taste demand 'Norma'?"

"O, just because I do. It's a hobby. My favorite hand organ used to play it."

"Have you heard the opera?"

"Yes, once."

Margaret answered abruptly, and leaned back in the window seat. It was clear that no more questions were to be asked. Kate beat time on the window pane.

"How he must hate that noise—every hour of every day! He hasn't even a monkey for amusement. What is that old tune?"

"'Silver threads among the gold,'" returned Margaret. "How young you are not to know it! That man must have been turning that crank for fifteen or twenty years. I don't believe he hates the noise; he probably keeps his old organ because he is fond of it."

"Not at all! He keeps it because he can't afford to buy a handsome hurdy gurdy that will play Sousa's marches."

"He would scorn the new tunes. Look at him! His face is full of memory."

"Memory of nickels and coppers."

"Yes, probably he is penurious, and perhaps he steals sometimes; but he loves his old organ. He chose it because he liked it, and he doesn't realize how rickety it is. He knows every phrase and every modulation so well, that all those groaning spaces are filled with the right notes, for him."

"Well, there's your 'Norma,'" broke in Kate, and the two girls were silent, one with new thoughts, the other with old. For Margaret, as well as for the patient Italian, the spaces were filled,—filled with tender, pulsating melody, until the dancing landscape trembled through her unshed tears.

Kate brought up a sigh of relief when the wheezing stopped. "Well, you may be right; that old fellow may have been idiot enough to choose hand-organing because he liked it, but I'll wager —— Where are you going?"

Margaret vanished with her purse, and Kate settled herself amid the cushions of a Morris chair.

"I'm glad I'm not old enough to be sentimental over a tune," she thought, as she picked up her calculus. "I wonder when and how she heard 'Norma' just that once?"

COEDUCATION AND EDUCATION.

EVEN two years at a coeducational university, especially two years spent in a professional school, where women are present only in ones and twos, afford glimpses of another kind of college life than that of Wellesley.

Instinctively one compares, even perhaps with a certain degree of contrariness; makes the first four years the standard for the two. The atmosphere of the two places is totally different. In passing judgment based on experience with only Wellesley and Cornell, the folly may be committed of generalizing from too few particulars, extending to all coeducational universities and all women's colleges the characteristics of these two. So I preface my few conclusions with acknowledging they are drawn from only individual experience, biased by the fact that the first four years were spent at a woman's college, and that "the College Beautiful."

In coeducation the girl is the co-ed. The man is educated; the woman is educated with the man. It is that last clause that is the keynote to the arguments for and against university education where, in the catalogue, degrees are awarded without distinction of sex. It is true that Michigan and Cornell offer more courses than Wellesley or Bryn Mawr, more professors, and more departments. The student may sit under a man with more of the alphabet after his name than any woman has. These may be attractions; yet I notice they are minor considerations when the two systems are under discussion. For such possibilities are not the result of the coeducational system. They merely mark the difference between a large, well-endowed university with many colleges, and a college with departments. It is between such possibilities that the boy chooses for Yale or Amherst. So, too, the girl considers the breadth of academic freedom and personal liberty, when she chooses between the university and the woman's college.

But behind all this lies the claim of superiority based on the education of the two, the man and the woman, together. It is more natural, more wholesome; a stimulus to the man's slowness at academic work, a lessening of the woman's tendency to study without research, to consider the end and not the means. He gains thoroughness; she, depth. Both come to understand each other's peculiarities, and to estimate them at their value. She learns that the world is not governed by the courtesy and truthfulness of the college community; that his motives are not hers, nor do they express themselves through the same channels. The art of compromising, or, at least, the necessity for its existence, is learned by both.

The first time such parallels are asserted there is an impulsive protest.

Later, when more soberly the new standpoint is considered, there is an attempt to argue its justness. One's own experience confronts one, and declares the analysis not satisfying.

You recall the average girl entering college. In years she is from eighteen to twenty. She has usually the high-school preparation, and comes for a general academic course, which during the undergraduate days allows little time for specializing. Agriculture, forestry, engineering, or medicine are at present out of consideration. She desires some language, science, philosophy, mathematics, an average course that puts fifteen hours in no one department. To that girl the many higher courses, the different colleges of a university, have but little meaning. In both places she would begin under instructors rather than professors. She chooses the college. That question once decided,—a question that involves no consideration of the studying with men,—what then?

I set aside the question of the stimulus that is thus withdrawn to masculine activity in the class room. The need of this stimulus is too greatly overestimated; what is afforded is too superficial. If thoroughness and a proper exercise of one's talents do not for themselves appeal to the man, it is unfortunate to throw on the girl the burden of exciting an interest. No college man wants pitying help. As for her corresponding gain in depth, the exigencies of parallels may be responsible for that noun. It is too much the fashion to classify sex characteristics by nicely-balanced attributes. I doubt if there can be any difference in character between the '98 Cornell and the '98 Wellesley girl, due mainly to the presence of men in the class room.

Yet it is rightfully urged that this work-a-day world is made up of both men and women whose points of view and personalities, clashing and agreeing, produce a resultant unlike either of its components. Neither the man nor the woman alone makes a law, governs a city, solves an equation, or reviews a book. His point of view meets hers at every step; each must understand the tune of the other's march before there is harmony. Consequently the girl studying alone finds only the one point of view,—the woman's. When the four years are over, she meets at the very outset a new and strange predisposition, which is far from understandable. In order to minimize each day's friction it must be understood. Then comes the needless

waste of energy, which might have been avoided, if the lesson had been earlier taught. So it is said.

It is true that as students together, the boy and girl grow to appreciate and understand the kinship and eccentricities of each other's minds; whether they are inherently different is perhaps not to the point. But the training before college began, the vacations, the four years' study, show the girl that the woman alone does not govern the world,—a lesson so well learned that it is not to be eradicated by even the seclusion of a woman's college. If it does not make her understand why a man chooses certain materials through which to manifest his personality, it does not leave her untaught that the probabilities are small that his choice would be hers. More positively, it does teach her to choose her own with individuality. Two points of view are better than one, and the more distinct their personality, the happier the combination that results. Granting there is this difference between a man's and a woman's standpoints, the harmonizing is best begun when their individuality is most distinct. Muddy colors never blend satisfactorily.

Again, it is said, that the graduate of a woman's college leaves her academic training with ideals rather than with a trained sense of actualities. She faces a new outlook with abnormally high standards, and with no understanding that she now must work in an atmosphere where such ideals are only "the lighthouses" to the unattainable. She does not easily find her "candles." As a result, she is said to relax into bitterness or apathy.

There is a temptation to ask by what right that classification exists. Which is the actual? As in the case of the boy excusing self-indulgence because he is seeing life, there is the question,—what is life? The best or the lowest? The noblest possibility, or the beginning? But granting the classification, neither can claim supremacy. The ideal must work itself through the actual, as the actual certainly works up to the ideal. Both are needed—knowledge of means and knowledge of ends. On the other hand, the girl knows "lighthouses" from "candles." What is college life supposed to be? Four years shut off from contact with every person save those within the college campus? Days spent in building utopias of whimsical construction, useless dreams, since utopias are supposed to be improvements over existing conditions, and the girl is supposed to be ignorant of these. There are other ways than through observing the motives and

actions of college men to learn that egoism balances altruism; injustice, justice; insincerity, sincerity, in the working together of human souls.

Yet most of all the man and the woman sacrifice a certain coherency and unity, when both serve the same Alma Mater. What college life means to the man, what it means to the woman, may in the naming of its abstract qualities be alike, yet diverse in the embodying of its details. The more personal the embodiment the greater becomes its uniqueness, and the richer it is to the possessor. What represents our peculiarities in taste is the dearest. But where both work together, the result is satisfactory to neither. Class banquets that are not class banquets,—the men going to a hotel, the women to their gymnasium; a Cornellian board that twice has one woman member; class meetings where only men speak; class offices allotted by fixed custom,—this to the man and that to the woman,—all this may be trivial, but it proves pleasant to no one. It is absurd to blame, to complain of injustice. The Cornellian's occasional protests against the presence of a woman are merely the inevitable outcome to an instinct to personalize more completely his college life. On the other hand, whatever else she may have, at least for the "co-ed," class election, *Legenda* Board, Float, and Tree Day, have no counterpart. The self-reliance that comes from overseeing college festivals and publishing college annuals, the intimacy that comes from exclusive ownership in college tradition, the poise and grace that comes from knowing that the college atmosphere is to be formed by those whose tastes are akin,—all this is possible most completely only when the woman and the man work alone with their kind. This individualizing of diverse tendencies, clear cutting them into their true form, is a charm, and a gift not held for the student of the co-educational university. How worth while it is ask any Wellesley alumnæ whose class reunion brings her back the continent over. Later can come the compromising. Four years are none too much for a wholesome, sane working out of idiosyncrasies amid those akin. The fullest development of the natural powers is a happy excuse. The memories that result is sufficient justification.

It may seem more natural that the two should study side by side,—the man and the woman. But the four years alone hold a richer meaning, mark a deeper development. Yet who could convince the graduate when those years are over that they could have been spent better elsewhere? Too

personal have they become ever to permit the imagination to place them amid other surroundings. That bond to Alma Mater is sacred. But at least this is true: the presence of men on the campus and in the classroom is not essential to the self-control and efficiency of the college woman.

ELVA HULBURD YOUNG, '96.

THE SPECTATOR.

BOSTON offers so many delectable opportunities this winter for the spending of time and money, that Wellesley people will not find it easy to choose their pleasure trips. There is always grand opera, for which music lovers may hope and hoard. The Symphony rehearsals, under Mr. Gericke's direction, have a fresh interest this year, and the Kneisel concerts are never failing in delight. And for those who wish to get much music for little money there will be a series of concerts at "popular prices," whatever they may be, in Association Hall, where many of the world's best soloists—most of them Bostonians by adoption—will make music as they alone can.

Wellesley girls, it seems to me, are slow to avail themselves of the opportunities offered in the galleries of the Boston art dealers, who frequently have interesting pictures on exhibition. Think how often one recognizes a college girl at Huyler's or at Collins & Fairbanks's, and how strange are the faces one meets at Doll & Richards's. There is the same strangeness at the larger exhibitions, which are usually continued through several weeks, so that almost every one could spend a half hour among pictures if she would. One difficulty, to be sure, is the question of tickets to the Art Club and St. Botolph Club exhibitions; but a little care on the part of those who are fortunate enough to have tickets, might do much to bring the opportunity within the reach of a larger number of people. Meanwhile, no tickets are needed at the small galleries, and every one may go to the Fogg Art Museum in Cambridge, where, according to a Cambridge resident, one may find a photograph of every painting in every large gallery in the world; and where, only a few days ago, I saw some of Whistler's works in black and white, and, at the same time, several copies by Mr. Moore of well-known Florentine and Venetian paintings. Who Mr. Moore may be I haven't the

remotest idea, and I am equally unable to state whether the blue robe in *Calumny* was the counterpart of the real Botticelli blue robe or not. But the mere fact that there was before me a copy in oils of a Botticelli, and another of a Tintoretto annunciation angel, and another of Fra Angelico's gleaming figures, was pleasure enough for one half hour.

And here, by a natural process of association, one's thought turns in gratitude to Professor Wilcox for the generous impulse which made it possible for Wellesley students to enjoy her copy of the Giorgione musician. The rich gold of the flesh tint above the black robe gave a new and subtler aspect to a face already familiar to us in the photographs. Such a copy, by dulling our pleasure in the photograph, makes us wonder, perhaps, if we shall ever care for mere reproductions of form, and light, and shade, when we have once visited the art galleries of Florence.

EDITORIALS.

I.

THE announcement that we are to have an observatory fills us with proper pride in our new expectation, and unbounded gratitude to the mysterious donor, whose name is for the present withheld. We are officially informed that the new building, with twelve-inch telescope and attachments, will be put up "immediately." The site and cost are yet to be determined, and the architect's plan must depend somewhat on the site chosen. Wherever and whenever the observatory may be, Wellesley students and alumnæ will rejoice that the science department which has received least attention heretofore, will soon have the laboratory equipments needed to make the course in astronomy as complete as any in biology or quantitative analysis.

We suddenly realize, knowing we are about to possess it, that we have been in great need of an observatory for the past twenty years. We shall realize equally well, after we get them, that we have needed a gymnasium and a library for at least ten years, plus the interval between the present and that fair moment in the future. And we have needed a dormitory almost as long a time. We may wonder, indeed, why a dormitory, which is supposed to yield income, would not prove a good business investment. We wonder, too, whether a gymnasium or a library will be built first, and, if it be the library, whether the plan sketched two years ago in the Magazine will be adopted; and we wonder, when students or others are able to give amounts too small for a building, why they do not give the money in one of two ways—either as an addition to the college fund for general expenses, or as a means of buying new books for the college library. We wonder a great many other things concerning which our ignorance is as profound as in the foregoing examples.

II.

THE question of library books becomes a serious one to the two upper classes, whose courses demand much painstaking library work. Since we cannot have all the books we need for advanced study, we can at least use the more considerately what books we have. Public sentiment is already

strongly opposed to the hiding of books, which is not so common now as it was a few years ago; and in most cases reserved books are passed from one to another generously, and with quick appreciation of the value of a fellow-student's time. Whatever unwarrantable appropriation of reading matter there may be is due to thoughtlessness rather than to malice,—and thoughtlessness, which is sometimes another name for selfishness, is perhaps the smaller sin of the two.

Another phase of the book question appeals to us when we pick up a volume that shows signs, not of old age alone, but of maltreatment. It is not pleasant to handle a book which some one has dog's-eared, or stained, or torn, or splashed with ink; but the most exasperating experience is to find some one's favorite passages of a mediæval epic, or of Swinburne's poems, all carefully marked—unless, indeed, this atrocity is excelled by a scrupulous and unfounded grammatical query in the margin. We do not thank our predecessors for these things, nor do we wish to incur the like wrath of our successors.

III.

THE Magazine is indebted this month to Mrs. Dario Papa for a frank statement in regard to the political situation in Italy. We are not often fortunate enough to receive an article from one who has had actual experience of struggle in the midst of revolutionary violence such as has recently dominated certain districts in Italy. The very fact of Mrs. Dario Papa's nearness to the disturbing centre may bring to some readers a sense of possible overemphasis on one side or another. Such a feeling will wisely prohibit a too swift sympathy with the cause for which our contributor is pleading, for Mrs. Dario Papa herself will doubtless be the first to recognize that conviction resulting from earnest study should precede active sympathy, and that sympathy which acts from conviction provides the best possible working basis. Some Magazine readers will not agree with Mrs. Dario Papa's position; disagreement is possible at the first glance. On the other hand, a great many will be eager to give their hearty co-operation, and more substantial assistance as they are able. Such readers will be glad to learn that Professor Coman is willing to receive any contributions which may be sent to aid the cause of the political prisoners.

IV.

THE result of *The Century's* prize competition for the year 1897–98 is flattering to our self-respect as representatives of a woman's college, although we confess to some surprise that all the successful competitors were women. The following announcement is of interest to all college students: "The three prizes in *The Century Magazine's* competition for the best story, poem, and essay, open to students who received the degree of B.A. in 1897, have been won by young women, although more men than women entered the competition. Two of the prize-winners are Vassar graduates, and one is from Smith. The report of the competition will appear in the November *Century*, with the prize story, 'A Question of Happiness,' by Miss Grace M. Gallaher, of Essex, Conn., who graduated at Vassar, B.A., 1897."

Now why were the winners Vassar and Smith girls rather than Wellesley graduates? It is hardly possible that no '97 Wellesley girl contributed a story, or a poem, or an essay. We hope some one will try to explain the superiority of the accepted work on the ground of individual eccentricity or of coincidence. Perhaps it just happened so. In any case we believe that Smith and Vassar took the prizes because they presented better work. Yet this, while hinting at possible interesting differences, proves nothing as to the relative literary ability of graduates of the several colleges. For us it means simply that the next competitor must present better material than any Wellesley alumna has presented hitherto. Perhaps we are not greatly surprised at the results of the contest, although the *Miscellany* and the *Smith Monthly* of the last two years might have led us to expect the story from Smith and the essay from Vassar. However that may be, we are certainly able to offer heartiest congratulations to Miss Gallaher and her college, as well as to the poetry and essay prize winners, whose names are not announced.

FREE PRESS.

I.

WHY not have debates at Wellesley College? There are a great many reasons why we should have them, and few, if any, for not having them. The advantages derived from this system of intercollegiate debating are so great that I cannot help stating a few of the most important ones. Wellesley

College would be brought more into public notice. Wellesley College is very modest of its worth, and a little show—provided, of course, the show be a successful one—would only be of the greatest advantage. By successful, I mean not only successful in the way of winning the debate, but more in the way of making it difficult for our opponents to be the winners. Secondly, it would be a great good for the individual girls engaged in the debate, in that it would develop their reasoning power, their power of speech, and of persuasion. Not only would debating prove a good for the girls that are on the team, but soon the other girls would be stimulated to better work, and thus the standard would be raised. Thirdly, this intercollegiate debating would bring us into closer contact with other colleges, thus giving us a better idea of our comparative abilities. Fourthly, there is absolutely no reason why we should not engage in a debate. On the contrary, as I have said before, I can see only the good that would come of it. Concerning the doubt that might be raised as to the ability of the girls, I would only say that Harvard has every year been able to find three good debaters; why should not we, though we are inferior to them in numbers? One girl has gone out from Wellesley College who won the day, a short time ago for Cornell, and who showed the men that women are not so much their inferiors in debating, after all. Let us hope that there will be some Wellesley girls able to prove that this was not "a very exceptional case."

1901.

II.

COURSES of Instruction. Appendix to the College Calendar for 1898–1899. Department of the Study of Mankind: *Course 1. Student Government; or, the Development of the Self-governing Power. Every hour per day, forever (we hope). Open to students of all classes.

This course aims to give students better preparation for life. It gives them an insight into the difficulties of government, and equips them, by practical experience, for service on executive boards of schools and other institutions. It also cultivates a sixth sense, possibly dormant hitherto,—the sense of honor. (For further information on this point apply to the students in this course.) It develops in the students consideration for others and

*This is a *star* course.

respect for interests not their own, and broadens their view, making the work of others of equal importance. It also cultivates a voice "soft, gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman." The chief aim of this course in student government is to lead to a fuller realization of the college motto, and to make it a working basis for the life of every student. Let us not be "ministered unto," but "minister."

N. T., 1900.

III.

STUDENT self-government, as we understand the term, is that form of government in schools or colleges in which the students themselves are made directly responsible for the observances of all the rules of the institution. Such a system has been tried, with varying degrees of success, in a large number of men's colleges and in a few women's colleges. When, therefore, we can talk about student self-government in this broad sense as a possible issue at Wellesley, it will, perhaps, be worth our while to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of the question. But as yet there seems to us no such question raised. It is not whether we will or will not have student self-government at Wellesley, but rather, whether, as formerly, the heads of the college buildings shall complain to the girls of undue noise in the corridors or rooms, or whether the girls shall complain to each other of such disturbances. In any case, we understand that the ten o'clock rule, and all regulations regarding permissions for absence, will still be controlled by the usual authorities. It seems hardly justifiable, then, that the high-sounding name of student self-government should be applied to what is left; viz., the management of fudge parties and the persecution of noisy freshmen. As a matter of fact, we doubt very much if the freshmen would not resent a reprimand from an undergraduate, and declare that they had been quite as innocent of offense as the monitor herself. On the whole, we think it is more dignified to remain under the old *régime* until such time as we are prepared to discuss student self-government in earnest.

W., 1901.

THE BOOKS WE READ.

Prisoners of Hope, by Mary Johnston. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

With the opening chapters of this story we are carried back into colonial Virginia, where the silken skirts, powdered wigs, patches, and gayety of the Old World revel in the midst of the natural luxuriance and unknown dangers of the New. Indeed, one is at first bewildered by the introduction of Roundheads and Muggletonians, always mentally associated with the Mother Country, into this half-wild, half-civilized, but wholly American, Virginia. Yet history tells us that such an introduction was made, and the story goes on to relate the disastrous results attending it.

The author has selected plot material of unusual interest. The convict and slave question, which was full of menace to the early planters, is a comparatively unhackneyed subject, and offers plenty of opportunities for conspiracies and sub-conspiracies, with all the attendant fascinating horrors of blockades and Indian war whoops. The hero of the book is a Roundhead convict, unjustly thrown into prison on the Restoration, who was shipped to America to serve his term as a slave. He comes into the hands of Colonel Varney, a loyal subject of King Charles II., who has a remarkably pretty daughter. There is a rival, with all the advantages of wealth, birth, good looks, and, above all, freedom. The first part of the book is concerned with a plot against the Government, led by men like the hero, followers of Cromwell, so exiled convicts. A plot within the plot arises through the agency of traitors, who ally themselves with the Indians and less scrupulous slaves against both conspirators and aristocrats. Horrible scenes of bloodshed follow, in which both lovers acquit themselves with valor, and from which they emerge only to find the lady missing,—stolen by the Indians. The rest of the book tells the story of the search, and rescue, and flight.

The end of the tale is a trifle disappointing. One cannot help feeling that the miraculous rescues many times repeated were not worth while if the hero, after superhuman efforts, is only to be left at last watching the boat containing his love drift slowly out of his sight forever. The love story is very pretty, however, even if it doesn't turn out well, and the

incidents of the book are sufficiently thrilling, in spite of their manifest improbability, to carry the interest throughout.

The book offers an interesting study of different types of fanaticism. Moreover, the Indian speech and habits are particularly well portrayed. The descriptions, too, especially those which occur during the long, weary flight from the Indians, are vividly realistic. The author evidently knows her Virginia scenery as well as she knows her old colonial setting.

On the whole, the book is distinctly readable. If the interest flags, it is not for want of rapid action and graphic description.

Petrarch, the First Modern Scholar and Man of Letters, by James Henry Robinson and Henry Winchester Rolfe. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The student of the Renaissance Movement in literature will eagerly welcome this attractive volume. Professor Robinson has made a careful selection from Petrarch's correspondence with Boccaccio and others, for the purpose of establishing the Italian poet's position as reformer and scholar, whose name is important because it marks the beginning of a new era,—the age of the great intellectual revival.

The book opens with an introduction concisely stating Petrarch's position in his country and time, and suggesting the reasons for his success as the herald of a new movement. From this introduction we pass to the autobiographical letter, naively headed "Francesco Petrarco to Posterity." An editorial biographical notice follows, filling in the gaps which the author left, and then we come to the letters themselves. They are not to be approached lightly, as the author himself warns us. "I desire," he says, "that my reader, whoever he may be, should think of me alone. If his affairs are pressing, let him postpone reading the letter; but when he does read, let him throw aside the burden of business and family cares, and fix his mind upon the matter before him. I will not have him gain without any exertion what has not been produced without labour on my part." And, verily, as one reads the long, scholarly treatises, written first in Latin, he is only too willing to yield all proper respect and deference to the intellect which prompted them.

In the light of the popular estimate of Petrarch's work, it is pathetic

to see here how the poet longed to obtain fame through his great Latin poems. His keen ambition was to produce "an original style all my own," and his horror was the thought that unconsciously he might become an imitator. The sonnets he scorns as "popular trifles" and "silly boyish things." It is difficult to realize that the author of these impassioned lyrics and these philosophical and literary treatises, were one and the same man. The letters show us not the Petrarch of Laura, but Petrarch the scholar, the critic, the churchman.

The editorial comments interpolated throughout serve as guides to the study and understanding of the letters, but do not intrude upon the interest of the letters themselves. The book is outwardly, as well as inwardly, attractive, the cover being stamped with a sketch from the poet's own hands of Vaucluse, his "delightsome transalpine retreat."

M. B. M.

The Day's Work, by Rudyard Kipling. The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.

At present, when we all belong to the Kipling cult, it requires no little courage to find fault with anything Mr. Kipling may write. The severest censure which one dares to think is that he is young, and has not yet developed in all directions. If his work happens to violate all the canons commonly accepted as trustworthy, we can always fall back on his amazing vigor and individuality. We regret to find that admiring readers of his new collection of stories, "The Day's Work," will more than once find themselves reduced to such straits. For once, at least, Mr. Kipling has written a stupid story. No one who has read "The Walking Delegate" will think the statement too sweeping. The very obvious satire,—laid on with a trowel,—the very feeble attempts at American dialect, in nowise improves its quality. Mr. Kipling has also seen fit to give us another study of the American in the story called "An Error in the Fourth Dimension." As there are probably a number of his readers who know why it is called so, it is not safe to make any general assertion as to the appropriateness of the title. We have no objections to his criticising us as he sees fit, but we feel that we have a right to ask him to embody his criticism in stories somewhat more probable, and much more entertaining than the one in question.

Putting aside the very usual British tendency to criticise us,—a thing which we recognize as legitimate, and which we may always safely expect,—we find that there are individual traits which are unfortunately emphasized in "The Day's Work;" Mr. Kipling's interest in machinery, for instance, and his knowledge of many things connected with it. Stories such as "The Ship Who Found Herself," may be very interesting from machinists' point of view. Non-professional readers, however, will scarcely call them stories. They are more in the nature of short, popular treatises on the method of ship building. One feels much more inclined to be bitter against such work from Mr. Kipling, because it does not succeed in concealing entirely the fact that he can do better,—much better.

Good cause as "The Day's Work" may give us for complaint, its existence is more than justified by some of the work which it contains. Stories like "The Tomb of his Ancestors," "The Bridge Builders," and "The Brushwood Boy," remind us of the Kipling who wrote "The Man Who Was" and "Without Benefit of Clergy." They take us back to India, and Mr. Kipling has long ago taught us what to expect of him when he writes of Anglo-Indian life. In that atmosphere he seems incapable of failure. Out of a sturdy English sense of duty, and a kind of shamefaced tenderness equally English, he creates us heroes like Findlayson of the "Bridge Builders" and Scott in "William the Conqueror." To accept them, and their diminutives the women who go along with them, in all the Homeric simplicity of their makeup, is a pleasure in the present time of complex character and psychological analysis. None the less thankful are we for the beautiful little touches of dream and poetry found, as usual, in Kipling, where no one could have expected them in the life; for instance, of a young officer who studies military tactics in the evening and disciplines disorderly soldiers with football. "The Brushwood Boy," whom all his lovers will be glad to see included in the collection, has taken firm and lasting hold upon our affections. Athletes who dream tender little child idyls are new and fascinating figures in our literature.

In general we must say that "The Day's Work," as a whole, is far from equal. Some of the stories are good, others very bad. Even the best are of a kind that has become somewhat stereotyped,—labelled as Kipling's. Since it is the privilege of the public to find fault with writers and give them

unlimited advice, we venture to say that Mr. Kipling is trying to do too much in his day, and that the quality of his work is suffering in consequence.

K.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

An Introductory Course in Quantitative Chemical Analysis, by Percy Norton Evans, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston, The Athenæum Press, 1897.

The Study of Mediæval History by the Library Method for High Schools, by M. S. Getchell, A.M. Ginn & Co., Boston, 1897.

Dona Perfecta—Novela Espanola Contemporánea por Benito Pérez Galdos, with an introduction and notes by A. R. Marsh (Harvard University). Ginn & Co., Boston, 1897.

Burke's *Speech on Conciliation with America*. Edited with notes and an introduction by Hammond Lamont (Brown University). Ginn & Co., Boston, 1897.

A Course in German Composition, Conversation, and Grammar Review, for use in schools and colleges, by Wilhelm Bernhardt, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston, 1898.

Enoch Arden and *The Two Locksley Halls*, by Alfred Tennyson. Edited by Calvin S. Brown. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1897. Price 35 cents.

Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, with notes and introduction, by William Henry Hudson (Leland Stanford University). D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1898. Price 50 cents.

Selections from Paradise Lost, including Books I. and II. entire and portions of Books III., IV., VI., VII., and X. Edited by Albert Perry Walker, M.A. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1897. Price 40 cents.

Moni der Geiszbub von Johanna Spyri, with a vocabulary by H. A. Guerber. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1897. Price 25 cents.

German Selections for Sight Translation. Compiled by Georgianna F. Mondan. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1897. Price 15 cents.

Die Freiherren von Gemperlein und Krambambuli. Zwei Erzählungen von Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach. Edited by A. R. Hohfeld (Vanderbilt University). D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1898. Price 30 cents.

Drei kleine Lustspiele. Edited by Benj. W. Wells, Ph.D. (Harvard). D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1897. Price 30 cents.

Die Nonne. Eine Blaustrumpfgeshichte von Rudolf Baumbach, with English notes and a German-English vocabulary, by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1897. Price 30 cents.

Materials for German Composition, based on "Höher als die Kirche," by James Taft Hatfield, assisted by Jessie Eversz, B.L. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1897. Price 12 cents.

Horace: Odes and Epodes. Edited with introduction and notes by Paul Shorey, Ph.D. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston, 1898.

Prisoners of Hope, by Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, 1898.

The Moral Imbeciles, by Sarah P. McL. Greene. Harper & Brothers, New York and London, 1898.

Early Letters of George Wm. Curtis to John S. Dwight. Edited by George Willis Cooke. Harper & Brothers, New York and London, 1898.

A Lover of Truth, by Eliza Orne White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, 1898.

The Principles and Methods of Literary Criticism, by Lorenzo Sears. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1898.

Selections from the Poems of Robert Burns. Edited by John G. Dow. Ginn & Co., Boston, 1898.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

PERHAPS no university within the past decade has expanded in a more sane and practical way than has Cornell. Within the last twelvemonth it has been conspicuously rich in endowments. Last year not only did the University start a graduate school of mechanical engineering, but also a State College of Forestry, to be under the control of the trustees of Cornell, was established. This fall the University has connected with it a medical college, endowed by Col. Oliver H. Payne with $1,500,000. The college is to be situated in New York City. The first two of the four-year courses, however, will be given at Ithaca, as well as in New York. The Cornell student, if he desires to do so, may thus take half his course at the University

proper. The medical college, with its teaching staff composed of fifty or sixty of the most noted physicians and surgeons of New York, promises to be one of the most complete in the world.

In the West, the University of California has influence working toward its expansion. Within a short time, in Holland, the Hearst architectural plans for a general rebuilding of the University on an ambitious scale are to be opened. Last month, moreover, Miss Jane Flood gave to the University the entire Flood property at Menlo Park,—the costly family house and eighteen hundred acres of land. It is significant that this property, lying, as it does, close to Stanford University, carries the University of California almost to the gates of its rival college. At present no decision as to what use to make of the property has been reached. If, however, the University of California should use it for university extension or post-graduate work, its proximity to Stanford might be not without some influence on that University.

The University of Pennsylvania, likewise, is not lacking in endowment. Col. Joseph M. Bennett has given to that institution property worth $400,000, to be devoted to the interest of the higher education of women.

To all interested in the college education of women, the step taken by the Phi Beta Kappa Society in granting a charter to Vassar is a thing of import. To this honorary society, which has chapters in forty institutions, admittance is guarded. Harvard, for example, admits to it but thirty men from each class. The strictness of the fraternity is witnessed by the fact that during the very session in which the charter was granted to Vassar, applications from other colleges, on account of a standing not sufficiently high, were refused, and a charter was denied the Institute of Technology, on the ground merely that the fraternity stood for general culture rather than for technical training for a trade or profession. The charter granted to Vassar among all women's colleges was granted to her as to the oldest. It may be hoped that the fraternity will grant charters in time to other women's colleges not inferior to Vassar in scholarly standing.

The university extension movement, strong in the West, and especially connected with Chicago University, has its most mature and satisfactory result in the College for Teachers. This institution, organized by the University of Chicago on a foundation given by Mrs. Emmons Blaine, has as its purpose to offer college courses at such a time and in such a manner that they

may be taken in conjunction with other active or professional work of the student. With such an end the college meets in a central point of the city. The hours are from 4.30 to 6.30 and from 7.30 to 9.30 in the evening, while on Saturday they are from 8.30 in the morning. Here, at last, is what promises to be a practical means of bringing the advantages of a college education to the rank and file busy in daily work.

One of the most striking of the new courses offered in the colleges is the free agricultural course opened this fall at Cornell. To this women, as well as men, are eligible.

The University of Paris has instituted a new degree—that of "Doctor," without any qualifying word. The tests for this new degree, which is open to foreigners, consist in a thesis in French or Latin, together with some few questions on subjects which have been selected by the candidate.

Among the smaller colleges the matter of self-government is agitated. There is at Amherst a revival in interest in the student self-government element in the "Amherst system." Many of the alumni and undergraduates are advocating a student council, whose charge it shall be to formulate and present all petitions from the student body to the faculty or trustees, and to deliberate on all proposed student reforms; to be solicitous of the good name of the college, and to see to all items of student business which are now neglected for want of a definite student executive committee. Such a committee would be composed of the captains and managers of the football, baseball, and athletic teams, the manager and leader of the musical association, the senior class president, the president of the Christian association, the editors in chief of the student and literary monthlies, and an officer of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

At Mt. Holyoke there is a slight form of self-government instituted this year in the Students' League, the object of which is to secure a more satisfactory carrying out of such college rules as come under its jurisdiction. The power of the League is executive merely, not legislative. The success the League has met with, however, makes the likelihood that through it real self-government may be introduced to Mt. Holyoke students.

An original college faculty will be organized at the University of Chicago —a mimic faculty of students. There will be a student President Harper, a student dean, and so on. These student officers will have the duties of the

real officers; student faculty sessions, where all movements pertaining to the college welfare will be considered, are to be held. By this plan students may obtain some training in the administration of a college.

The three prizes of $250 each which are offered annually by the *Century Magazine* for the best story, poem, or essay written within a year of graduation by a student who has received the degree of B.A., were won this year by young women. Two were graduates of Vassar and one of Smith.

Mr. Richard Burton, the litterateur and poet, who will be remembered here at Wellesley for his lecture on Kipling, delivered two years ago, has accepted the chair of English in the State University of Minnesota at Minneapolis.

In Sanders Theatre, on the night of October 23d, a mass meeting was held to consider the erection of some memorial to the Harvard students who fell in the late war. President Eliot and Major Higginson were the chief speakers. The meeting, as solemn as it was enthusiastic, closed with the adoption of a resolution that a committee be appointed to plan for a worthy memorial at Harvard. It has been proposed that the memorial be a gateway; as yet, however, nothing is decided.

In the exchanges thus far received a fair literary standard is set. The most prominent piece of fiction in the *Smith Monthly* is "The Passing of Amy Whittlesea." It is ambitious work, and though there is exaggeration in the expression, the story has force. Quite in contrast, in its simplicity, with the manner of the "Passing of Amy Whittlesea" is the little story "The Greater Loss," in the *Yale Courant*. Besides this well-told narrative we read with pleasure, in the same magazine, a little love story, lightly handled, "A Lesson in Moods." Save for "A Pearl of Price," none of the fiction in the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* bears the stamp of actuality. Among the varied contents of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, "In the Square of Montigny" is characterized by not a little vitality and vividness of description; "Two Women" suggests an interesting comparison of Hester Prynne and Tess D'Uberville. From the same magazine we clip:—

A CHILD SPEAKS.

I wonder when the blue goes black,
And clouds come rumbling 'cross the sky,

And dust goes flying down and back
Upon the road, while thunder's crack
  Make blind, white sparks that hurt my eye,
Is it God's carriage going by,
                I wonder?

I wonder when the sun goes out,
  To leave the world all dark and sad,
And water's sobbing in the spout,
While birds sit drooping all about,
  And skies are gray, instead of glad,
Does God feel hurt because I'm bad,
                I wonder?

COLLEGE NOTES.

Sept. 27.—'99 appeared for the first time in their new glory—caps and gowns.

Oct. 1.—Announcement was made in chapel of a generous gift recently made to the College. A friend, whose name is at present withheld, has given us a telescope and an observatory. The building is to be erected at an early date, and is to contain room for laboratories and a special library. Well may we cheer!

Oct. 2.—The Rev. John E. Tuttle, of Worcester, Mass., preached in the chapel in the morning. In the evening, at the missionary meeting, Miss Mosman, Wellesley, '86, and Miss Child, Secretary of the Woman's Board of Missions, made addresses. Miss Mosman spoke of Dr. Julia Bissell as she knew her here at college, while Miss Child, who has recently made a tour round the world visiting missionary stations, spoke of Dr. Bissell as she saw her at work.

Oct. 3.—At 7.30 Mrs. Dario Papa made an intensely interesting address, entitled "A Plea for the Political Prisoners of Italy."

Oct. 8.—In the afternoon '99 held a class meeting, which resulted in the election of the following officers: vice president, Lucy Plympton; recording secretary, Mary Hewitt; corresponding secretary, May Force; treasurer, Ella Green; historians, Anna Wolfson and Clara Brown; factotums, Lillian Lincoln and Alma Leipp; executive committee, Agnes L. McFarland, Agatha Somes, and Katharine Jones.

In the evening the Barn Swallows held their first meeting for the year. The entertainment of the occasion was a hurdy-gurdy dance. Especially interesting was the dancing of the hurdy-gurdy woman, and the way in which partners were chosen. The upper-class girls carried handkerchiefs to match their neckties. The handkerchiefs were thrown in a pile, from which each freshman took one, and found for her partner the girl with corresponding necktie. Later in the evening the hearts of all the company were rejoiced by the arrival of Mary Haskell, '97, first president of Barn Swallows.

Oct. 9.—The Rev. E. C. Moore, of Providence, R. I., preached in the chapel at the usual hour.

Oct. 14.—At 3.20 in the chapel, Dr. Casper Gregory, of Leipsic, gave an interesting lecture on "New Testament Manuscripts."

Oct. 15.—At 3.20 Mrs. Charlton Black gave readings from modern authors before the advanced classes in English Literature. In the evening the Athletic Association held a business meeting and rally at the barn. It was voted to amend the constitution in order that the number of members of the executive committee be enlarged, and also to make tennis an organized sport. Both the amendment to the constitution and the organization of the sport have been approved by the Academic Council. At this meeting Tullia Smith, '99, was elected head of tennis, and Wilhelmine Bayliss was elected secretary of the Association, in place of Margaret Byington, resigned. After some discussion it was voted to make the payment of a fee in the Golf Club voluntary, the need for funds in this sport being to purchase new sticks for the use of the Club.

Oct. 16.—The Rev. M. W. Jacobus, of Hartford, Conn., was to have preached in the chapel. Illness, however, prevented his coming to Wellesley, and the Rev. Dwight Pratt, of Auburndale, preached at the morning service.

Oct. 18.—1900 held its annual class elections, with the following results: president, Hannah Hume; vice president, Elizabeth Towle; treasurer, Mary Barbour; corresponding secretary, Estelle Smith; recording secretary, Eliza J. Newkirk; factotums, Ethel Sperry and Cornelia Shaw; executive committee, Anna Cross, Mary Rockwell, and Lucy Wright.

Oct. 19.—1901 elected the following officers: president, Susan E.

Hall; vice president, Auguste Helmholtz; recording secretary, Emma Seward; corresponding secretary, Mayannah Woodward; treasurer, Margaret Mills; factotums, Marian Cushman and Marian Patterson; executive committee, Mary C. Smith, Marion Cooke, and Jennie May Allen.

On the evening of October 22 the Barn Swallows gave their first play, "Sweethearts." The caste was as follows:—

Philip Stewart Elizabeth Esmond	The Sweethearts	Corinne Abercrombie, 1900. Alice D. Knox, 1900.
Ruth, the Maid		Ethel Bowman, 1900.
Willcox, the Gardener . . .		Lucy Wright, 1900.

For the artistic arrangement of the stage great credit is due to Gordon Walker, 1900, and to the other members of the committee. Cheering is always an interesting part of the programme, and on this night it was especially pleasant to hear the familiar '97 and '98 yells, not to mention 1902's young cheer, heard for the second time on this occasion,—

"Hoo-rah, hoo-rah, nineteen-two-rah,
Nineteen-two-rah, Wellesley."

Oct. 23.—The Rev. William E. Barton, of Boston, Mass., preached at 11 o'clock in the chapel.

During the past month the Magazine Board has elected two new members: Mary Spink, '99, vice Helen Burton, '99, resigned, and Lucy Wright, 1900, vice Mary G. Gordon, 1900, resigned.

The tennis tournament, begun October 17, was finished October 25. The class champions are Anna Vail, 1902, Catharine Anderson, 1901, Florence Halsey, 1900, and Faith Young, '99. The contest between 1902 and 1901 resulted in victory for the latter, and that between 1900 and '99 in victory for '99. So also in the final struggle between 1901 and '99, Miss Young remained victorious, and now holds the college championship.

The Economics Club holds its meetings this year on the first and third Friday evenings of the month. October 17, Professor Smith, of the Economics department, gave an informal talk with regard to the suitability of the present curriculum of women's colleges as a preparation for their future work. At the next meeting, October 21, Mary W. Dewson, '97, spoke to the Club about her work in connection with the Women's Industrial Union.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

November 7.—Concert.

November 13.—The Rev. W. R. Taylor, D.D., of Rochester, N. Y., is to preach in the chapel.

November 14.—Concert.

November 20.—The Rev. Floyd Tomkins, D.D., of Providence, is to preach in the chapel.

November 27.—Mr. Robert Speer, of New York, is to speak in the chapel.

November 28.—Concert.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held October 1 in the Shakespeare House. The following were received into the Society: Clara Blattner, Anna W. Blackmer, F. Ethel Burnette, Eleanor R. Conlon, Catherine H. Dwight, Sue E. Hall, Mary P. Pringle, Helen Louise Williams, all of 1901.

The initiation was followed by a brief study of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," as follows:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Florence Kellogg.
II. Paper: Shakespeare's Art in Embryo . Margaret Merrill.
III. Dramatic Representations from "Two Gentlemen."
a. Act I. Scene 2.
Julia . . . . . Alice Knox.
Lucetta . . . . . Ethel Bowman.
b. Act IV. Scene 3.
Proteus . . . . . Julia Hill.
Launce . . . . . Grace Frazee.
Silvia . . . . . Hilda Meisenbach.
Julia . . . . . Mary Gilson.
Waiting Woman . . . . Edith Lehman.

Miss Mossman, Miss Conant, Miss Hunt, Miss Crumb, Miss Painter, Miss Capron, Miss Cheney, and Miss Fuller were present at the meeting.

There was an initiation of members into Society Zeta Alpha on Saturday evening, October 1. The initiates were Miss Grace L. Cook, Miss Frances Lathrop, Miss Mary C. Smith, Miss Laura Reed, Miss Belle Warren, Miss Emily Hoffman.

A programme meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held Saturday evening, October 22. The subject for the evening was "New England Writers of the Colonial Period." The programme was as follows:—

Colonial Historians . . . . . Miss Breed.
Colonial Poets . . . . . Miss Wilcox.
Colonial Theologians . . . . . Miss Ball.
Current Topic.
The Dreyfus Case . . . . . Miss Hume.

The initiation meeting of Society Tau Zeta Epsilon was held Saturday evening, October 8. Among the alumnæ members present were Edith Butler, '96, Margaret Starr, Grace Dennison, Warrene Piper, '97, and Gertrude Bailey, '98. The following members of the Class of 1901 were received into the Society: Edith Louise Burt, Marian Bartlett Cushman, Belle Fletcher, Annie Allen Hanson, Gertrude Hebard Hubbs, Marian Patterson. Miss Edith M. Howes, of Boston, was also initiated.

An initiation meeting of Phi Sigma was held in Society Hall on Saturday evening, October 8. Among the alumnæ present were Miss Montague, '79, Miss Hill, '93, Mrs. Emily Porter Hurd, '94, Miss Brandt, '95; Miss Batchelder, Miss Chase, and Miss Paige, of '96; Miss Baxter, Miss Dewson, Miss Goldthwaite, and Miss Shaw, of '97; Miss Doyle, Miss Ely, Miss Finlay, Miss Hunt, Miss Paul, and Miss Scott, of '98; and Miss Eddy, Special. Miss Reed, of the Beta Chapter, was also present. Those who were initiated into the Society are: Miss Pauline Nunnemacher and Miss Paula Schoellkopf, of 1900; Miss Madeleine Baxter, Miss Annie Davis, and Miss Augusta Helmholz, of 1901.

The Agora held its regular initiation meeting Saturday evening, Oct. 8, 1898. The following girls were taken into the Society: Margaret C.

Mills, Minnie Pappenheimer, Emma S. Seward, Anne M. Siebert, Lilla Weed, and Edith M. Wright. The alumnæ members present were Elva Young, Elizabeth Zeigler, Cora Stoddard, Anne Cobb, '96; Mary Haskell, Mabel Wall, '97; Helen Buttrick, Mary Capen, and Mary Cross, '98.

At a meeting of Society Alpha Kappa Chi, held October 7, the following were initiated into membership: F. Louise Young, '99, and Bertha Batting, Bessie Porter, Marcia McIntyre, Ethel Forcier, of 1901. Grace Townsend, '96, Harriet Carter, Annie Barnard, of '97, Louise Wood, '98, were present at the meeting.

At a meeting of A. K. X., held October 22, the following programme was rendered:—

I. Symposium.
News from Classic Lands . . . Miss Fletcher.

II. Olympia.
Topography and History of Olympia . Gertrude Gage.
Description of Olympic Games . Louise Sturtevant.
Influence of the Games on Greek History . . . . . Frances Dadmun.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Edith Tufts, '85, is teaching in the Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

Elisabeth H. Palmer, '87, returns to Yale during 1898–99 for a second year of study in Greek and Latin.

Elizabeth Abbe, '88, Mabel Hawes, '91, and Edith Bancroft, '92, are doing graduate work in the classics at Yale.

Lucia Morrill, '90, is teaching Greek and English at the Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass.

Frances Pinkham, '92, is teaching in Miss Landstreet's School, in Wissahickon Heights, Pennsylvania.

Maria Alice Kneen, B.A., '93, M.A., '96, will teach Greek in the Atlanta University, Atlanta, Georgia, during the coming year.

Grace Edwards, '94, is one of the cataloguers in the library of the University of Illinois.

Roxana H. Vivian, '94, has been awarded a fellowship in Mathematics at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mary G. Cannon, '95, is director of Physical Culture in the public schools of New Britain, Conn.

Iza B. Skelton, '95, is Curator of the Eastern Parkway Museum in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The engagement is announced of Alice P. Campbell, '95, to Mr. Fred Allan Wilson, Technology, '91.

Flora Barnefield, '95, remains this year at the Pawtucket (R. I.) High School, and studies German at Brown University.

Alice W. Hunt, '95, is teaching in one of the high schools in Providence, R. I.

Grace Waymouth, '95, and Grace Miller, '95, are teaching in Washington Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Mary Chapin Bowen, '95, has removed to Columbus, Ohio, where her husband is pastor of the South High Street M. E. Church.

Martha H. Shackford, '96, won the Cook Poetry Prize at Yale last June. Though the prize has been offered before, this is the first time it has been awarded.

Virginia Sherwood, '96, is teaching in Garden City, Long Island.

Grace B. Townsend, '96, continues her graduate work in the Mathematics department this year.

Edith Ladd, '97, is teaching in Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Mass.

The engagement of Emma A. Morrill, '97, to Mr. William Snyder, of Worcester, is announced.

Clara E. von Wettberg, '97, and Jessie Degen, '98, are teaching in St. Catharine's Hall, Augusta, Me.

Katherine Pinkham, '97, is taking several courses in Biology at Radcliffe.

Grace M. Chapin, '98, has received an appointment to teach in the Princeville (Ill.) Academy.

Helen M. Flower, '98, has private pupils in French and music at her home in Deadwood, South Dakota.

Eva G. Potter, '98, is teaching in the Central Grammar School at her home, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Caroline L. Howell, '98, is at present tutoring in Mendham, N. J.

Mary L. Rogers, '98, is doing graduate work in the department of Comparative Anatomy of Brown University.

Lucy J. Freeman, '97, who has been spending the summer in visiting the principal art galleries abroad, is continuing her art studies at Brown University.

Harriet A. Merrill, '98, is taking courses in Hebrew, Biblical Literature, and History at Yale.

Blanche S. Griffin, '98, is teaching in Walpole, N. H.

On Thursday, September 1, the Maine Wellesley Association held its annual meeting at Riverton Park, Portland, Me. The annual meeting of this association has become an event of the year, and members attend from all parts of the State. This year the Portland girls hospitably opened their homes to members who came from a distance. At 10.30 the members of the association left Portland, and when they arrived at Riverton they were given the use of the luxurious parlors in the Casino. The business meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Hathaway, Woodfords. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Charles Flagg, '94, Portland; vice president, Miss Thompson, '87, Topsham; recording secretary, Miss Peaks, '96, Dover; corresponding secretary, Miss Cloudman, South Windham; treasurer, Miss Stevens, Lewiston. Executive committee: Miss Lord, Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Helen Hunt, '98. Toast mistress, Miss Norton, '99. The report of sub-association work,

especially in Portland, was very encouraging. Since there are a large number of Wellesley girls throughout the State, sub-associations are being formed in the different cities to promote sociability. The Portland sub-association met once a month during the winter, and is in a very flourishing condition. After the business meeting the association adjourned to the veranda, where an elaborate collation was served to the enjoyment of all. Mrs. John Hinkley, '83, Gorham, was the toast mistress of the occasion. The following toasts were responded to: "The Association," Miss Edwards, '94, Portland; "The Wellesley of '79," Mrs. Johnson, '79, Brunswick; "The Wellesley of To-day from the Standpoint of a Graduate Student," Miss Burgess, '90, Portland; "The Wellesley Girl in College Settlement Work," Miss Hathaway, '90, Woodfords. After the postprandial exercises the association attended the entertainment in the Park. Riverton offers so many attractions that one day is all too short to combine business and pleasure.

REPORT OF NEW YORK WELLESLEY CLUB.

The eighth year of the New York Wellesley Club opened very auspiciously on Saturday, October the fifteenth, at 40 West 72d Street. Mrs. Irvine was present, and met with a most cordial reception from the large and enthusiastic audience of Wellesley girls, who had gathered from New York and its vicinity to meet her and hear the latest news from Wellesley. After her talk Mrs. Irvine met the girls personally, refreshments were served, and the afternoon proved a most enjoyable reunion after the summer. The club has taken a decided step toward a permanent clubroom. Most of the meetings this year will be at the same place, 40 West 72d Street. The rooms are large and very attractive, and the location accessible, and everything will be done to foster Wellesley interests and the social side of the club. THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE will be on file, clippings from the Press bureau concerning Wellesley will be in a scrapbook, and the club hopes to have the books written by Wellesley graduates on the table. With the prospect of a regular place of meeting and the many advantages that this will bring, a great deal is hoped for the coming year.

After November first the address of Florence K. Leatherbee, '95, will be Beacon Street, Newton Centre.

MARRIAGES.

BUNKER–CLARK.—In Pittsfield, Mass., Sept. 29, 1898, Miss Ruth Eva Clark, Sp. '92–93, to Mr. Arthur Clifford Bunker.

BURK–FREAR.—In Oakland, Cal., Sept. 13, 1898, Miss Caroline Frear, '93, to Mr. Frederick Burk. At home in Santa Barbara, Cal.

HUTTON–MOODY.—In Northfield, Mass., Sept. 28, 1898, Miss Mary Harriet Moody, formerly of '91, to Mr. Harry Relya Hutton.

BIRTHS.

In Marlboro, Mass., July 8, 1898, a son, William Nourse, to Mrs. Harriet Nourse Dudley, '95.

DEATHS.

In Andover, Mass, Oct. 16, 1898, Mrs. Susan M. Clarke, mother of Miss Lucia F. Clarke.

Mr. Henry W. Wilkinson, of Providence, R. I., died suddenly on May 6, in Franklin, Mass., while visiting his daughter, Anna Wilkinson Rathbun, '92.

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
BERNICE OLIVER KELLY, '99.

MANAGING EDITORS.
MAUDE EMILIE McCLARY, '99.
LOUISE EDGELL BALDWIN, '99.

LITERARY EDITORS.
HELEN MARIAN KELSEY, '95.
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MARY SPINK, '99.
LUCY WRIGHT, 1900.

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A TRIUMPH'S EVIDENCE.

NOBODY at Langworthy College had doubted that Grahame, '90, would make his mark in the world. No one had had less doubt on the subject than Grahame himself. He smiled a little bitterly, recognizing his own assurance, as he plodded along the dusty road that led from Ipsham back to Shawtucket, the home of his boyhood. The May sun was low and hot. The air was sweet with the scent of apple blossoms. In some subtle way the odor brought back to him an afternoon five years before. The road had been as dusty, the sun as warm and low, and the air as softly perfumed when he had paced back and forth outside the town rehearsing his oration for the evening. He knew he had been successful that night, but he had

stirred himself far more deeply out there on the lonely country road. He had thrilled to a passionate sense of the hardness of the inequalities he saw about him; and with the birds and cherry-blooms as witnesses had vowed himself to the cause of those who go under in the competition of life.

He had to comfort him that he had kept his vow. He asked himself, despondently, if that very fidelity had not been the cause of his failure. He had lost his place as artist on the *Weekly Prospect*, because he had refused to caricature the employees in the big railway strike. Another man, almost as skillful and more pliable, had been at hand, and Grahame had quietly stepped to one side. His reasons got about, however, and he was offered the management of a labor paper. But he stood for tolerance and a waiting policy. Other counsels prevailed among the Unions, and so he was adrift once more, tramping country roads because he was too poor for horse-hire.

He sat down under a way-side tree and drew a crumpled morning's paper from his pocket. Its pages were full of the big strike then going on in Shawtucket,—the strike upon which the eyes of the country were fixed. Grahame sighed miserably as his glance caught a familiar name on one side or the other. Those men had been his school-mates, had leagued together in baseball, had been friends. The fact of his impotence, his helpless failure, came over him with deeper bitterness. His old friends were suffering, his town was even then, perhaps, in the control of men maddened by injuries, yet he could do nothing. He was going back, nameless and poor, cast off by the very men he would gladly have aided, whom he was powerless to restrain against themselves.

Marston and Reynolds, so the paper said, were to begin work that night with a force of new men. Grahame knitted his straight brows anxiously over this paragraph. He had followed the strike closely, from his distance, and knew the temper of the men. Some of them were suffering. The strike had dragged out its weary length from week to week until the temper of both parties was hard tried. Theodore Carr had been the one man who had kept relations comparatively peaceful between masters and men. Grahame started with surprise as he read this. Theodore Carr! That must be Teddy Carr, Langworthy, '90. He smiled a little skeptically at the idea that Teddy Carr could influence anything or anybody; and then went on

with his half-hearted rereading of the paper. At last he rose, and took up his way toward Shawtucket.

It was dusky when he came to the outskirts of the town, but he could still note the changes which the years of his absence had made. Where he remembered open fields, stretched streets of small, white cottages. No lights, however, shone from the windows. The whole town seemed deserted. The only sign of life was an occasional figure patrolling the sidewalk in front of a store.

"What's up to-night? Nobody seems to be at home," he said carelessly, to one of these men. The latter answered in a meaning tone.

"Gone to the station to meet the nine o'clock train."

Grahame guessed in a minute that the newspaper had spoken truly. The new men for Marston and Reynolds were coming in on the nine o'clock train. Grahame was startled in spite of the warning he had had. The people of Shawtucket were desperate. Hard times had wrought on masters and men alike, until neither were really responsible. If these two angry forces met he knew bloodshed might follow.

Grahame hurried on to the station. He reached the top of the little hill that rises sharply just beside the railroad track and stopped, panting. Down below him, he could see a black crowd gathered on either side of the track. Someone standing on a truck was speaking; and now and then there came a muttered reply. The station lamps flung a yellow blur into the thick, hot dusk. The big mass wavered and swayed in its gleam. Grahame could see by the light on the station clock that it lacked only twenty minutes of nine.

He ran down the slope into the hollow. Whatever was to be done must be done at once. If he could only speak to them, he could stop them. He felt his real power over men even then. But there was no chance for him. They were listening eagerly to their speaker, answering his words with quick laughter and hisses. There was a note of anger in the voices that promised some reckless deed, which should shame the whole cause.

Grahame stopped irresolute on the outskirts of the crowd. His face must have expressed something of the sharp anger and dismay which he felt at his own helplessness; for a short, thick-set man came up to him as he stood in the glare of gaslight. The stranger wore a big hat slouched over

his eyes, and had his coat collar turned up so as almost to meet it, in spite of the warmth of the night.

"This has gone far enough, hasn't it, young man?" he said, as if sure of Grahame's acquiescence. "Can you run?"

"Yes," Grahame nodded to both questions.

"Then if you want to save a few dozen lives, run for Theodore Carr,—you know where he lives? He's the only man that can do anything with them. He's the only man who's got a telephone within reach. No use trying to get at the station one. I can't think why he isn't here. Have him telephone to Sargum for them to stop the train. You know where he lives?"

"The old Carr place?" queried Grahame, and hardly waiting for an answer was off on the run, carrying with him the memory of a woman's fierce, thin face in a yellow glare of gaslight.

It was a stiff climb and a long run. Then, too, Everett Grahame had been almost dinnerless that day, for the first time in his life. He was, however, an old-time football player, and had learned not to think too much of himself, when the honor of Langworthy was at stake. Now it was a question of something even greater than the good fame of his college. He buckled to his work with a will. As he panted up the hill, he found time to wonder why Teddy Carr should be sent for. The boy flashed up before him in his checked suits, and his splendid ties, and his fast company. What could he do with that army of wild human-kind,—Teddy Carr, the only man in the old Cimmerian Society whom he had not liked and respected! But he needed his attention for the way, which grew rougher as he tried a short cut through Folsom's grove. The May night was dark. There were new hollows and rocks in the grove since he used to go nutting there. Still Grahame panted on for up-hill minutes that seemed like hours. His footing grew less sure. He tripped and fell, flung sharply to the earth. His hat rolled away into the bushes. He picked himself up, breathless, and stumbled on. Suddenly the Carr house loomed black against the lingering light of the western sky. He padded across the bridge and then at the gate he suddenly stopped.

There, pacing up and down in front of the dark house, was another of the sentry-like figures. He could just see in the faint light from the open hall door that the man carried a gun. It might be a servant of the house,

Grahame reflected, placed on guard at this troublous time. Yet there was the newspaper account of the friendship between Carr and the strikers. Suddenly Marston's remark came back to him. "He's the only man who can do anything with them. I can't think why he isn't here." Grahame suddenly knew why. The more radical strikers dreaded Carr's influence for peace. So they had shut him up at home while they ruled the desperate mob.

The sentry was at the end of his beat farthest from the door. His back was toward the path. Grahame saw that his time had come. He vaulted the fence lightly, so that no noise of the gate should betray him, and gathered himself for a dash up the long path. One quick thought came to him of a run around the end in football days. There was here no sea of eager faces, no hoarse-voiced college cheers. Only the dim-lit door, the sweet, dusky garden, and the far-off melancholy note of a whip-poor-will. Yes, and one dark figure that had seen him before he was half way up the path, and had sprung forward to cut him off.

But Grahame was ahead. He heard the sentry's quick cry of "Stop," and his foot on the gravel; but he was safe within the door, with the big bolt shot to, when the guard reached it. There was not a minute's time to lose, however. Somewhere, he had no idea where, that train with its burden of innocent men was hastening on to meet the angry mob. Where was Carr? Where was the telephone?

He raced up the broad, shadowy stairs shouting "Carr!" "Carr!" "Teddy!" "Teddy!" Then in a wave of recollection at the familiar name, he shouted, as only a member of the good old society can, the call, "Simmy Ry! Simmy Ry! Simmy Ry*an*!" Again he gave it as he ran blindly along in the darkness. Then faint and muffled, from somewhere above, came back the answer. Grahame had not heard the society call for six years, nor thought of Teddy Carr in all that time; but for just one breathless moment his eyes grew dim as he caught it again.

In a moment the door was found and broken in, and Grahame and Teddy Carr were clasping hands.

"Where's your telephone?" Grahame was gasping meanwhile. "We must stop the nine o'clock train. The strikers are laying for the scabs at the station."

"Oh, I knew they were," Carr groaned; and side by side the two ran down the dark stairs again. Far toward the rear of the house sounded the crash of breaking glass. Grahame thought of the striker's gun, as they reached the shelter of the library door, and locked it behind them. The feet of the watchman pounded upstairs as Carr gave the button of the telephone a vicious push. He called in a voice shrill with excitement:—

"Is this Sargum Station? What? Sargum Station, stop the five minutes of nine train; the strikers are laying for the scabs!"

Grahame, with his big shoulder against the door, heard the feet of the watchman in the room above. The voice at the telephone went on:—

"What? what?" The feet of the watchman pounded down stairs again; Grahame's sturdy shoulder was still against the door. "Can't stop without orders? Nonsense! You must, I tell you! It's a matter of life and death! What? then put her straight through without stopping!"

He flung down the tube, and he and Grahame were out through the big window and off down the hill like a flash. They could hear the watchman battering at the door as they sank down below the hill. Carr muttered as they ran:—

"If the train were only late enough so they get the order all right." Grahame did not answer.

As they reached the top of the hill they stopped. Away off up in the darkness they could hear the whistle of the train leaving Sargum. They looked down at the station, with its threatening crowds gathered on either side of the track. The lamps just showed that the white blurs, which marked out faces for the dark mass, were all turned one way. The approaching roar of the train sounded nearer. A shiver, the ghost of a movement, stirred the black shadow. Then, of a sudden, the long local train had passed through the station with the speed of an express, and had gone, trailing a sighing whistle behind. As its echo died away there was a moment of absolute stillness. Then a woman's voice flared out, shrilly:—

"It was Marston done it. I see him. He sent a feller to telephone. He's the worst of 'em all."

A man's voice set up the cry, "To Marston's!" The disappointed strikers needed only a leader. They started with one accord up the hill. Suddenly little Carr sprang into the road in front. From his vantage of

high ground he could look down on them, and his stern, shrill voice arrested them.

"Men," he shouted, "You've just missed being murderers. Isn't one such escape enough for to-night? You're crazy, I believe. If that train had stopped to-night the whole country would have been talking about you to-morrow. And what would they have been saying? Can't you guess? It would have put back the cause you're working for, and suffering for, yes, starving for, ten years. We've talked it all over, and you know how I feel, and I know how you feel about this whole striking business. We don't need to go into that; we think pretty much alike. But do be men, not brutes. Suppose Marston hasn't treated some of you right, is it going to make it any better to burn up his property? You're not half so much to blame as you seem. I know that. There's somebody stirring you up; the same person that shut me up in my house to-night so I shouldn't come down here and say a word to you about keeping quiet and decent. I know who it was, and so do you. Oh, I can't talk," he ended, lamely; "but I'd rather see this wretched time through without anything disgraceful happening than anything else I know in the world."

The voice was very winning, Grahame acknowledged, as he listened to the last words. He could not help wondering, however, as he saw the mob slowly scattering. He knew that the little speech he had listened to was halting and commonplace. There was much sense at the bottom of it; but it was obscurely phrased and unemphasized. Yet as people passed him in groups they chatted almost quietly, with one of the sudden transitions of which large masses of people seem capable. The talk seemed to be mostly of Carr.

"'Taint as if Carr talked fair, 'n' then never looked after anybody but himself."

"No; Mr. Carr's straight every time. If everybody was as good as he is there wouldn't be any strikes."

"'Taint only his own men. There ain't hardly one of us can't tell of something he's done for us."

Just then a voice at Grahame's elbow said: "Come, Grahame, I've been looking for you. You'll be my guest for the night."

Grahame hesitated, but Carr gave him no chance for delay.

"Why, Grahame, what nonsense! Of course you'll come with me! We'll have a night of it talking over Langworthy, and the old Cimmerian, and all that stuff."

So Grahame surrendered gladly enough, and the two went up the hill together, in the midst of the slowly separating crowd. They talked late over an extemporized supper. Carr told Grahame a little of what he had done among the mill hands of Shawtucket, and a great deal of what he had tried to do. Grahame, reading the modest story by the light of what he had seen and heard, found it a true record of devotion and self-denial. Something in Carr's straightforward manliness warmed him into telling of his own struggles in the same cause, and of his utter failure. He wondered that he should be speaking to Teddy Carr of what he had meant to do and had failed in doing.

Suddenly Carr leaned forward, almost interrupting Grahame.

"Do you know, Grahame, I've often wanted to tell you how much you've done for me. I've thought I'd write to you, but I didn't know your address. Then, too, I was always afraid of you. You were so confoundedly clever. But, at any rate, I owe everything to you."

"To me?" questioned Grahame, puzzled and incredulous. "What do you mean?"

"Why, you remember when you delivered the 'Howard Forbes' oration back at Langworthy? It was six years ago to-night. I was thinking about it when I was shut in upstairs,"—and he smiled. "Some things you said about the responsibilities that money brought with it, and the way an employer ought to treat his men, set me thinking. I was an awful little cad before,—tried to be fast and all that business. You're the one that set me on the right track, Grahame."

Grahame grasped the outstretched hand, but could not answer. Carr went on.

"I've been thinking as we sat here that we could do more together than apart. You've got brains and can talk with the men—"

"Not as you talked to-night. More words, maybe, but not so much to the point," interrupted Grahame, heartily.

Carr went steadily on, not heeding the interruption, although he was evidently struggling with embarrassment.

"Now I've got things almost fixed up with my men. I've made enough concessions, so there's no doubt about the Union letting them come back. If you would only come into my mill as a designer!—only until something better turns up, you know,—you'll have the advantage of being a workman, too. Oh, I don't make it plain; but both sides will like you. If anybody can stop this strike you can. The rest are no nearer a settlement now than they were at first. Of course I know you can do a great deal better than designing for my cottons. I remember how you used to draw. But you see—oh, hang it all, say you'll do it!" he ended boyishly. "At any rate, think it over to-night."

Grahame did not need to think it over. Work of any sort, where he could earn an honest living, and help ever so humbly to smooth out the way of peace, was a prospect that needed no gilding by Theodore Carr's eager friendliness. He did stop, however, to wonder, before he slept, if it were true that his almost forgotten words could have made a man of Teddy Carr.

"There must have been some pretty good stuff in the little fellow to start with," he thought, drowsily. "But if he's right about it, perhaps I have done something after all."

ANNIE F. WILSON, '96.

DREAMS.

The crickets chirp, the waves wash on the sand,
  The murmuring wind scarce stirs the hush of night,
The buoy moans in muffled cries far out from land,
  And over all the mist spreads dim and white.
I, in my little room, lie close to thee,
  And know the earth in darkness lies outside;
And hear the sound of boundless, beating sea,
  And the rustling of the marsh grass far and wide.
All the enshrouded night world seems to sleep.
  At each recurring thought that thou art near,
As waves upon the shore my heart will beat
  And echo all the night sounds that I hear.
Yet, when thou art no longer near to me,
Even as now my heart shall beat for thee.

R. C.

SOME NOTES ON MATTERS ITALIAN.

Of late some of our newspapers have taken to interesting themselves in Italian affairs, and painting the political and social situation in somewhat lurid colors. Since the Wellesley public seems to take a certain interest in the subject it may be glad, before turning its attention elsewhere, to look at a brighter side. For a brighter side does exist.

Take, for example, the standing army, upon which Italy spends such vast sums,—greater than at present she seems able to afford. It forms a bond of union between the different provinces of the peninsula,—provinces differing in race, speech, and characteristics. The hard-working, thrifty, stern Piedmontese, the bright, keen-witted, urbane Tuscan, the warm-hearted, passionate, superstitious Calabrian or Sicilian (the strain of Arab blood showing as clearly in his dark skin and small, black eyes, as does the Teutonic in the red hair and blue eyes of his Venetian brother), all mingle in the ranks. Each learns that his companion in arms, indolent, or parsimonious, or self-complacent, as hitherto he may have considered him, has unsuspected good qualities.

The mountaineer who, under ordinary circumstances, would never leave his mountain, sees distant cities, and learns of a different life. At the end of his thirty months he comes home with thoughts beyond charcoal burning and wood chopping. The farmer's son returns to drive a straighter furrow, and give more intelligent care to his horses and cattle, for having learned habits of obedience, discipline, and personal neatness. Should he wish to find work in the cities, his chance is better than that of those who have no army record. Employers advertising add the words *un ex-militare preferito* (a former soldier preferred). Should the recruit have received no primary education or have forgotten what he did receive, he must attend the regimental night schools, taught by the sergeant majors under the direction of the second lieutenants; and he cannot get his discharge until he has mastered reading, writing, elementary arithmetic, and have some knowledge of Italian history and geography. The city-bred boy is equally benefited by coming in contact with the calmer peasant, and by accustoming himself to an active, out-of-door life.

For eighteen hundred years Italy has been a "geographical expression." The citizen of a town twenty miles distant was a foreigner to be looked at askance; his motives were doubted, his customs scorned, and very possibly his speech was not understood. Until the municipal feeling gives way to the national, Italy will never be thoroughly united; and one of the factors of such a union is the standing army. It is an institution which Italy at the present stage of her development cannot afford to do without.

In the deplorable anarchist riots of last May it was the army that preserved life and property, and restored order so admirably. When (as in our own Chicago riot) the civil authorities were unable to withstand the mob, the army, with its impersonality, its loyalty, and its solidarity, was able to accomplish what the reading of riot acts, or its Italian equivalent, could never do.

Summing up the week's news, one of the Milanese papers of the day says:—

"A terrible storm has burst over us; let us hope it has cleared the air. It has demonstrated one important fact: that there is in our Italian society a power of resistance greater than we had suspected—the strength of our army. The attitude of our soldiers was admirable; they suffered more discomforts than in time of war against an enemy; they were untiring, insensible to insults and jeers, zealous, firm at their posts and their duty. This discipline, this unity, comes from the people, and shows us a force in our midst of more importance than an ephemeral revolt."

Italy is more fortunate than the majority of the monarchies of Europe in the person of its ruler. King Humbert is neither a statesman nor a diplomatist, and, perhaps, leaves too much to the discretion of his ministers. Of the needs and burdens of his people he is not, however, unmindful, and in his way tries to relieve them. His way is to come into personal contact with the various institutions of the country, both public and private, visiting, investigating, encouraging, and giving liberally where help could not otherwise be obtained. The five struggling Italian Protestant churches of Florence regard his visits as Godsends, since they obtain from him material help for their schools and charities, which they could not have from the government itself.

In all charitable and educational work the king is most ably seconded by Queen Margherita, who unites beauty of character to beauty of person. In the course of twenty years, since their accession to the throne, I have never heard their names mentioned by an Italian with anything but respect. To their influence upon those surrounding them, Madame Adam, in a series of articles on the court of Europe, pays a real tribute when she says that the Italian is the only court on which the breath of scandal has not blown.

Italy is spoken of as behind other nations in matters of education. That may be. I can only speak from my own experience, and say that the generous way in which the government places the advantages of higher education within the reach of poor as well as rich, of women as well as men, of foreigners as well as native born, might be imitated by more progressive countries. The lectures in the universities (not the recitations) are open to the public, with no admission fee whatever. Matriculated students pay a nominal registration fee, and a similar one on taking their degree, the government charging itself with the higher education as well as the secondary and primary.

Attendance at school is obligatory between the ages of seven and twelve, except where parents can provide instruction at home; there are also a few mountain communes with a scattered population, where, for "geographical reasons," attendance cannot well be enforced. Parents who are able to do so, provide their children with books; those unable obtain them from the commune. They do not, however, make use of this privilege to any great extent. While instruction in the Roman church catechism is given in the primary schools, parents are at liberty to withdraw their children from the class; or they can demand that the commune provide instruction by a Protestant minister or Jewish rabbi if there are six children in the school of either faith.

While we are criticising educational and economic conditions, it is well for us to remember that Italy is the custodian of half the art treasures of the world. There is not a city, or hardly a town, where there is not a church or historic public building to be restored, a gallery or museum to be cared for, some Etruscan, Greek, or Roman remains to be excavated. For this the ordinary laborer is unqualified, and the skilled workman must be paid accordingly. An unremunerative investment, certainly; but what would our pro-

saic nineteenth century world be without the direct and indirect influence of the products of Italian civilization, whether of Roman, early Christian, Renaissance, or modern times? Ought we not to be grateful to those who care for these works, who spend vast sums yearly to increase their store and make them accessible, acting as the trustees of past generations, administering their bequests for the good of the present generations?

We cannot repay our debt to the Italy of the past or of the present, but, at least, we can let the Italians work out their own salvation in their own way.

MARGARET JACKSON.

THE SCARLET CAT AND THE PAN-GERMANIC PEACE SYNDICATE.

DURING the week of festivities which not long ago drew the attention of the world to St. Petersburg, the happenings hereafter narrated took place in that city and its immediate neighborhood; but, despite its widely reaching influence, the whole affair, being withheld from the press and general publicity, has not up to this time been revealed to the world at large. Although, undoubtedly, a point or two of national etiquette was raised by it, the whole proceeding had no effect in diplomatic circles whatever, and this because it was merely a business matter. As for the pure morality of the transaction, the critical may perhaps discover trifling flaws in method here and there, but those who are truly liberal will overlook such, and regard instead the ultimate fruits of the business.

With this prologue I turn to my narrative, which is no more than one of those recitals—some accurate, more of them veracious, and others downright lies—which the public is supposed to demand concerning the late visit of that royal celebrity, Kaiser Wilhelm II., to his brother celebrity in St. Petersburg.

. . . . . .

The Czar Nicholas was lying in his private sitting room, thoroughly fagged by the hospitable exertions of the day. It had been a particularly trying one, both because of the weather, at once unpleasantly hot and unpleasantly damp, and because the strenuous efforts of his imperial guest to

leave nothing undone, nothing unnoticed, nothing unreciprocated, were fatiguing to a potentate who was not yet used to an instant retaliation in such matters. His attention had been continually on the alert since morning, and he had snatched the two hours before dinner for a much-needed rest. The doors of his private apartment were guarded, and access to him strictly forbidden. Thoroughly tired and pitifully bored, the monarch had settled himself for an interval of peace. He had given orders that not even if his imperial guest should in the meantime suffer disaster from an anarchist bomb, would he suffer his privacy to be disturbed before eight o'clock. From this order the lieutenants of the guard had inferred that their master was out of conceit with the world. Such was the case, and his temper grew no better when the last new book from Paris turned out to be a hopeless bore, full from cover to cover with royal families and the feelings of crowned heads. By half past six his Majesty had come into a state of mind that boded ill to the peace of Europe, and seemed to threaten instant destruction to him who should first disturb the imperial sufferer.

Precisely at this dangerous moment one of the doors of the smoking room opened quietly, and a large cat, with handsome glossy coat of a brilliant scarlet, long and heavy scarlet whiskers, and lustrous dark eyes, appeared in the doorway. After a moment's pause on the threshold the animal came forward, bearing himself with a truly extraordinary distinction and ease of manner, and addressed himself to the irritated Czar with the air of an equal, flavored, too, with a suspicion of amused indulgence.

"Ah! your Majesty!" said this visitor, bowing profoundly, "I must beg a thousand pardons for intruding upon you just when the cares of state and the activities of a friendly power have so completedly prostrated you. Were it not necessary for business reasons, nothing should induce me to tax you further."

"I really cannot attend to any business," said the Czar sullenly, turning upon his couch so as to present his shoulder to the visitor.

"I am most reluctant to trouble your Majesty," responded the Scarlet Cat smoothly, "but the Syndicate is awaiting your presence two doors away."

"I won't see them," snapped Nicholas. "I've decided to have nothing to do with the whole matter. It's against hospitality and decency, against the principles of legitimacy, and it's against all law and order."

The Cat smiled. "Oh, I should not call it all that," said he, "although, of course, as a business matter, simply and solely, it does rather ignore the principles of pure politics. But I am sure that if I say I advise it, the present occupant of the throne of Russia will comprehend that his assistance is not asked without good grounds."

The Czar frowned. "But it can't be done!" he cried. "It can't be done, and failure would be ——" He sat up with a jolt and shook his fingers with expressive flabbiness from their long, slender palms. "I cannot go into it, I tell you. The risks are too great, and what earthly reason compels me to it? Admit that the man is a fool and a lunatic, a crowned ass with his jaws always open for braying. Admit that he has a hundred ramshackle plots in his head against us all. Admit, which is of more importance just now,"—and the irritated host grimaced and shrugged his shoulders,—"that his clothes never fit, and his bombast is sickening, and his manners are shockingly bad; in a word, that he infuriates me! Yet, prevising all that, is there any reason why the Czar of Russia should be called upon to act?"

"I have already said that I advise the present Czar to act with us," repeated the Cat, quietly.

The Czar wavered and cast a keen look at him. The Cat met the glance fully and nodded his head once or twice significantly, at which the Czar seemed deeply moved. He rose and paced up and down the apartment restlessly, apparently in deep thought.

"But if you fail!" he ejaculated, nervously. "If you fail!"

"Oh!" said the Cat lightly; "we shall not fail. Indeed, with your imperial assistance everything will be laughably easy. At any rate I am used to these matters; royal successions are rather in my line, if you remember." He smiled and brushed up a glossy whisker with a paw,—a characteristic action when matters were going well his way.

"True," said Nicholas, evidently impressed by the allusion. He pondered gloomily a moment more, then suddenly sank into a chair, and with a frank smile extended his hand.

"Your services, believe me, are too great to be forgotten," said he. "You may command me. Russia, dear sir, shall be, if not ably, at least prominently represented in your board. Where are these gentlemen?"

The Scarlet Cat gave him a ceremonious salute, bowing his lips to meet the imperial hand, while his well-groomed paw touched its finger-tips. Then, sensible that the Czar was already in better temper, he proceeded to retail a dangerously unwelcome piece of news.

"You shall almost instantly have proof, Sire, of the wisdom of your choice," said the crafty animal, rising to open the door by which he had entered at the beginning of the interview. "We are secretly informed, on the excellent authority of one of his personal suite, that the German Emperor has stolen from the palace to make his way privately about the city, without troubling your majesty for a guide."

The young Czar stopped in the corridor to utter an oath concerning "impudence." His conductor laughed.

"I did not know that he ever wasted any of his doings in privacy!" cried Nicholas. "And especially anything so undiplomatic, so discourteous! He cannot mean a mere little excursion *incog.*; that's beyond him."

"O, perhaps he may speak to the people now and then," suggested the Scarlet Cat, smoothly, with downcast eyes, the corners of his mouth twitching. "He may speak of himself and the German army, or himself and his grandfather, of course; either one can do no harm, because his French is so—er—noncommittal!"

"Yes," said Nicholas, and again walked on in a brown study.

"The really important thing," said the Cat, "is to keep it out of the newspapers. When we have this on hand, we must, of course, give no apparent cause for ill feeling. With your permission, a note will be sent to the general officer of the service, to allow no reports to leak out through any of the correspondents."

"By all means," returned the Czar, energetically; then added with weary resignation: "But it will do no good. He will talk, talk, talk—how that man can talk!—and a good many people will be sure to know about it before he gets back again. He has the gift." He shrugged.

The Scarlet Cat laughed lightly. "Unquestionably he has the gift," he repeated. "Yes, of course, some hundreds of people will know of those little German tricks before morning; but the world at large, the London and American newspapers, for instance, can be kept from thinking how the Russian court feels about it. We must look out for that."

"Give yourself no concern about that," said Nicholas, pausing at the door of the room where the gentlemen awaited them. "I think we can manage them."

He pushed open the door and entered the room. The occupants of the chamber, seven in number, rose from their chairs, bowed, and remained standing. Nicholas ran a quick glance over the company as he returned the salutation, and took a chair, which happened to stand almost facing them. "Pray be seated, gentlemen," said he, in a manner at once easy and commanding. "My friend Sir Abraham tells me that you have waited for me some time, and I assure you I regret the delay. The fatigues of the day"—he smiled slightly, and glanced about at them—"must be my excuse, at the same time that they urge me to go on with the present business."

"Is your majesty with us," asked the only American of the ring, somewhat sharply. He was a pushing, hard-headed, short-mannered fellow, and he had not lost any considerable sum of money for more than forty years.

The three Englishmen present frowned uneasily at the question, but the young Czar answered with much spirit.

"I am with you, gentlemen, and Russia is with me. As a business matter I think very highly of the scheme, always supposing it can be put into practice; and as a matter of Russian policy I think I can make it of service in another way. Will some one of you be so good as to tell me more of the details of your plan?"

"A quieter Emperor is to be put upon the German throne," said one of the Englishmen, slowly, after every one had hesitated a moment. A smile went round the room. The speaker's left-hand neighbor, a Frenchman of fabulous wealth, and with the reputation of soaring ambition, took up the story at this point.

"The plan is, Sire," said he, "that his Prussian Majesty be quietly removed to-morrow night, or the night following, to some safe retreat. Then a successor is to be chosen, preferably from a lowly, albeit sophisticated station; he will take the vacant position in time for the ceremonies of the next day. There must be a certain degree of personal resemblance to the present Kaiser, but no likeness of character. The

change is to be kept absolutely secret from all but ourselves. Is that correct, Sir Abraham?"

"It is charmingly stated," said the Scarlet Cat, nodding. "You omit only to say that the syndicate will then at once proceed to buy up the German Empire, and make money. That, of course, is understood."

The Czar pondered a moment. "So you propose," said he, "to monopolize the trade of the country?"

"By nothing more than fair means," cried a German Jew of high standing in London financial circles.

"We shall buy up the legislators, of course," said the American, musingly. "But we had thought of buying up the interior trade of the country by stimulating exports. We propose also to get hold of all the State debts. I'm in favor of open ports, myself, to develop a country like Germany; I don't believe in little monopolies such as we have in America. When you own the whole country you don't need them, and the name of the thing is bad. When you hold the debt, and own the legislators, you can regulate taxation to suit yourself, and everything will be lovely—so long as you can hold off a European War."

At this climax every one felt uncomfortable. The American scowled blankly at the opposite wall, the three Englishmen drew up their shoulders, the Czar and the Jew exchanged worried glances, and the Frenchman bristled. At this unfortunate moment the Scarlet Cat came to the rescue by presenting to Nicholas the seventh member of the syndicate, a blonde young man with pink fingers, who had so far been sitting about, taking no part in the conversation.

"As to that unhappy event, Sire, our friend, M. Seury, can, I think, reassure us. He represents one whom we all regard with the most serious esteem,—our dear invalid of Constantinople."

"And ten million pounds of his private savings," added the young man in French, with a decidedly British pitch in his pronunciation. He bowed deeply to the Czar. Nicholas burst into a hearty laugh and extended his hand.

"Excellent!" cried he. "Our brother has been a frugal sick man, at all events. So he will try the German baths, eh? Ah, they can but do him good, M. Seury! Excellent!"

The satisfaction of the other members of the syndicate was equally great. The meeting at once took on a most cheerful and bustling air, so that even the American became pleasant.

"The form of government would better not be changed, I should say," volunteered Nicholas. "It will be cheaper to buy up the old organization, which can then be adopted as we progress. Do you not agree with me?" He glanced around the council, and gathered the approving nods of all.

"New governments are dreadfully expensive," sighed the Scarlet Cat as a clincher; and then, for some private reason, he and M. Seury laughed. The Czar affected not to notice this byplay, but hurried on with the business in hand.

"Nothing then remains but to choose a successor," he said, briskly. "And if it does not interfere with any of your arrangements already made, I should be glad, gentlemen, to have the—er—abduction come off to-night."

"The Czar's guest is at present gone out secretly into the city, no doubt to address the people of St. Petersburg," added the Cat in explanation, rubbing his paw lovingly up over his whiskers.

"Why not?" said the American, almost joyously.

"I consent," replied the French member.

"By all means, I should say," agreed the young man from Constantinople.

"I see no reason against immediate action," added one of the Englishmen, and his two compatriots nodded their assent.

"I will not be behind," said the Jew banker. "Let us at once nominate his successor."

"In every way most judicious!" murmured the Scarlet Cat, under his breath. "A well-chosen young man, eminently satisfactory as a diplomat, a man, and a sovereign. Charming Nicholas! He has ability."

"A German would give the best material," said the young man from Constantinople. "A young officer of his own suite would have the easiest time of it." The Czar appeared to be weighing this proposition carefully, and the French member scowled.

"An Austrian or a Russian who knew the ground might do equally well," suggested the Jew.

"Frightful cram on German history he'd have, though!" said the third Englishman, suddenly; he had not spoken before. "They teach 'em every fence an army even jumped over, I'm told." His brethren smiled, but the rest failed to understand. A discussion long, and probably heated, seemed likely to follow, when the Czar rose, with his watch in his hand.

"I must excuse myself, gentlemen," said he. "I find that I have but a quarter of an hour before dinner, and I must prepare to meet my German brother. If you will return to me here in three hours or so, we will finish this arrangement for the Kaiser's disappearance and choose a substitute. You will favor me, by the way, if you will dine here quite privately and await my return. Au revoir!" And with this the Russian sovereign bowed himself from the room.

At ten minutes before eight the young Czar dispatched one of the gentlemen of his household to his royal brother of Germany with the request that his guest would do him the honor to dine with him quite privately, only a dozen or so high dignitaries sharing the meal. To this request the horrified young equerry was forced to bring back a refusal: The Kaiser, one of his suite was dispatched to say, was over-fatigued; was, in fact, confined to his bed, and must, therefore, with a thousand thanks, decline his host's invitation. On receipt of this message Nicholas appeared unable to voice his anger, and motioned the messenger from the room, glaring about him in speechless fury. Not only was the refusal unpardonable for its wantonness and evident premeditation, but characteristically public in its nature; for the banquet had been arranged and published as a part of the official programme of the German's visit. The dignitaries had long since been invited, the Kaiser advised of the event, and all preliminaries, save the acceptance of the final formal invitation, had already fallen into the hands of the newspaper correspondents. The insult to the young Czar, like most of the doings of the German Emperor, was of a nature to become the talk of the world.

Measures must, however, be taken to save appearances, even if no one was to be deceived thereby. The chief of the Czar's attendants in waiting was summoned to his master, and presently returned to write polite notifications to the ten or a dozen dignitaries that his Russian Majesty had been seized with a sudden illness, which his physicians declared made it im-

possible for him to receive them that evening. The dignitaries were, in consequence, held up in their career, and saved from appearing at the banquet, though some of them were already in waiting at the palace.

Then, within an hour, counter reports began to spread through court circles to the effect that the Emperor was not so ill after all, but had been prevented from taking his place at the dinner table by the arrival of papers of the highest importance from the East; and again, that rumors of an anarchist plot against himself and guests had induced Nicholas to break through his scheduled plans, and go to bed in a fright. Rumor was still further confused by the story that began among the guardsmen at the palace doors, and spread inward to the private apartments of Nicholas himself, that during the early hours of the evening the soldiers of the watch had recognized and saluted two great men in plain apparel, and that one of them was the German William, the other, who followed after an hour or so, the young Czar. All these reports were gathered up and retailed to Nicholas by his familiar, the Scarlet Cat, and seemed to be received by both of them with the most entire satisfaction.

At a quarter after nine, one of the ladies of the court, whose position was such as to justify and even ennoble eccentricity, one of the very dignitaries, in fact, whose dinner engagement had been so ruthlessly cancelled that evening, was leaving the palace by a little-used side entrance. She was in her dinner dress, and her strikingly handsome appearance, somewhat unusual for the time and place, attracted the attention of a tall young man in plain clothes, who hung about the corridors, as if to keep an appointment with some tardy comer. This young man approached the princess and addressed to her some remark in a low tone. The lady started back, looked for an instant into his face, and then broke into a little laugh of relief.

"It is you!" she cried. "Who could know you if you choose to go out in that attire? And your beard—you have suddenly lost it. But a clean-shaven chin is becoming to you, very becoming; I quite like it. Nevertheless it makes me think of conspirators. Are you about to abdicate, sire? Or what is your Majesty's purpose in this masquerade?"

"Let us not talk of it now, little cousin," said he. "Doubtless it has its uses, and I may tell you a fancy story about it in return for a cup of tea next winter. But tell me what is going on in the palace, my dear?"

"The Czar is ill, and gives no dinner," returned the lady with a fascinating nod of mockery.

"We know that," he returned. "But the German Emperor?"

"Has had no dinner," returned the lady, promptly, with a malicious sparkle in her eye. Nicholas looked blank, and she continued: "Unless perhaps he has gone out into the city to buy him a loaf and a bit of meat to live upon."

"Is he returned? Is he yet returned?" demanded the Czar in a fever of excitement that threw off all reserve. "I am obliged to speak with him a moment."

"He is coming. He is just arrived, I heard a moment since, and my carriage waits for his at this door." She motioned to a smaller door than the great state entrance, which opened to a quiet, three-sided court communicating with the street.

Her companion uttered an exclamation of surprise and satisfaction, and laid his hand upon her arm. "Listen!" said he. "I must speak with the German,—secretly, you understand,—and his suite must be kept from knowing with whom he is engaged. This is very important. Could you suggest a way,—a ruse,—anything to take him to a quiet room yonder for an hour?" He looked down upon her somewhat impatiently.

"Most simple," she said, smiling, and spreading her finger with an expressive movement that set her rings a-flashing. "To which room, Sire?"

"The third on the left," returned Nicholas.

"Very well. Do you go there first. I will send him. I will address him as he enters." The princess bowed, and moved on down the passage.

(To be concluded.)

SLIP SHEETS.

I. A STRAY SYMPATHY.

A THRONG of busy shoppers pushed and jostled one another good-naturedly, as they passed and repassed on Boylston Street. It was near Christmas time, as any one might know from the shop windows, and the bundles and the good nature which pervaded the air. On the sidewalk stood a small newsboy, his face distorted by the ridiculously pathetic weep-

ing of childhood, his cheeks streaked with dirt and tears, the little hands which vainly offered the papers to each passer-by, blue with cold. An imposter, of course, as every one accosted by the tearful voice saw at a glance. But the face of the little lad, crying on the Boston streets, haunted one shopper for days. An imposter? Probably, but—it was Christmas time.

M. B. M.

II. MISS VANDYKE-SMITH.

Miss Vandyke-Smith was a gentlewoman, and a Bostonian. When she fluttered in upon you, with dingy garments trailing behind her, you welcomed her as a woman of power in the land. When she pressed a Symphony ticket into your hand, and called you "dear," you led her to a chair—not the arm-chair reserved for old ladies—and forgave her high-pitched voice. Knowing her chronic throat trouble and her affecting little bronchial cough, you forgave even her snuffiness. When she threw the lace veil back over her prodigious bonnet, you felt rather friendly towards the black wig. It seemed to bring the owner nearer your own generation. Miss Vandyke-Smith was seventy-five, but she condescended to look young. While she drooped before you, her head on one side as if toppled over by the heavy bonnet, you listened vaguely to her jerky, exaggerated talk, and found yourself almost admiring the raggedness of gloves and shawl, which seemed to indicate self-sacrifice and love of giving. When, in the gayest of youthful spirits, and with eager protestations of affection she lowered her veil, and drew the old India shawl about her, you feebly tried to express the sense of honor done you. She wouldn't hear a word of thanks. When she was gone, "she is a dear, dowdy old gentlewoman," you murmured, and heaved a sigh of relief.

G. L. C.

III. A GLIMPSE OF THE LORNA DOONE COUNTRY.

In the wild county of Devon, on the top of a cliff overhanging the Bristol Channel, is the little town of Lynton. In all England there is no more beautiful spot than this,—the heart of the Lorna Doone country,—and it was here that we decided to stay for a restful week, after a month of sight seeing in the cathedral towns. Surrounded by bold hills and wide

moors, and accessible only by long coach rides, it is like an enchanted country, cut off from the world of real things, and given over to rugged beauty and wild superstition; a place which casts its spell over the stranger who finds himself within its borders.

"Fairholme," the dear little house in which we were fortunate enough to secure rooms, stood on a ledge cut out of the face of the cliff. Around us were the great rocky hills; below us, huddled in between the water and the rocks, was the tiny town of Lynmouth with its little white houses; and to our left stretched the blue channel, dotted with the steamers continually plying up and down. Above us still rose the sheer cliff, making us almost dizzy as we realized how far we were from the level ground.

It was a view one could never tire of. By day it held us fascinated, but at night it was indescribable. In Lynmouth, far below, the lights looked like fallen stars. Here and there, on the face of the hills, would come a glimmer from the home of some mountain peasant. Out on the water, the lights of passing steamers,—green, red, and blue,—went slowly by; and in the distance the flash from the lighthouse warned the mariners that they were near one of England's most cruel coasts. As we sat on the narrow terrace outside our door we felt, in the darkness and isolation, as if we were suspended in space and were looking down on the earth and sea, while all around us hovered the spirits of the Doone country, called out by the night from their lonely caves and mountain haunts.

In the daytime there were walks without number, each with its own special charm. Those of us who were level headed enough could take the cliff walk, along a narrow path cut in the rock, and listen to the pounding of the surf far beneath us. Or we might follow the rushing mountain river up to a point where four streams came headlong down from four different directions, to unite in one great swirl of noise and foam, and go whirling down to the channel. Or we could go to the Witch's Cave, made famous by Blackmore's novel, and grow superstitious as we stood in the chaos of black rocks, and heard the wind howl through the chasms. But best of all were the coach rides over wild Exmoor which stretched away for miles in a brown, desolate waste, and the encounters with the little Exmoor ponies, as they tore along like the wind in front of our coach, and then suddenly turned and fled out of sight.

Our week in this glorious country went by like a swift dream, and on our last night as we stood on the terrace, looking at the wonderful view we had learned to love as a part of ourselves, we felt it was very hard to leave it at all.

"Some day," we said, "we must come back again; it is too beautiful and great to say good-by to for always."

SARAH GRAHAM TOMPKINS, 1902.

THE LETTERS THEY WROTE.

I.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE, WELLESLEY, MASS.,
November 2, 1898.

MY DEAR RICHARD:—

It is a long time since I have written to you—three years, is it not? You will wonder what has come over me. I wonder at myself, especially when I think of the daring thing I am about to do. I beg forgiveness before I begin.

Let me explain. I was looking over some college exchanges in the library yesterday and came across a *Nassau Lit.* with your name on the title page. You are an editor, too, it seems, and unlike many editors, you are not ashamed to let your own work appear in the magazine which passes through your hands as chief. But you ought to be—at least, of that work. Are you like that, Richard? Truly these three years must have changed you vastly! I can hear you say, "What business is it of hers, anyway?" I answer, "None whatever." That would seem to end the matter, but it doesn't quite, now that I have pen in hand, and the desire to scold waxes hot within me. On the strength of the old co-editorship in the old school, when the old friendship warranted much plain speaking, I am going to say my say.

This is my complaint. Your story is pessimistic. I hate pessimism. Your story is also weak; it rings false. I hate weakness in a man. The general tone is that of one who cannot understand the universe, and who, therefore, lies down and squeals, as Kipling vigorously says of his engines.

I hate this impotent fist-shaking at the tangle of life we are in. Why cannot one fall to and help unravel? The story is utterly hopeless, and I think a story without some ray of hope to bring into this world of doubt has absolutely no excuse for being. If anyone else had written the unfortunate tale, I should have laughed at it as a nineteenth century college effusion, and should have thought no more about it. But the thought that you, Richard Claxton, can be affecting this pessimistic view of life just as you are about to enter upon it is overwhelmingly disappointing. For it is an affectation. I said the story rang false, and to me it did. Maybe you meant it. I would rather believe it was merely an expression of a mood which was not, in its turn, a true expression of yourself. And yet other bits of your work—for I looked through the back numbers—showed a tinge of the same Byronic blue. Do you really think it worth while?

There! I am through. I should not have had the courage to keep up this string of abuse had I not remembered the horrid things you used to say about my youthful contributions to our paper. Please believe that I am abusing you only because I take such a sincere interest in your work, because I know you are cut out for better things than that work indicates.

Again forgive me, and believe me

Sincerely your friend,

JANET BRUCE.

II.

WETHERSPOON HALL, PRINCETON, N. J.,
November 10, 1898.

MY DEAR JANET:

It is good of you to have a thought still of the old friendship and the old school paper. How I stretched my legs in the chair of editor, from that eminence bowing approval on some, on others passing the curt, authoritative damnation! You had a spirit of your own; but we neither seemed to question for a moment the divine right of the editor to assign to all men and all things the proper place in literature. Admit, Miss Janet, here's a change from the old state of mutual satisfaction. Now the young woman censures the young man in a very clear voice. Pessimism and affectation, weakness and insincerity, haven't a pretty sound, have they? They are

none of the constituents of the honest man. Had a man piled up the words to me, I had fought him for the very ugly noise of them. But now must I hang my head? You will remember the obstinacy of the Claxtons; I warn you will not see the neck bent easily. Frankly, Janet, I like your plain speech. You say I am pessimistic, and weak, and insincere. Perhaps I am. I am not one that can vouch for himself. You hate pessimism. Don't think I love it. Do you picture the man with loose neckwear reading some other fellow's cheerful story, and smiling a pitying smile? "Poor deluded fellow! what knows he of the sad reality of life?" Now, if there's one thing I can swear to, it's my uncertainty. You have the good woman's love of the clear, fixed character in men and things. My conviction takes on as many forms as does the amœba. Now I pray you, Miss Janet, from this unlucky simile, don't conceive of me as a wavering mass of protoplasm. My man's vanity can't endure that. I would I might see you and talk with you, if only to show I am of flesh and blood and sinews.

I'm such a dull brute, I can't say in a letter what I mean. You had the woman's wile, Janet, when you said you hate weakness in a man! It may be, then, that it is wounded self-respect that leads me to try to defend myself, though I'm not proud of myself for the attempt. Here you have the most optimistic view I take of myself. Sometimes I half believe I am trying to be sincere; that I frankly admit life is pessimistic, because what I know of it is so. As you would say, the pessimistic view is that of one who doesn't grasp life; and that I have no right to foist imperfect views on the world. What grasp of life had I in the old academy days, think you? Yet the school masters encouraged our infant literary efforts. Surely I have the same right to trifle with life now.

This is an unintelligible kind of letter to send you. You and I would be the better satisfied were I to write you a letter full of college news, quite ignoring the charges you bring against me in kindness. I let go this opportunity of renewing our friendship in the same conventional way. It isn't pleasant to stand revealed the shiftless fellow I am. It seems scarcely the act of a healthy man and a gentleman to send you a blurred sort of self-analysis. But in the mood of the hour, I shall send this letter. If you are as you used to be, you would know the sickliest of truths rather than feel it was concealed from you.

If you could bring yourself to answer this, it will be the greatest of kindnesses to me. I wish we were both back in the old town among the old friends to-night. Some men are calling me from under the window. There's no peace till I join them. So I come to an end, thanking you again for your remembrance of the old friendship.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD CLAXTON.

III.

WELLESLEY (College), MASS.,
Nov. 29, 1898.

MY DEAR RICHARD:—

Do you know that when I read your letter first I had a secret feeling that all the while your fingers were writing those professions of sincerity your lips were curling in the familiar, half-pitying, wholly superior way they had when you were passing judgment on some freshman effusion. I used to smile out of sympathy with you in the old days; I know how the freshman felt now. Yet you may say turn about is fair play; I reviled you in no sweet terms, you turn back upon me. But there is a difference. I was sincere—wholly so; you—I don't like to think you were not,—yet I did think so.

Perhaps I am doing you an injustice. I know I do not understand you. Your letter mystifies me completely. Don't think that I do not understand the mental situation of one who is struggling between doubt and fear of the ugliest, and desire to believe the best. I can understand a struggle; it is your seeming passivity which baffles and irritates me. You appear almost proud of your pessimism. You boast, almost, of your uncertainty. To me, a leisurely enjoyment of the thesis of doubt is as unhealthy, as unnatural, as the prolonged interest in the dissection of one's own arm would be. Each is a phase of life through which one must pass, perhaps, but surely it is better to get both over as quickly as possible.

You may say that I am again misinterpreting you; that your letter will bear no such construction. Then I think I have a perfect right to score you with a huge V, for indeed I see no other interpretation. I am not good at psychological analysis. I am not clever as you are; I never used to be, you

know. But I think I am glad that I am not so clever that I must give up the old-fashioned belief in ideals. Perhaps that is narrow. I suspect it is. Secretly—let me whisper it—I don't care!

How you must pity me now; that is, if you have room left for any feeling beside the vast resentment and wrath which must be piled up within you! I hear that you are to be in Dorchester for the holidays. I go back there for the first time in years. Perhaps I shall see you. Then I may beg your pardon for being so rude. Sincerely,

JANET BRUCE.

IV.

WITHERSPOON HALL, PRINCETON, N. J.,
Jan. 10, 1899.

DEAR JANET:—

Under the green lamp again and confronted by hard-favored books and the rubbish of a college room. Friend Richard stares stupidly about, but he's quick under the dull, gaping look. He hasn't an idea where he'll find the boots and togs he has put away somewhere. He's a mighty idiot; for as he gazes at the old brown suit lying over the three-legged chair, he is as contented as the baby over the sucking of its thumbs. You might think him a young lady reflecting over the dances of the past night. You know the pictures.—Young woman with head lazily thrown back on chair; dress in tasteful disorder; eyes fixed on a rose or violet, fading. So the fool Richard fixes his eyes on the old suit that holds to itself the dust of the last three weeks. Bah! the sentimentalist hugging his ghosts of past emotion! Let us hold the garment of his sentiment up to the light of reality and see the thinness of the flimsy thing, the light streaming through its holes. Pardon; you have the reverence for sentiment. It's not good fun to scoff by oneself. We will draw his thin covering tight around the poor fellow and set him down before his old clothes. Peace to him—for an hour.

What has come over the spirit of the old town, Janet? The old dullness was gone, the placid convention no longer turned one to impatience. I never said, Janet,—indeed there was no need,—the happiness it has been to know you the three weeks. It was as if time and absence had laid over with dust a beautiful golden thing; so deep the dust that one forgot the

presence of the golden thing. Your presence brushed away the covering, and the beauty beneath shining out marvelously, gave a strange happiness to the man that owned it. Do you push away the weak sentiment? Nay; if the fellow in his waking dreams calls love a golden thing, and thinks with muddled brain that its precious "beauty" is for him—why, that is in the manner of all visionaries. Remember we gave him permission to be a fool for an hour.

Why you should be endowed with this presentation of a fool, heaven knows. Perhaps it is because a tradition has it that men may communicate by letter. A cold communication and one laboring for life, it seems, after the past familiar intercourse of talk. There's the faint pleasure, at least, in calling you by your name, Janet, Truly yours,

RICHARD CLAXTON.

V.

JANUARY 12, 1899.

DEAR JANET:—

I could eat my heart for sending you that last letter. I was not myself the night I wrote it. I was unnerved as I never thought a man could be. Janet, you must know why. I had begun to realize that I love you. I knew I had been happy with you in the old home. Dear, I did not know that a new force had come into my life, and that the old aspect of things was gone. I have been brutally frank in my letters to you from first to last. And the last—you saw me in a light that was not lovely. The shame of it is, that that spirit is my spirit.

Since that night I have walked, and smoked, and thought. I am readjusted, once more. Love for you has become part of my life now. Heaven knows it is part and parcel of me forever. You have partly guessed the shiftless fellow I am, Janet. Insincere, pessimistic, weak, you called me from the first. I said perhaps I was all that. I say perhaps I am that now. But, Janet, I am not that worthless fellow only, now. I am the man that loves you. I had never had the courage to speak it to you freely, were it not for the happiness we knew in Dorchester. Cannot you allow that happiness lasts for more than three weeks? It is your right to know you are loved, and to hear my love plead for yours,—myself to yourself,

not my written words to your eye. I love you, Janet. The day of my love is till my lips are dust.

Janet, cannot you give me the right to look, to live, my love, for you? And if you would love me, dear heart, write to me soon, soon. Bless me, or damn me, now. I cannot bear the long silence. Good-night, dear heart.

Yours,

RICHARD.

VI.

RICHARD:—

I cannot understand! You tell me in one breath that you love me, in the next, that you are a fool for doing so. I had thought that a man's love was a holy thing, before which a woman should bow her head awed, ashamed for her unworthiness, yet you drag it to the light and fling it to me as worthless, a thing of a weak mood. I hated you and despised myself for that first letter of yours. Was that all those three weeks had meant—to you?

But when the other letter came—Richard, is it true? How my doubts must hurt you, if it is,—and yet, how can I believe it, when the first stares me in the face in all its hideousness. I did not question you when I was with you. I could not. There was no room for doubt and suspicion, as we walked, and talked, and were silent together. But now I grope blindly in a maze of questioning once more. And I cannot bear questioning. If I only knew! Richard, which man are you? I despise the first man. I hate him, for he has humbled me to the dust. But the second,—ah, Richard, man is not the only one who can love until the stars grow cold.

I have said more than I should, for as yet I do not know myself because I do not know you. It surely cannot be right to doubt thus. There must be a pitiful blunder somewhere.

I cannot write coherently to-night. I know I am not the woman you love. You could not have written to me as you did had I been. It is better to put it all behind us and forget it. Good-night, Richard.

Ever your friend,

JANET BRUCE.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE, MASS., January 20, 1899.

VII.

PRINCETON, N. J., Jan. 25, 1899.

DEAR JANET:—

I have brought it on myself. I see the woman must have the vision of the ideal to love. It is not for her to see a man as he is, and care for him, for the little of the gold she finds in the dross. Had I held the veil down, I tremble to think what was almost in my grasp. They say that women love love. The fools that say it! You are all idol worshipers; it is in your blood. You can't take a man frankly for what he is. You sketch the outline of his noble character and he must keep silent; must bend his features to the ideal drawing. Good God! do you think a man can be a fraud, even for the sake of a woman's love? Is there no terror for an ordinary fellow in taking the devotion good women give to a hero?

The most frank of us—poor devils of men—likes in his heart to keep so slight a veil of reserve about him that his poor self is not laid quite bare. But when a woman like you doubts and questions "which man I am," that last snap of reserve is gone. You shall see a pretty sight, indeed. Don't try rigid self-analysis, my dear, yourself. The results are ghastly.

"You will not believe a man can be at once what you hate and like;" "two different men wrote my last two letters." "Which was the real man?" you ask, that you may hate or love him as the answer comes. Poor little woman! don't you see they are one and the same? Along with my materialism and blunted sense of the ideal and wretched pessimism, is my love for you. It can't transform those poor qualities, nor overthrow them. It is part of me, Richard Claxton, now; but they, too, are the man. I can't say I shall change; I must be myself to the end of the chapter.

You want a man's love to be a holy thing. Ouch! my friend, that hurts. My love for you is not holy: Richard is not a temple of holiness. I just love you—as naturally, as inevitably as did the first dwellers on earth before they wot of holiness or unholiness. I love you because you are you, merely. I do not say my love is deathless. A poet would, a man who had your sense for the ideal. I say, in truth, it goes to the grave; for the rest, I do not vouch.

You are in doubt. I have told you what I am. I warned you you would not see a pretty thing. You forced me to break down the decent re-

serve a man would keep to his real self. You must not care for me under false pretense. There's the pitiable soul of me. Shrink from me,—or take me in the kindliness of your love. That's your matter. I am done; you know me, you must know my love.

Yours to the last,

RICHARD CLAXTON.

VIII.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE, WELLESLEY, MASS.,
Jan. 29, 1899.

MY DEAR RICHARD:—

I believe that at last you have told me the brutal truth. You have been courageous in throwing aside your reserve. I admire courage. It was a dastardly act, but I thank you for it. It has saved us both, perhaps.

You will say I am illogical, inconsistent. I asked you for the truth, now I turn in horror from it. I offer no apologies. You gave me what I asked for, and in doing so killed my love. I am sorry for it, but I cannot help it. I cannot even weep for it. You say a woman must have the vision of the ideal to love. To whom else shall a woman look for that which is divine on earth, if not to the one who offers her the dearest thing in life? Perhaps I am wrong. I do not know. There is a queer sort of numbness on me to-night. I cannot think clearly. There is nothing else to say, is there? There can be nothing else.

Good-by, Richard. God be with you.

JANET BRUCE.

IX.

JANET:—

I am in a torment of remorse. We must see each other face to face. Don't you realize that written words count for little! Give a hearing to the love of me—heart and body as well as mind—for you, dear woman of my life. By all that is gravest, say I may come to see you once. Speak some word; anything but silence, Janet.

RICHARD.

THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

At a time when our periodicals and newspapers are filled with elaborate discussions of the problem which we, as a nation, are called upon to solve, it seems hardly necessary that space in our college Magazine should be given for a consideration of the Philippine question. There are, however, many important facts, relating not only to the future of the Philippines, but also to the islands themselves, which do not occur to one as he attempts to follow the many views and arguments presented to him. It would be folly for me to endeavor to prove that we should or should not annex these islands; but I shall attempt to note the few important events which, until the first of last May, had served as a framework for their history. And I shall also mention, as briefly as may be, the different courses which statesmen are advising the United States to adopt as regards the disposition of the islands.

We all know that the Philippine group is somewhere southeast of Asia, but there are few of us, I fancy, who know that the number of the islands is estimated at from four hundred to twelve hundred. The region covered by them extends about three hundred leagues from north to south, and one hundred and eighty miles from east to west; their area is believed to be about one hundred thousand square miles. It was in 1521 that the Philippines were discovered by a company of Spaniards under Magellan. They were named in honor of Philip II., and remained under Spanish control until 1762, when Manila was taken and sacked by the British. After holding the islands for two years, England gave them back to Spain; and since that time Spain, by her misrule and lack of rule, has come to be thoroughly hated by all the people of that island group.

The Spanish Government appears to have made little or no attempt to develop the natural resources of the islands. We may not examine the wealth of the Philippines in detail; but it must be observed that their soil is fertile, that their annual exports and imports amount to $60,000,000, and that their position, viewed from a commercial standpoint, is most advantageous. In spite of all these pleasant truths, however, we are forced to admit that, for those practical Americans who must have always a good sound footing, the Philippine Islands possess two very unpleasant features. The first is a species of typhoon, and the second manifests itself in fearful

earthquakes, which render many-storied buildings ornamental rather than practical. Such unstable conditions in every-day life make the possible civilization of the country all the more problematical.

The government of the islands, as authorized by Spain, has been wholly lax and corrupt. The officials sent out by the mother country have not only neglected the work which they should have done, but they have assumed powers which were never delegated to them. The taxes, too, have been a severe burden, and in addition to the money tax, a corvèe has been enforced, which was equivalent each year to forty days of forced labor. In early years the people were too ignorant and too lacking in ambition to oppose Spain's tyranny. But in 1896, having become more and more dissatisfied with the disorder about them, they were goaded finally to open revolt. It is of interest for us to note that it is chiefly the expense of bringing these unfortunate Philippinos once more under her grinding rule, rather than the cost of any civilizing devices, which Spain now reckons as the Philippine debt.

Through March and early April, and even when we sent our ultimatum to the Spanish Government, men would have scoffed at the idea that within a few months, in weeks, in fact, we should have carried a war half around the globe. Yet it seems that we were fated to do exactly that. It was not because of express orders from our Government that Dewey silenced the guns at the mouth of Manila harbor. Dewey's orders were to protect our interests in the Pacific, and he chose his own way of doing it. When Hong Kong was declared neutral, he could no longer anchor his squadron in her harbor. Nor was there any available harbor which was not neutral. He was forced to choose between two alternatives. He could sail across the Pacific to San Francisco and find safety there, or he could strike at a Spanish port. One need not say which course he followed, nor how signal was his success. It is enough that by this seemingly haphazard act, we have been brought face to face with the mighty question of expansion in its most critical aspect.

Eventful as were the days of the past summer, we did not for a moment forget the tactful commander and diplomat who was not only contending with the hostile power of Spain, but was exerting every energy to win the trust and friendship of insurgents, and to parry successfully the aggression

of a far stronger people. And scarcely had the protocol been signed, in which it was agreed that "the United States should occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace, which should determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines," when news came that our forces had bombarded Manila, and that the city had been surrendered to them on August 13. There has been more or less discussion as to whether or not this surrender would hold, coming, as it did, after the actual signing of the protocol. An examination of the case, however, must show that it is valid. The city was bombarded and surrendered by the authorized agents of the two countries before news of the protocol had reached them, and if we consider the difference in time between the two locations, we find that the message concerning the protocol did not leave Madrid until after Manila was actually surrendered.

It is claimed by some that, had Mr. McKinley been as firm in his attitude toward the Philippines as he was toward Cuba and Porto Rico, Spain would have given them up as readily as she withdrew her claim on the western islands. It is felt for the most part, however, that the President was right in refusing to become personally responsible for a policy which must savor very strongly of Imperialism. In leaving the Philippine question to a commission which should consist of as many Spaniards as Americans, he did, it is true, forego all possibility of obtaining the islands as a conquest of war. Yet it seems but reasonable that we should pay a nominal sum for the Philippines, provided we shall decide it to be our privilege and duty to assume a share in the government of the far East.

The question as to whether or not this is our duty and our privilege is, just now, being fiercely debated, but it is probable that before this sketch is printed the commission will have done its work, and that our people will have accepted the result. It is, however, interesting to consider possibilities, and, perhaps, to speculate a little as to results. To quote from a recent writer on the subject, there are four possibilities in dealing with the Philippines:—

I. They can be held as a permanent possession, colony, territory, or state of the United States.

II. They can be returned to Spain on the payment of a war indemnity.

III. They can be given their independence.

IV. They can be sold to some nation (other than Spain) under favorable conditions, or exchanged for certain of its possessions or for reciprocal advantages.

Although it is unsafe to prophesy as to which course will be adopted, a few facts seem patent to everyone. It would be practically impossible for Spain, in her impoverished condition, to pay the indemnity which we would demand. Then, too, it is readily acknowledged that, for the present at least, the inhabitants of the Philippines are wholly incapable of self-government. While, last of all, it might prove difficult for us to arrange a sale with any foreign nation; and even if we could agree, it is scarcely likely that the Powers would quietly assent to the acquisition of the Philippines by one of their number. Granted that these suppositions hold, it seems likely that we, as a nation, shall keep the Philippines "as a permanent possession, colony, territory, or state"; and, indeed, this conclusion is supported by the position which our members of the peace commission have maintained.

It is needless to say that this probable course, on the part both of our commission and our administration, demands the most careful consideration. It is a question which calls out the keenest political and economic views of our time, as affecting the future policy not only of the United States, but of the world. These opinions fall naturally into two classes: those supporting the retention of the Philippines by the United States, and those opposing it. I shall attempt to draw no conclusions as to the right or the wrong, the practical or the impractical, in the matter, but I shall endeavor to outline in as clear a manner as possible the arguments most strongly presented.

We hear everywhere of an imperial policy and of an outraged Monroe doctrine. There are those who contend that expansion would mean simply a Monroe doctrine abridged and up to date, and there are others who see in the selfsame course the destruction of our country. Apart from the principle of expansion itself, the argument which seems to carry the most weight on the side of those who oppose United States control of the Philippines is, that the character of the inhabitants is such that the less one has to do with them the better. It is claimed that a vast standing army would be necessary for the maintenance of order, and that the question of suffrage would become exceedingly vexatious. Then, in answer to all this, we are told that the Philippinos are ignorant because they have had no chance to learn, and that they are

vicious because they have been cruelly maltreated. And it is suggested that a native army with American officers could be as easily maintained by the United States in the Philippines as by England in India. The statement that we have no experience in colonial government is met by pointing out the executive ability shown by Admiral Dewey along that line, as well as by producing English statistics which show that African provinces have been given, with the most satisfactory results, to men of no colonial experience. Then, last of all, we are told that the experiment of governing the Philippines will be a most costly one; to which the Jingo replies that an undeveloped country, whose annual exports and imports amount to $60,000,000, is not likely to prove a burden.

In addition to all this, it is urged that the cause of humanity has suffered far more in the Philippines than in Cuba, and that if we were right in our action toward the latter country, we ought surely to assume control of the Eastern islands. We must also take into account the military and economic value of the Philippines, which is assuredly very great. In the events of last April we were shown how necessary it is that we own some Eastern port which may accommodate our fleets at times when the harbors of other countries shall have been declared neutral. The strategic influence which the Islands will insure in the Chinese question may also be noted, while from a peaceful standpoint we must not overlook the fact that the development of the Philippines would mean an excellent market for American machinery. It is of interest, too, to know that recent estimates declare the Islands capable of supporting fifty million people, and to speculate as to the glorious future which the Philippines might bring to the United States by forming a connecting link between us and the increasing civilization of the vast countries which border on the Pacific.

Such are a few of the many arguments which we hear advanced as bearing on the disposition of the Philippines. It only remains for us to consider briefly the trend which public opinion has taken in the matter. Here in America there are, as we have seen, many views and many opinions; yet, if we may judge from the position of the press, there is a constantly growing sentiment in favor of our retention of the Islands. We are heartily glad to know that England thinks us capable of following successfully any course we may wish to pursue, and is disposed in any event to stand firmly in our favor.

The attitude assumed by Germany has been exasperating at times, it is true, but there is every likelihood that she will come in time to view very contentedly the prospect of United States government in the Philippines. While, last of all, Japan hails us as a companion in the onward march of civilization, and openly declares that an alliance between herself, England, and the United States would be exactly to her liking.

It is in the midst of a situation like this that we are anxiously awaiting the outcome of events which shall either vindicate the creed of those who believe in "America for Americans," or shall place us in the foremost rank among the leading nations of the world.

MARTHA TOWNSEND GRISWOLD, '99.

THE SPECTATOR.

AN unknown friend, whose signature is not decipherable, has kindly forwarded to the Spectator the announcement that M. Eduard Rod, a well-known contributor to the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, will give a course of lectures on French literature at Harvard, under the direction of the famous Cercle Français. Those of us who are unable to hear the lectures in Cambridge will be glad, nevertheless, to know of the proximity of a French genius, and we shall doubtless become vociferous in our desire that the great man be exhibited at Wellesley. For our literary well being we, as students of the art of expression, have more to learn from the writers of modern French prose than from any other group of men. It is because we realize this in a half-hearted fashion, that we sigh plaintively when these great men pass us by. We were all sadly disappointed two years ago when M. Brunetière did not come and shine in our befogged firmament. Perhaps next winter M. Paul Bourget's eccentric way will lead him to us. A French literary star always scintillates more brightly and more clearly than any other; and a star pronounced by the French Academy to be of the first magnitude should be visible to the naked eye.

There are always plenty of people one would like to hear. There has been Professor Dicey, of Cambridge, England, who has just slipped by us after completing a series of masterly lectures in Boston on "International

Law,"—a somewhat forbidding subject, treated with such grace of manner and diction that even newspaper summaries could not destroy the charm. Following Professor Dicey, in the Lowell Institute Course, comes Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. (May one thus modestly allude to the lecturer, or is it more complimentary to use titles and nicknames?) Mr. Roosevelt is doubtless more entertaining as rough-rider or as governor-elect, than as educator; yet being one man, after all, and not three, he cannot be otherwise than straightforward and—yes, even heroic, when plunging into an historical essay before a sober Boston audience.

Then, in addition to the Lowell lecturers, there are the usual announcements of European authors, who read their well-worn books to an inquisitive public. There is Mr. Hall Caine, who is not lamented at Wellesley as he rushes noisily past on the Boston express. And there is Mr. Zangwill, who poses almost as consciously as Mr. Caine, yet wins our applause by the sheer force of his genius. Moreover, Mr. Zangwill still has something to say, sometimes. He does not appear to be exhausted. We are willing that he should revive our memory of his Ghetto children—those deathless figures that won our hearts' allegiance in spite of squalor and loud voices; and we should be extremely glad to hear him talk of Cyrano,—most glad to have him tell us, here at Wellesley, about that perfect Cyrano, who, he says, can be produced only by an actor, yet unknown, who shall combine with Coquelin's power as comedian the profounder tragic sense of Mr. Mansfield.

I suppose every speaker tries to say something new about Cyrano. Among the successful interpretations given in Boston, Mrs. Winslow's discriminating reading from an English translation, and Mrs. Florence Wyman Jaques's lecture on Cyrano as Coquelin presents him, have won especial commendation. The whole world is Cyrano mad. When one sees that all the world is mad, it is natural to try to hold one's self superior to the prevailing insanity; but this proud position I, for one, could not maintain when I read "Cyrano de Bergerac." The play spirits one away to the world of Cervantes and Shakespeare. It is real, it is incredible, it is heartbreaking, it is ridiculous, it is grotesque, it is finely imaginative. In truth, one cannot escape from the joyful surprise of the poetry of this modern play. Mr. Carman is doubtless right in saying that the only adequate trans-

lation must be presented in English blank verse, the form that holds all that is noblest in the dramatic achievement of our literature. A prose rendering of strong and pure French verse must lose much of the grace and power of the original; yet Miss Gertrude Hall's faithful translation, already a familiar object, in its pretty red garb, on our study tables, continues to bring delight to fascinated readers. The Doubleday & McClure Company have made an inexpensive and attractive little book, which we shall continue to enjoy until the French editions become more generally accessible. Never within the memory of the present senior class, have Wellesley students looked ahead so eagerly to an actor's coming as they now await Mr. Mansfield's appearance in Boston.

The good things always travel near together. In a few weeks there will be German Opera to drain our pockets, and then, by its own transmuting power, make Titans of us all, so that we shall grapple strongly for another year with the enemies of the gods.

I wonder, by the way, if members of the Richard Wagner Club have discovered the somewhat alarming rendering of "The Rape of the Rhine-Gold," with its gruesome illustrations in the December *Scribner's*. To find fault with it properly, or rightly to commend it, one should have the Rhine-Gold music in one's ears; yet such is the wondrous effect of rhythm, rhyme, assonance, alliteration, and numerous other mysterious devices, that with only a faint memory of the music, the general character, the *feel*, of each motif is inevitably forced upon one. Even in its inadequacies, the verse rendering has a bold charm of its own.

"Flame, fire!
Fall, fire!
Flare, fire!
Fell, fire!
Flies, fire!
Loki, lies!
Loki, liar!
Lies in fire!"

EDITORIALS.

I.

"A LONG farewell to this world." For three weeks our empty corridors shall stretch away into empty shadows, while the eight hundred are again scattered to all winds. The only corner of the College where work ceases never is the new Magazine office on the fifth floor. There the wheels grind on till Christmas Day. But labor is good for a healthy organism, and the Magazine laments not, but smiles upon all who make holiday, and prays for Heaven's blessing on the departing eight hundred. Let each one rejoice and labor not; receive strength and spend it not; forget and grieve not; nor leap forward in her thought to meet the waiting months. Let each one be as a little child again, and know, as children know, that Christmas is merriest when one has one's arms full of bundles for other people.

II.

AMONG our exchanges there appears each month a modest, self-respecting paper which we are glad to commend to college readers. By virtue of its name alone *Our Town* should win some response from those who come to take up their abode in Wellesley for four years. The same length of time spent in another place, where were no absorbing college interests, would make responsible citizens and old inhabitants of most of us. It is true that the people of Wellesley College and the people of Wellesley village are rightly absorbed in daily occupations of very different sorts. While the hours are so short and the work so long, familiar intercourse between college and town is impossible. Yet would it not be a pleasant thing for the college students, who so frequently complain of the absence of family life, such as Harvard students have glimpses of in the drawing-rooms of their married professors, if the two knew each other better and saw each other oftener? For its bearing on our common interests, if for no other merit, *Our Town* deserves attention. The little paper is in the hands of four ministers of four churches in Wellesley and Wellesley Hills. It is not sectarian, and it is not what is known as a "religious paper." Each church has its column of notes, but the bulk of the paper is made up of contributed articles of

general interest, and often of real literary value. As a rule, a certain unity of interest dominates each number. A recent issue was devoted to the various clubs of the two villages, and the December number is a college number, containing short articles by Wellesley faculty and students. Whether these are intended primarily for the edification of college or village people is hard to say. We believe that both may be interested a little. At any rate, here's to *Our Town* the right hand of fellowship, a merry Christmas, and a long subscription list!

III.

To forming many clubs there is no end. Since we last went to press the Richard Wagner Club has developed from infancy to vigorous and boasting youth. It is a strong young club; it plays Tannhäuser on its new piano; and it lectures in German on the æsthetic, and dramatic, and musical genius of the man to whom it owes existence. By the hearty support which it has found almost without trying, the Wagner Club has already proved its right to a place among the large number of college organizations. The Philosophy Club, less boisterous, but not less self-assured than its noisier brother, is also proving its right to exist. It is about to have its first open meeting, with Professor Royce as the speaker of the evening, and plans are making for further opportunities of like nature. Its membership is necessarily smaller than that of the Wagner Club, because there are fewer eligible persons in college. A majority of the students have had the equivalent of three years of German, but only a part of the senior class, and a few juniors have had "elective courses in Philosophy." The club is open, however, not only to those now taking the higher courses in Philosophy, but also to other past and present members of the College who are known to have done work equivalent to this requirement. A "membership committee" considers all such applications to associate membership, and has power to elect such members without full vote of the club. It is hoped that many of the alumnæ who live near may like to join the club.

IV.

THE best thing about these new clubs is the clause in their constitutions which affirms that no work shall be required from student members. Far be it from a Magazine editor to propose additional labor for any one; yet,

since we are not permitted to have a short-story course, why not have a short-story club? This is not a new proposition, even for the Magazine. But does it not deserve consideration? Such a club need not be authorized by any one department—certainly the more informal the better. A group of girls, frankly interested in the subject, might come together once in three weeks to read their stories, and receive as many unflattering remarks as possible concerning them. Each member might contribute once in six weeks, and the papers might be remodeled and handed over to the English department, which surely would not object to more careful preparation of a required "theme"; or, if it chance that the author is not answerable to the English department for any such work, these papers might be sent to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE. Everyone can see the disinterestedness of such a suggestion, and we hope it is equally clear that such an arrangement would be beneficial to the individual. Every student will freely admit that she never writes as well as she could write, and most of us know that if we did, we should not write very well. Our story telling is not commendable. We may be clever and analytical, but we are not funny, and we are not skillful. If we cannot force humor, we can, at least, learn to handle our tools. The greatest help in this effort would come from the honest give and take criticism of our fellow-students. Every one who tries knows this. We are humbly conscious of our own literary inefficiencies, yet we still believe in ourselves. Why not prove to ourselves that there is good reason for this confidence?

FREE PRESS.

I.

No one who has been for some time a member of the college community can be unappreciative of the courtesies and conveniences which have crowned our lives during these later years. May we not now hope that the kindly geniuses who preside over our destinies will turn their attention toward some improvement of our mail service? We ask consideration for three suggestions: first, that a second afternoon mail should be carried by the coach which leaves the College at 5.10 P. M. This would give time for sending letters in reply to those received on the afternoon mail.

In the second place, we should eagerly welcome an evening delivery. The latest letters, on any day, coming from Boston and the East, are those which leave Boston at 2 P. M. The large mail which arrives at the Wellesley village post office at 6.35 P. M., is not carried to the College until the next morning. It certainly would facilitate greatly the communication of Wellesley College with the world outside it, if these letters could be delivered on the day of their arrival in the town. If there are difficulties in the way, may not a beginning be made with a delivery on Saturday and on Monday nights—the times when the coach regularly runs? The detention of a letter from Saturday to Monday often means more than mere temporary inconvenience. Finally, though less hopefully, we suggest that business would be greatly expedited if letters could be carried to the 7.20 A. M. mail for Boston. That would make it possible to receive a reply on the same day. C.

II.

We quite agree with W., 1901, in her definition of student self-government. If her only objection to the experiments now being tried here at Wellesley were that they should bear the name of self-government, we could say nothing. It seems, however, like a misunderstanding to speak as if these beginnings were made with no view to student self-government as a "possible issue," here. Is it not rather hard upon the students who have studied the systems of other colleges, and, with definite hope and purpose, under approval of the authorities, decided to take this first step? Surely it is a necessary first step, although it be only a test to prove whether Wellesley students are ready and willing to undertake a new form of government. Is this experimental stage not earnest, because it deals with only a few of the elements with which any scheme of government must deal? The same principle is certainly involved in these preliminaries, and it does not seem to us so microscopic as to be ignored. Moreover, it is not, we think, the transference of a limited amount of power from the head of the house to a few superior beings among the students, but the beginning of a change from limited monarchy, as it were, to a republican form of government. We doubt if those who started this movement would demand for it the name of student self-government. Cannot all of us, looking upon these

beginnings as self-government in embryo, in the light of possible development, treat them with great respect! And may we not look for indications as to the future of self-government here, not in the size of the present undertaking, but in the way it is protected and supported? Perhaps the difference in our points of view, is due to the small amount of information which has been made public about the schemes now being tried. Will some of the prime movers tell us more of their hopes and purposes?

W., 1900.

III.

It seems hardly possible that any one who has in mind so good an idea of the meaning of the words student government as that expressed in Free Press last month, can take a position so decidedly hostile to the experiment now being made in College Hall. That it should not be called student government, all those most deeply interested in the matter agree most heartily. It was distinctly stated in the mass meeting, as those present will remember, that house organization and not self-government was the name to be applied to this attempt at making the students themselves responsible for the maintenance of quiet during study hours. But that this house organization has no promise of the, in some cases, much-longed-for student government, we cannot admit, nor can any one, we think, who fully understands the matter. It is not in the power of any one person to give us this right of taking into our hands the whole direction of affairs; and if it were, no one, however much in favor of the scheme, could reasonably be expected to put so great a trust in the hands of the student body. We must be able to show some evidence of our ability to control affairs, and our willingness to uphold those chosen to administer them, before we can hope for any further privileges. A beginning must be made, and now when an opportunity is offered may we not accept it in earnest, and show ourselves faithful in the less important matters, that the coming classes may have a foundation on which to base their claims?

College Hall.

IV.

Everyone who visits the alluring tea room on the way to and from the village must realize, more and more, how it has become an almost indispensa-

ble benefit to college life. Its opening, two years ago, was welcomed as the consummation of a happy thought, and it was justly received with especial favor among the college girls, because it was started by two of their own alumnæ.

It does not benefit the students alone, however, but meets a need in the town itself. Certainly Wellesley, with its numerous transient guests, both college visitors and others, wants a small establishment of just such a nature as is the tea room, so attractive in its simple furnishings and in its perfect cleanliness. Its owners do not, indeed, aim to do more than have light but wholesome food at hand, and to furnish things substantial if previously ordered, but this is all that either the college girls or the townspeople could ask.

Every venture of such a kind must have, naturally, hearty support to insure its success and its continuance. All, I am sure, hope that the present blessing may not "in the night take wings and fly away," but may receive such appreciation and favor from everyone, that Wellesley may never cease to have in the future a pleasant tea room, and one, too, conducted by the daughters of Alma Mater.

M. D., 1900.

V.

One has only to watch the people on their way to chapel in the morning, or to the library during the day, to see how much the news bulletin by the library is appreciated. We are so engrossed with the history of other times that we often neglect to keep informed of the affairs of the day. Some of us would scarcely have known of the war with Spain last spring, if we had not been informed of the progress of affairs, from day to day, by the brief summary of the bulletin board. I am sure we all appreciate the efforts of the Agora, who so kindly undertakes the task of keeping the bulletin board. Let us, therefore, be a little careful not to disfigure the board, by turning "Fashoda" into "fashionable," for instance, and let us not line up against the wall to criticise while the news is being put on.

A Non-Agora Member.

THE BOOKS WE READ.

Social Ideals in English Letters, by Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, 1898. $1.75.

The aim of this book is clearly set forth in its title; it is "to consider English literature in its social aspect." By the study of some of the "dreamers, who are the true prophets," is traced the evolution of freedom and democracy, the gradual awakening of social consciousness. So far as we know, the study of literature from this point of view is original. That literature should be viewed as a series of social documents marking the growth in importance of the unlettered mass, who rarely appear save in the background of literature, is surely a significant sign of these days of unions and settlements. The book under discussion is of especial interest to us, because of the connection of the author with Wellesley College, because of the interpretation which it gives to our College Settlement work, and because of the wholly new point of approach to the history of English literature.

The first part of the book treats of "The England of our Forefathers." Langland, More, and Swift are taken as the most significant and prophetic writers of the earlier periods. The development of thought before and after each main author is briefly sketched, giving the book the character of a continuous history. The first words on Langland give the keynote of the whole book: "Democracy entered Great Britain with the Church of Christ." The social revolution brought about by the introduction of Christianity is described, preparing the way for the study of Langland. The sanctity of poverty had always been one of the traditions of the Church, but it was the poverty devoted to meditation and idleness. Langland, speaking for the people, declared the sanctity of poverty passed in honest toil. His vision is a plea for the brotherhood of man, for the social regeneration of England to come about through the recognition of this brotherhood. Langland dreamed of social regeneration; but More writes boldly of social reconstruction. In his "Utopia" he depicts an ideal state, where property and money have ceased to exist. His vision shows "the sense of power and responsibility which was creating the Reformation." Turning from More to Swift, we enter upon a century utterly lacking in visions of what might or should be. "His was not a temperament to manufacture ideals, and the times had

no ideals to offer." Swift was oppressed, as Langland and More had been, by the misery of the productive classes. But he saw no means of escape; to him their tragedy was inevitable.

The second part of the book, "The England of Our Fathers," treats of the progress of social ideals up to 1880. During the first quarter of the nineteenth century the poets were the heralds of social progress. From Wordsworth to Byron they cherished a common end, "and that end was the opportunity for full life, spiritual and natural, thrown open to every son of man." During the decade of 1830 to 1840 the cry was taken up by novelists and essayists. "Since 'Sartor Resartus,' novelists and essayists have all been social critics." Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot depicted "the awakening and gradual self-assertion of the social consciousness." Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold are treated at length, as giving the fullest expression to the growing spirit of social unrest. Carlyle and Ruskin concluded that the misery of the working classes was the cause of the disorder; Arnold laid it chiefly to the stupidity of the middle class. The essayists offered little suggestion for any immediate and practicable reform. But they have bequeathed to us the "new intuition that all the manifold gifts of life should be equally open to all living," the mighty instinct for social justice that makes a Dorothea or a Daniel Deronda, a Valentine or a Marcella, a purely modern type.

In the conclusion the author shows that during the last twenty years the "center of social passion has shifted from literature to life." Hardy and Meredith, Howells and Warner, and a host of others group their characters about some social problem. But the greater part of thought on these subjects is put into lives, not into books. "Where are the dreamers to-day? Most of them are not writing books. They are in County Councils, on Boards of Arbitration, in Organized Charities, in Social Settlements."

Democracy and Christianity entered England together. Their relations were close in the work of Langland, less so in that of More; they ceased to exist in Swift. During the nineteenth century these relations are growing closer; "perhaps it is no dream that the long separation between democracy and Christianity draws to a close." So the book closes with the opening thought. The spirit of democracy and the spirit of Christianity have given birth to, and fostered the social ideals of, our race through their

long development in literature up to their actual demonstration during the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

A Christmas Book, by Carla Wenckebach, Wellesley College, 1898.*

No holiday book could better justify its title than does this attractive little volume which Professor Wenckebach has issued within a few days. The cover alone, in its severe red and grey, is sufficiently enticing, and a peep at the inside makes one look around for an easy-chair and an open fire. One lingers over the quaint title page, and over the holiday suggestiveness of head and tail pieces, and of red page headings. The four full-page illustrations, regarded in swift succession, give a strong impression of the unlikeness of pagan and Christian imagination. There is a startling contrast between the splendid Wotan figure and the familiar nativity picture. It is, indeed, this mingling of pagan and Christian elements that forms the chief interest of the book. Professor Wenckebach, in this story of the origin of the Christmas Tree, the Mistletoe, the Yule Log, and St. Nicholas, traces our holiday customs back to the old northern mythology, with its symbols of the sun and of the seasons, and its festivals of the winter solstice. It is stimulating for us to know that the simple customs and superstitions which have been so familiar to us all our lives, and which in our grown-up estate we still condescend to enjoy once a year, are as old as the race itself. It is stimulating to know that all unconsciously we are keeping the heritage which the virile imagination of our forefathers bequeathed us. The modern theory that the Santa Claus myth should be abolished needs no stronger refutation than "A Christmas Book" unobtrusively suggests. He cannot be abolished; Santa Claus is immortal.

The Wellesley College Legenda, published by the '99 "Legenda" Board.

The recent appearance of the '99 "Legenda" was an occasion of pleasure both to '99 herself and also to her sympathetic friends. We welcome it as worthy of an honorable place among the year's college publications. In material it is a compromise between the conventional legenda form and the '96 collection of stories. With the exception of the article by Miss Wolley,

* Price $1.00. Wellesley students, past and present, can buy the book at College Hall for 75 cents.

the honorary member of the class, the first part of the book is given up to fiction, the last part to lighter sketches, jokes, nonsense, rhymes, etc. The writers of the stories have shown great cleverness in overcoming the limitations of the college story. We know that there are some among us whose expectations of college fiction are warped. They fear fits of depression after taking it even in small doses. In the present case, however, all pessimistic expectations will be most agreeably disappointed. We feel sure that it is neither class nor college prejudice which leads us to say that the present "Legenda" contains work far above the level of the ordinary college story. In form the little book is dainty and attractive. Altogether it is a desirable acquisition for anyone, be she senior or freshman.

Early Letters of George William Curtis to John S. Dwight, Brook Farm and Concord, edited by Geo. Willis Cooke. Harper & Brothers, New York and London, 1898.

For all of us who have known and cared for George William Curtis as the genial occupant of the Easy-chair, the mere mention of a collection of his letters arouses interest and expectation. Of the volumes edited by Mr. Cooke we have double reason for such expectation. Primarily our interest is aroused by the personality of the letters; that of Dwight to whom they were written, as well as that of Curtis who wrote them. To Curtis we need no introduction, but for many of us, perhaps, the name of John S. Dwight has no especial association. Our good will toward him, however, is assured when we learn from the prefatory account of his life that he took a leading part in raising the funds to build Music Hall, and that he organized the Philharmonic Society, of which the Symphony Concerts are a development. In addition to the interest which centres around the two persons most directly connected with the letters, we expect from them also the recreation of the charm of that atmosphere in which they were written. Dwight was then living at Brook Farm. Part of the letters Curtis writes from New York the winter following his stay at the Farm. Most of the others are written from Concord, where he lived a neighbor to Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne.

When we have read the volume through, and question ourselves as to whether our expectations in regard to the atmosphere of the letters are satisfied, we are not quite certain what answer to make. Much of the interest

of environment which we read into them is due to the setting Mr. Cooke gives them in his account of the early life of Curtis at Brook Farm and Concord, especially to extracts from Curtis's later reminiscences of that peripd. The letters are taken up with grave themes of high discourse, music, and nature for the most part. We learn a great deal of what the writer calls his "internal company," very little of the external life about him. Accounts of his associates and friends are few, written usually in a spirit of great seriousness, and from the standpoint of one who considers only what seems to him the deep realities of life. We have scarcely more than a promise of that humor so characteristic of the later Curtis. The little that appears creeps in surreptitiously, and is expended only upon the writer himself. He apparently finds nothing else within the range of experience which can be taken lightly. Everything and every person is looked upon with the uncompromising, unrelieved seriousness of young transcendentalism. We infer, not so much from what we hear of others as from Curtis's own state of mind, that life in the late forties was indeed an occasion for great earnestness, especially to all young people. When the writer mentions his going to a ball, we feel an incongruity. The air of the period, we know, was full of high resolves and noble purposes. We sympathize with it all. We respect even the wildest vagaries in dress reform, when we consider the spirit from which they sprang. We admire the youthful enthusiasm which sends the music class of the Farm on an eight-mile walk into Boston for the sake of a concert—devotion greater even than risking one's life on a "rush." Nevertheless, our feeling toward the young dreamers of the time is the half-amused tenderness and regret which marks our attitude toward all the beautiful impossibilities of youth. Much as we should like to accept the point of view given us by the letters of the young Curtis, we know that we have lived past that time, and that for us the true view of that life is through the reminiscences of the Curtis who has grown old, worldly wise, and humorous.

So far as the personality of the writer of the letters is concerned, we find it uniformly charming. Under all circumstances he is the same generous, enthusiastic, delicately sensitive boy; a lovely, impassioned artistic nature. He lacks as yet the power of expression, as well as balance and poise of feeling—faults of youth and not hopeless of correction. His love

for music amounts to a passion, but his criticism of it is sentimental, rather than valuable; his literary appreciation is keen and true, his verses, without exception, bad; his feeling for nature is deep and sincere, but it often betrays him into such expressions as, "I have been gloriously imprisoned by dropping diamonds,"—in other words, "It is raining!" Perhaps we nowhere feel the charm of his personality so strongly as in the letter written just after he had heard Ole Bull for the first time. His enthusiasm carries us away. The Norwegian and his violin are no longer traditions; they become realities such as they were to the ardent, sensitive boy who had just come under their spell.

In regard to our judgment of the letters as a whole, we must admit that a special attitude of mind is necessary before we can do them justice. We must take into consideration the prevailing influences of the times, and, above all, the youth of the writer. We must be prepared to overlook the incongruity of a short essay on spring, life, death, and music, signed "Yr. aff., G. W. C." We must also carefully forget that we should, at present, certainly be bored with a sixteen-page letter devoted to adorning the beauties of nature with adjectives. With proper preparation, however, we can read these old records of boyish enthusiasm with real enjoyment, partly because we have known and cared for their writer in later years, chiefly because of their own charming youthfulness.

B. K.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

THE growing importance of the place science holds in American colleges, is instanced, perhaps, by the scientific buildings which are to be erected this year. Not only will the interest at the next commencement at Johns Hopkins University centre in the dedication of the fine chemical laboratory, but at Cornell a large new Chemistry building is being built as a supplement to Morse Hall, which ten years ago was itself the most complete chemical laboratory in existence. Furthermore, the University of Cincinnati is to have erected, as soon as possible, a $60,000 building, which will be occupied by the department of biology and physics. It is the gift of Mr. Briggs S. Cunningham.

The post-graduate course in naval architecture begun at Annapolis last year, has been transferred to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The course, which will be the most complete in the country for naval architects, will cover a period of three years. It includes practical instruction at shipyards and navy yards during the summer. For over fifteen years all appointments to the construction corps were from the first, second, and third men graduating at Annapolis each year, who afterwards had a course in one of the leading technical schools of France or Great Britain. This year there is the larger class of eight cadets, who take the post-graduate course at an American institution, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has the privilege of being that institution.

In the ways of bequests, Brown University is to receive $100,000 by the will of the late Rowland Hazard. The sum, however, is not to be paid for three years yet. Should the estate of Mr. Hazard depreciate in value, the executors are empowered to reduce this sum to not less than $50,000. By the will of the late Adolf Sutes, of San Francisco, Vassar receives $10,000. To the Drake University, in Des Moines, Ex-Governor Drake, of Iowa, has given $26,000; the total benefactions of Governor Drake to that University now stands at an estimate of $100,000. An addition of $20,000 to the general endowment fund of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The will of Edward Austin, in which he bequeaths to Harvard, Radcliffe, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and other educational institutions sums which amount to over $1,000,000, is likely to be contested by two nephews of Mr. Austin.

At the University of Michigan the general repairs on the campus have not been small. Additions have been made to the library, to the chemical and mechanical laboratories, and the hospital; while the Law building has been reconstructed at a cost of $65,000.

President Low, offering in 1895 to present a Library building to Columbia in honor of his father, stipulated that he would be responsible up to $100,000. He now assumes the responsibility for the $100,000 the building cost in excess of the stipulated sum. Thus far Columbia has spent nearly $7,000,000 on its new site.

A college building which is exciting much interest is being erected at Bryn Mawr. It is planned to accommodate some thirty women of the fac-

ulty, and it has the novelty of being a combination of the apartment house and the English boarding house. The arrangements for household economy are varied. One may keep house with a maid and kitchen of one's own; one may have one's rooms cared for by a house servant and take one's meals in the coffee room of the house; or, again, one may have one's meals sent to her own dining room from the general house kitchen.

New York State has taken a step significant as bearing on the problem of the preservation of forests. The New York State College of Forestry, administered by Cornell University, graduates men, after a four years' course, with the degree of Bachelor of the Science of Forestry. The course for the first two years is occupied with the preparatory studies of mathematics, natural science, and political economy; the two remaining years are given to the purely professional studies. The greater part of the instruction is given at Cornell, but every holder of the degree will have had at least two summer courses of six weeks each in the thirty thousand acres of land in the Adirondacks, which the State is to acquire for its college of forestry. The larger part of the work of the senior year, moreover, will be practical work in the woods. Into the course will come visits to lumber camps and mills. The holder of the degree will be competent to administer forest estates for the government, state, or private owner. In addition to the four-year course, there are offered a one-year special course and a one-year synoptic course. The first is designed for farmers and lumbermen, who desire such a practical and technical knowledge of forestry as will enable them to manage their woodlands with greater economy and intelligence. The latter course gives a short survey of the subject of forestry to those who would have some knowledge of the subject as a matter of general education. The college thus works for the double object of creating in America the profession of forestry, and of arousing a general interest in the preservation and care of our woodlands.

The tendency to widen the work of the college or university proper has touched Johns Hopkins University. For the first time, that university takes in hand the systematic instruction of those outside its walls. This year, with the good of public school teachers especially in mind, it offers two systematic courses of twenty lectures each: one in geology and physical geography; the other in history, the history of education and culture, and

that of the development of Anglo-American institutions. The end of the courses is to help teachers present these subjects to their pupils in an interesting way. Both courses use illustrated lectures, class conferences, and private reading; a small fee is charged to cover the cost of maps, views, and diagrams. Columbia shows the same impulse toward extension of college work, in the authorizing by the University Council of a committee to consider and report on the question of a summer school to be held at that university.

A chair of modern government and administration has been created at Amherst.

The most interesting feature of the Department of Education at Harvard, is the provision made for students who have had no experience in teaching, to teach under direction, for practice in Newton, Medford, and Brookline.

The attendance at the new Cornell Medical College is near the limit of accommodation. In New York, where the limit is two hundred and fifty, two hundred and twenty students have registered.

A movement is on foot in New Haven to secure some lasting memorial to the Yale men who fell or died from disease in the Spanish War.

A new class of honorary fellowship has been created this year at Cornell. A man holding the degree of Ph.D. from any institution may obtain one of these fellowships, which, while offering no emolument, carry free tuition and the use of the library. The fellowship amounts to an offer of the free use of the privileges of the institution to advanced scholars who may be waiting for a position or on leave of absence for study.

The presidency of the University of China, which was recently established by imperial degree, falls to Dr. William A. P. Martin and Hsu King Chang, who is now minister to Russia. Dr. Martin was president of Pekin University for nearly thirty years; in knowledge of the people, their language, and customs, and folklore he is said to have no equal. Dr. Martin is a citizen of the United States, who, forty years ago, went to China as a missionary. In the face of some considerable opposition to Dr. Martin's appointment, Li Hung Chang used his influence for the compromise of associating Hsu King Chang with him in the presidency. The selection of the corps of some twenty professors and fifty native tutors is left to Dr.

Martin altogether. This appointment, carrying with it Chinese official rank, promotes the doctor from the third to the second class; from the blue to the red button.

At the meeting of the National Council of Education on July 7, in Washington, D. C., a committee was authorized to investigate the whole subject of the establishment of a national university, and to report to the council at its next meeting. The committee comprised, among others, the names of the presidents of Harvard University, of University of Chicago, of University of North Carolina, of the University of Michigan, of Ohio State University, of the University of Illinois, of Cornell, of Washington and Lee University.

Of the many slight love stories essayed in the exchanges, scarcely one shares the brightness of the "Courting of Dorothea," in the *Smith Monthly*. In the same magazine the late war furnishes an incident not unskillfully worked out. By far the strongest thing in the *Brunonian* is the "Board of Strategy": an old theme and a somewhat familiar situation are presented not only with not a little feeling for the dramatic, but with considerable realism. In the *Nassau Literary Monthly* the college note is struck in "Old Man" with perhaps more success than is common. Of the more serious articles, "The Molière Comedy and Shakespeare's," in the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly*, has the merits of clearness and cleverness; while the *Columbia Literary Monthly* for December opens with a most interesting article on "The Modern German Drama." The *Columbia Literary Monthly* for November furnishes the pleasantest piece of college verse of the month. From that magazine we clip:—

WITH A COPY OF AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE.

Long ago in old Beaucaire,
  Aucassin and Nicolette,
Where the happy minstrel Rhone
  Sings beside a castle yet,
Reaped the joy and sweet despair
  Love within their hearts had sown:
Nor the river can forget,
  Nor the water-battered stone
For a love so passing fair
  Aucassin and Nicolette.

Long ago they laid them down,
  Aucassin and Nicolette,
Nevermore to clasp and kiss,
  Cold and silent where they met.
But the castle nor the town
  Nor the river heedeth this:
So, dear lady, why regret,
  Since in us abides their bliss,
Heirs from them of true love's crown,
  Aucassin and Nicolette?

COLLEGE NOTES.

On the evening of October 29, the sophomores gave the annual dance and reception to the freshmen, at the Barn. President Irvine, with Miss Hall, led the grand march.

Oct. 30.—The Rev. Gerald Stanley Lee preached at Chapel in the morning.

Halloween was celebrated at the different houses by plays or dances. College Hall all agree having been especially fortunate in its theatrical company, which appeared in accordance with the poster announcement that

"A company of celebrated actors, much admired by Wellesley students, beg to announce that, with their well-known and extraordinary faculty for providing entertainment, they are prepared to offer an up-to-date performance of the 'Seven Little Princesses,' in the Gymnasium, at 7.30."

The cast was as follows:—

King Trusteebus . . .	Associate Professor Wooley.
Queen Facultates	Professor Roberts.
Prince Harvardius	. Miss Pendleton.

Princesses: Graduata, Dr. Gamble; Seniora, Professor Wenckebach; Juniora, Miss McCaulley; Sophomora, Miss Locke; Freshmania, Miss Denis; Infantissima, Miss Fisher; Speziella, Miss Bowen. There were also "a great company of Theatre Itinerates, Spirits, and a remarkable Clubbia Mandolinia."

The history of November contains two significant facts in the organization of the Philosophy Club and the Wagner Club. On October 11, at a reception given by the Philosophy Department to the classes in elective philosophy, it was proposed that a club be formed. By November 1 the constitution had been framed and approved, and the club, on that day, elected the following officers:—

President	Florence Breed, '99.
Vice President	Professor Calkins.
Secretary and Treasurer	Clara Brown, '99.

The Wagner Club has been formed with the object of furthering the æsthetic and literary appreciation of Wagner's work. The members meet fortnightly in Elocution Hall. Talks are given by the members of the German department, and are illustrated by selections on the piano. The club has elected the following officers:—

Executive Committee	Professor Wenckebach. Associate Professor M. Müller. Helen Burton, '99. Louise Orton, '99. Hilda Meisenbach, 1900.
Secretary	Fräulein M. Mitzlaff.
Treasurer	Alma Seipp.
Factotums	Maude W. Clarke, '99. Anne Hanson, 1901. Ethel Holmes, 1901.

Nov. 5.—At 3.20, Mrs. Mary Roberts Smith gave a lecture, entitled, "Shall the College Curriculum be Modified for Women?" In the evening, the play given at Norumbega, on Halloween, was repeated at Barn Swallows, with the following cast:—

DUNDUCKETTY'S PICNIC.

Mr. Peter Dunducketty	Franc Foote, '99.
Mr. Charles Langton	Augusta Helmholtz, '01.
Alphonso de Pentonville	Grace L. Cook, '99.
Letitia	Katharine Read, '99.

Mrs. Muffet	Louise Beach, '99.
Servant	Katharine Ball, 1900.
Musicians	Mabel Wright, 1900. Miriam Thayer, '99. Gertrude Brown, 1901.

Nov. 6.—Dr. Horr, of Boston, preached in the morning. At the missionary meeting, in the evening, several short addresses were made by speakers in costume. Each told of her home life in her native country: Miss Locke, of the Bible department, speaking as a Bulgarian peasant; Elizabeth Hume, as high-caste woman of India; Hannah Hume, as low-caste; Catharine Anderson, 1901, as wife of the Turkish Ambassador; Elsie Sites, '99, and Sarah Noble, 1902, as Chinese women; and Mary Brooks, 1902, as a Turkish girl.

Nov. 7.—Signor Guio Perera, assisted by Miss Ada Pierce, soprano, gave a mandolin recital in the Chapel.

From an athletic point of view, November has been historically important to 1900. November 5, in the basket-ball struggle between 1900 and 1901, the Juniors won with the score, 24 to 3. Again, on November 9, they defeated '99, 20 to 10.

The History Club meets every other Friday this year. On October 28 the subject was the Dreyfus Case. Papers were given by Ella Green, '99, "History of the Dreyfus Case;" Paula Schoellkopf, 1900, "Zola's Part in the Dreyfus Case;" Grace Phemister, '99, "The Attitude of the French Public Toward the Dreyfus Case." November 11, the subject discussed was the Czar's Peace Proclamation. Papers were given by Elsie Stearn, '99; Georgia Ralph, '99, and Florence Halsey, 1900.

Nov. 14.—In the evening the Kuntz String Quartette drew all lovers of music to the Chapel to hear a delightful programme.

Nov. 17.—At 9 o'clock began the first office hours for the sale of the "'99 Legenda." Happy she who had a dollar with her!

In the evening Mr. Robert H. Paddock, of the Church Students' Missionary Union, made an address in the Chapel.

Nov. 19.—In the afternoon a large audience had the great pleasure of hearing Mr. Horace E. Scudder speak on "The Informal Uses of Letters."

At Barn Swallows, in the evening, the pantomime given at Wood, on Halloween, was repeated.

Also some of the landmarks of Wellesley appeared for the first time on the stage.

Cumean Sibyl	Miss Carlisle, 1902.
Diana	Miss Tewksbury, '99.
The Niobe Group	Miss Gregory, 1902. Miss Forbes, 1902.
The Backwoodsman	Miss Hoffman, 1901.
Polyhymnia	Miss Skinner, '99.
Elaine	Miss Fernald, 1901.
Harriet Martineau	Dr. Fairbanks.

Nov. 20.—The Rev. Floyd Tomkins, of Providence, preached at chapel in the morning. Miss Dudley, of Denison House, spoke in the evening on college settlement work.

Nov. 23.—At 12.30 Thanksgiving recess began.

Nov. 25.—At 1.30 academic work was resumed.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

December 3.—Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, is to speak in the afternoon.

December 4.—The Rev. J. W. Churchill is to preach in the chapel.

December 8.—Mr. John R. Mott is to speak in the chapel in the evening.

December 11.—The Rev. Nathan E. Wood, D.D., is to preach in the morning. At 7 P. M. vesper service.

December 15.—Christmas recess begins.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A programme meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held November 12. The subject for the evening was, "The Revolutionary Period of New England Literature." The programme was as follows:—

1. Beginnings of Journalism . . . Miss Booth.
2. Revolutionary Songs and Ballads . Miss Tewksbury.
3. Early Political Writers . . . Miss Byington.
4. Experiments in Novel Writing . . Miss Read.
5. Dramatics: "The Contract," by Roger Tyler.
   - Prologue . . . . . Mary Oliphant.
   - Charlotte . . . . . Alice Childs.
   - Letitia . . . . . Wilhelmine Bayless.

The Agora held its regular meeting Wednesday evening, November 2. The following programme was given:—

Impromptu Speeches.

- The Latest Developments in the Dreyfus Case . . . . . Lucy Wright.
- The Fashoda Incident . . . . Clara Brown.
- The Peace Commission . . . . Elizabeth Towle.

The general subject for the evening was a study of the governments of France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, in comparison with our own Government. Papers were given on,—

- The United States . . . . . Florence Loop.
- France . . . . . Anna Cross.
- Germany . . . . . Mary Lauderbach.
- Italy . . . . . Edith Moore.
- Russia . . . . . Clara Woodbury.

At a meeting of Tau Zeta Epsilon, held on Wednesday evening, October 26, Miss Jackson gave an introductory talk on the Pre-Raphaelite movement in art.

A regular meeting of Society Tau Zeta Epsilon was held on Saturday evening, November 19. The programme was as follows:—

- Art Development in England before 1848 . . Miss Wood.
- The Italian Pre-Raphaelites . . . . . Miss Cobb.
- Music . . . . . Miss Elliot. Miss Hubbs. Miss Reynolds.

The Rise of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood . Miss Phillips.
Current Topics . . . . . Miss Cameron.

Mrs. Alice Norcross Gross, '95, Miss Warrene Piper, '97, and Miss Amy Boutelle, '97, were present at the meeting.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Shakespeare House, October 29. The following programme was presented:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . Anna Blackmer.
II. Paper: The Shrew in Older Comedy . . Mary Gilson.
III. Dramatic Representation, "Taming of the Shrew." Act III. Scene 1.
Lurentio . . . . . Sue Hall.
Hortensio . . . . . Corinne Wagner.
Bianca . . . . . Flora Skinner.
Servant . . . . . Ethel Burnette.
IV. Paper: The New Woman Question in Shakespeare . . . . Hilda Meisenbach.
V. Dramatic Representation. Act III. Scene 4.
Petruchio . . . . . Joanna Oliver.
Katherine . . . . . Alice Knox.
Grumio . . . . . Mary Pringle.
Hortensio . . . . . Corinne Wagner.
Tailor . . . . . Louise Williams.
Haberdasher . . . . . Ethel Burnette.

Mrs. Rotheray, Miss Morrill, Miss Bigelow, Miss Wellman, and Miss Cheney were present at the meeting.

The regular monthly programme meeting of the Society Alpha Kappa Chi was held in Elocution Hall, Saturday evening, November 12. Dr. Walton gave a short talk on Mycenæ.

At a meeting of Phi Sigma, held November 2, the following programme was presented:—

STUDY OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

Malory and Tennyson.

I.	Relation of the Holy Grail to the rest of the Arthurian Romance in Malory	Miss Pierce.
II.	Story of Percivale as Treated by Malory	Miss Whiting.
III.	Story of Sir Galahad in Malory	Miss Halsey.
IV.	Music	Miss Seipp.
V.	Story of Sir Lancelot in Malory	Miss Sperry.
VI.	Comparison of Malory's Treatment with Tennyson's	Miss Tibbals.
VII.	Reading of Rebound	Miss Shaw.

At this meeting Miss Corinne Abercrombie, 1900, and Miss Grace Dickerman, 1901, were initiated into the Society.

Among the alumnæ members present were Miss Dewson, '97, Miss Dalzell, '98, and Miss Ely, '98.

At a meeting of Phi Sigma, held November 19, the following programme was presented:—

HOLY GRAIL IN GERMANY.

I.	Wolfram von Eschenbach's Story of "Parsifal"	Miss Vogel.
II.	Critique of W.'s "Parsifal"	Miss Seipp.
III.	Music	Miss Ely.
IV.	Treatment of the Holy Grail in Wagner	Miss Rockwell.
V.	Music	Miss Nunnemacher.
VI.	Reading of the Rebound	Miss Shaw.

INTER-SOCIETY RULES, 1898–99.

A. Invitations.

I. All invitations sent at the end of the year shall be sent on the morning of Alumnæ Day. During the year invitations shall be sent only on the first day of each month.

II. All invitations shall be written, and sent through the mail.

III. All invitations shall be withheld from conditioned students until their conditions be removed. This rule shall be carried into effect so far as possible in regard to the June examinations. Exceptions may be made to this rule by a committee of society presidents.

IV. Until students have replied to their invitations the exclusive right of communicating with them in regard to society matters shall be reserved to the president of the society.

V. No student shall be invited to join any society until she has been in college one semester. No freshman shall be invited to join any society until she has been in college two semesters.

B. There shall be no pledging of girls not in societies.

C. I. No change shall be made in these rules without the consent of all the societies.

II. All inter-society business not provided for in these rules shall be decided by the consent of all the societies.

D. These rules shall go into effect when adopted by all the societies, and shall continue in effect until Oct. 31, 1899.

Resolved, That these rules be printed in THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE as soon as adopted.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Through the instrumentality of Mrs. Sara Coolidge Brooks, '85, a College Women's Club has lately been formed in Colorado Springs. Mrs. Mary Gilman Ahlers, '88, is president of the club, and Mrs. Brooks is chairman of the executive committee.

Mrs. Retta Winslow Wetherbee, '88, and her husband spent the summer cycling through England, Belgium, and Holland.

Harriet Stone, '89, is teaching in Miss Cairn's school in St. Louis, Mo.

Evangeline Hathaway, '90, has been obliged by ill health to give up teaching, and is now in the Jackson Sanitarium, Dansville, N. Y.

Frances Lance, '92, is teaching in one of the New York high schools. Her address is 311 East 150th Street, New York City.

Minnie Alice Shepherd, '93, is teaching in Leland University, New Orleans, La.

Marion S. Mitchell, '94, expects to spend the winter studying in Paris. Address: Care Brown, Shipley & Co., Bankers, London, England.

Louise Cook, '94, is teaching science in the Misses Bodman's school, Brooklyn, N. Y.

On November 19, Lilian Brandt, Mary Grace Caldwell, and Helen M. Kelsey, '95, were "at home" to the other members of their class. The guests were invited in to meet President Irvine, who has lately become the honorary member of '95.

The address of Mrs. Mary Adams Baker, '95, is 360 West 32d Street, New York City.

Susie E. Goddard, '95, is in the office of the *Youth's Companion*, in Boston.

Frances Hildreth, '95, is teaching in Amherst, Mass.

Agnes L. Bacon, '97, is teaching in Miss Cairn's school, in St. Louis, Mo.

Geneva Crumb, '97, is at home in St. Louis, Mo.

Adelaide Virginia Schoonover, '98, has accepted the position of private secretary to Mr. John G. Nicolay, of Washington.

Caroline L. Howell is tutoring in Newark, N. J.

The regular fall meeting of the Boston Wellesley College Club was held Saturday, Nov. 12, in the form of a reception to the newly appointed instructors and professors at the College. The reception was to have been given at Cambridge, in acceptance of Mrs. Palmer's generous invitation, but owing to her illness it was held at the Grundmann Studios, Boston.

Professor Alphonse von Daell, Mr. Joseph Hoppin, and Professor Mary Whiton Calkins, guests of the club, made brief addresses; and Miss Helen Damon, '98, and members of the Mandolin Club furnished music for the occasion. Professor Palmer, also, was able to be present to bring greeting and good tidings from Mrs. Palmer, and thus add the one item needed for the afternoon's pleasure.

DENISON HOUSE NOTES.

The most important event at Denison House this autumn,—and it is very important,—is the opening of the new reading room. Last spring, as some of the Wellesley students may remember, the Denison House Dramatic Club, composed of boys from sixteen to twenty years of age, gave the play of "Julius Cæsar" at Union Hall in Boston. The boys had long been asking for a room in which they could meet every evening, but Denison House, with its many activities, could not afford to allow one club to monopolize a room seven nights in the week, and, at the same time, it could not afford to give up those boys. "Julius Cæsar" gave the boys their opportunity, and they embraced it. The proceeds of the play were given to the House, to be held as a nucleus for a reading-room fund. The House, after such a hint, could do no less than co-operate with the club, and inquiries were being made concerning rooms in the neighborhood, when a friend of the settlement opportunely bought No. 95 Tyler Street, and agreed to put it in thorough repair, take down the partition between the two large rooms on the first floor, and rent the first floor and the basement to Denison House. By the time these notes go to press the reading room will be furnished and occupied.

Two of the club boys, who are painters by trade, have painted the room: the walls are a clear yellow, and the woodwork is olive green. Another club member, who is a carpenter, has made the book shelves, and the other boys have stood around and admired their more talented friends. The "Ellis Memorial," which formerly had a reading room on Harrison Avenue, has kindly loaned the settlement the tables and chairs from that room. Behind the long room there is a small one, which will probably be fitted up for checkers, whist, and other quiet games. The basement is to be used for cooking classes; and Denison House is at present very busy trying to raise money to carry on these new undertakings. Subscriptions to magazines, newspapers, and other periodicals will be most welcome. The reading room will be used by the men and boys during the evenings; but in the afternoon some of the larger children's clubs will meet there, notably a new drawing club for little girls, which will be taught by Miss Smith, of the Wellesley Art Department.

The Denison House college extension classes are larger this year than ever before. Miss Amy Ely, Wellesley, '98, has a class in modern English poets; Miss Drury, Radcliffe, '98, who is teaching at Dana Hall, has a class in English; Miss Converse, Wellesley, '93, has another English class. Arithmetic is taught by Miss Card, a student at the North Bennett Street Industrial School; history of art by Miss Drew, who has other art classes in Cambridge. Mrs. Loring has taken the travel class. An elocution class is reading "As You Like It," with Miss Hanley, a student in Boston University; and Miss Anthony, who is studying at the Posse gymnasium, has taken a class in physical culture on Saturday evenings. Embroidery and cooking are not regarded by Denison House as belonging to the college extension work, but they are, nevertheless, very popular electives. There are five cooking classes,—two for children and three for women. Manual training is being introduced more and more into the children's clubs. Last year there were clubs for leather work, clay modelling, and drawing, and this year the drawing clubs have increased, and two sloyd whittling clubs, taught by students from the North Bennett Street Industrial School, have been added to the club list.

The House is already looking toward its Christmas parties, and suggestions for Christmas plays will be gladly received.

MARRIAGES.

De Bolt–Moderwell.—In Chicago, Ill., Nov. 29, 1898, Miss Mary Watson Moderwell, '90, to Mr. George W. De Bolt.

Wetherbee–Winslow.—At Chelsea, Mass., June 28, 1898, Miss Retta Winslow, '88, to Mr. Charles G. Wetherbee. Address: 36 Dickerman Road, Newton Highlands.

BIRTHS.

At Newton Centre, Mass., October 16, a son, Arthur Foster, to Alice Jones Shedd, '93.

At Ticonderoga, N. Y., May 7, 1898, a son, Weston Stuart, to Mrs. Frances Stuart De Mott, formerly '94.

At New Haven, Conn., Oct. 27, 1898, a son to Mrs. Margaret Alden North, formerly '98.

DEATHS.

In Dorchester, N. H., Oct. 31, 1898, William Humphrey Park, aged ten months, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Dodge Park, formerly '79.

THE SOROSIS FACTORY.

One of the most interesting exhibits in the Fair is to be seen in Exhibition Hall. It is illustrative of the factory work employed in the construction of that latest wonder of the shoemaker's art, the Sorosis—the new shoe for women. What first impresses the visitor is the appearance, in the center of the exhibit, of a dozen or so shoemakers seated on benches, busily engaged in sewing welts on to lasted shoes; and the older visitor—remembering the early days of shoemaking, when lasting, soleing, heeling, and finishing were done by two or three men—is inclined to jump at the conclusion that here is a return to old methods. But inquiry and observation soon convince him that it is not, but rather an advance on the latest developments in machine work. Ranged around the outer sides of the exhibit are to be seen the cutters of the shoe patterns, young ladies engaged in the various processes of completing the uppers ready for the lasters, the lasters at their work, the men at work on the benches, the bottomers, and finally the sole and heel trimmers, and finishers and packers. Hand work seems to enter largely into the building of the Sorosis shoe, and it would seem to an outsider that this was a disadvantage, at least in the matter of economical production, but when the reason is given a new light will break upon the mind of the inquirer.

There is nothing more unsatisfactory to the observer than to see the shapely foot of a woman encased in an ill-fitting shoe. How much more oppressive and distressing, therefore, must it be to the wearer to have to wear such a shoe—that bags at one place and pinches at another. No machinery can be made to equal the manipulations of the hand in fitting the leather to the last, when, of course, the last is properly made—that is, when it is a perfect reproduction of the human foot. In the production of the lasts used in the construction of the Sorosis shoes, we are told, every form of foot has been studied and reproduced, so that all forms of footwear are thus produced, and, by making a close fit on these lasts, any foot, large or small, is made to look well. In fact, what has been achieved by the artist or artists who designed this shoe is what may be termed a "glove fit," and yet have the shoe perfectly comfortable to the wearer. That this has been done in the Sorosis shoe is evident on inspection of the shoe itself in its finished state just from the hands of its builders, as well as observation of it on the feet of women. It is neatness and symmetry itself—"a thing of beauty," and it will no doubt prove "a joy forever."

The materials entering into the Sorosis shoe are of the finest and best quality, and, as we have seen, are put together strongly and substantially, so that it must outwear even the higher-priced and more pretentious high-grade shoes on the market. One is surprised when informed that the Sorosis shoe costs only $3.50 a pair; but when it is considered that "concentration of effort on one thing by competent persons," with an unalterable determination to produce only superior goods, with the whole world as a market in consequence, we cease to wonder, and yet we still wonder.

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EDITOR IN CHIEF.
GRACE LOUISE COOK, '99.

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AN INTRODUCTION TO WAGNER.

You have all heard the assertion that Wagner's creations mark a new era in the development of musical drama, but you may not all be aware of the fact that Wagner has also given a new impetus to the æsthetics of music through his own æsthetical essays; that he is not only a musician and a poet, but also a philosopher—a man who speaks to us in and through the spontaneous creations of his genius, and then puts down in the language and form of science what he saw and felt while creating. This does not mean, as has often been asserted, that Wagner's works are the results of

reflection rather than inspiration—in that case his genius would be cheap indeed—but that he is a poet-philosopher, a genuine German genius, a spiritual brother of Lessing, Schiller, even of Goethe, who all possessed this combination of inspiration and reflection, of the creative and analytic faculties.

I mention this philosophical side of Wagner at the outset, because it is this side of him, his being the interpreter of his own ideas represented in his theoretical writings, which aids in the comprehension of his genius more than anything else could. It is through Wagner the æsthetician that you are led up to Wagner the artist, if you need to be led at all.

Wagner, therefore, is not a naïve genius, and his creations, so permeated with thought, cannot be enjoyed naïvely at the outset. What Wagner says about the Germans—that they do not merely want to feel the music, but want to think it, too—is particularly true in regard to his own music.

You cannot take Wagner's creations like a warm bath—passively; but, in order to get the fullest enjoyment out of them, you must let your mind and soul take an active part in them. It is this appeal in Wagner's art to the whole of human nature that makes him such an uncomfortable musician for those people to whom the opera means a series of pleasant sensations. Woe to us if we go to Wagner's operas with the expectation of finding the same easily gotten pleasure in them that we get from the graceful but too easily digested Italian operas.

Wagner's musical drama and the Italian opera—what a contrast! Wagner, speaking in his earlier essays of this natural enemy of his art, which is so German to its very core, calls the Italian operas "Concerts in costumes, loosely connected *arias*, to which the orchestra, like one gigantic guitar, furnishes the accompaniment." It is against the Italian and French operas of Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Verdi, etc., and especially against their influence on German music, that Wagner wages a fierce war. He recognizes their *raison d'etre*, and pardons their existence in the nations out of which they have grown, but valiantly fights them on German soil. In a truly herculean way he not only devotes his whole life to the clearing of the Augean stable of German musical drama from Italian influences, but he purifies and ennobles it by creating an opera which is

characteristically German, as the French and Italian operas are characteristic expressions of the genius of those nations among which they have developed.

Wagner here represents the rebellion of the Teuton spirit against that of the Latin nations, a rebellion in which the Germans have to indulge from time to time in order to break loose from the yoke of the fair but dangerous strangers. Witness here one of the many contradictions in our national make-up. You will see the Germans again and again give themselves up with quite a lover-like abandonment to the influence of foreign nations, especially of the French. Like Hercules at the spinning wheel of Omphale, the German genius will at times almost destroy the Teuton in himself in trying, with the fervor of self-forgetful devotion, to learn the art of his beloved, *i. e.*, her gentle ways of harmony, her grace, and perfect form. But after such a time of hopeless wooing, suddenly the old independent and individualistic barbarian will rise in him again, and the deeper has been his admiration and devotion for the beautiful foreigner, the more passionate and fierce will now be his self-assertion and declaration of independence. Not beauty, pure beauty, will now be his aim, but "strength before beauty," his watchword. Wagner himself, in one of his earlier operas, *i. e.*, in the "Love-Veto," had turned his back on his ideals, Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber, and fallen into imitating the prevailing French and Italian styles of music, a sin for which he was sorry ever afterwards.

Wagner's dislike of this foreign style of opera, and his longing to create a national musical drama for the Germans, which would deserve the name of a drama, grew most intense during his stay in Paris, from 1839 to 1842. He had gone there when he was twenty-six years old, accompanied, as he humorously tells us, by his young wife and a big Newfoundland dog, with no money in his pockets, a half-completed opera ("Rienzi") in his trunk, and another one ("The Flying Dutchman") in his head. Here in Paris, while suffering the most terrible disappointments, and such abject poverty that he narrowly escaped death from starvation, he firmly resolved never to stray from the path of his national musical instincts again. It is said that the more hunger he suffered, the more fervently he repeated his creed, "I believe in God, Beethoven, and Mozart."

The thought of Wagner in Paris, bent, even in time of greatest distress, on following his own unpopular genius, rather than getting his bread and butter by catering to the popular taste, has always been a most refreshing one to me, because for Wagner, the "Sybarite,"—as he has often been called by his enemies,—the man with richest sensuousness and keenest appreciation of the good things in life, this idealism speaks higher than it would for a Beethoven or a Mozart.

All he created from this time on bears the stamp of German genius, in its oaklike gnarled growth, and comes nearer and nearer to representing what Wagner later on called the "art work of the future," a musical drama in which there is a complete union of action, text, music, scenery, etc., in every measure,—a union so organic that the parts are absolutely inseparable. This "art work of the future" did, by no means, spring out of the Zeitgeist, as Athena did out of the head of Zeus, fully developed, armed, and victorious, but had long been in the artistic consciousness of civilized humanity.

After the degeneration of the lyric drama of the Greeks, the earliest precursor of the "art work of the future," the Florentine school of musicians of the sixteenth century, inspired by the Greek drama, conceived the purpose of music to be to heighten the expressiveness of poetry, and held the play to be of the first importance. In the eighteenth century Gluck in his operas, especially in his "Iphigenie," had preached the same thing, and Weber, in our century, had tried to break the absolute sway of the music over the drama.

But to realize all these ideals fully and with irresistible force, the world needed a man possessing the wonderful versatility of Wagner's genius, the union of all arts made flesh in one man, the consequent consciousness in this man of a power which could move mountains, and joined to all this the aggressive temperament of the reformer, which Wagner possessed in no small degree, but which never, wonderful as it may seem, interfered with the artistic excellence of his productions.

Wagner's great achievement in the reform of music, then, was that he organically united again in art what for centuries had been separated, *i. e.*, to put it in simplest form, music and poetry. The longing for this reunion of the sister arts had not only been felt by the musicians before mentioned,

but had also found expression long before Wagner was born, through the mouths of our great German writers: Schiller, for instance, and Lessing, Herder, Wieland, and Jean Paul.

Heinrich Finck, a German-American, one of the latest biographers of Wagner, whose well-balanced, interesting, and spirited representation of Wagner's life and works I strongly recommend you to read (published by Stechert, New York)—Finck calls attention to the singular fact that in 1813, the very year in which Wagner was born, and at Bayreuth, the very place where later was the focus of the old-new art, Jean Paul wrote the following: "Up to this time Apollo always has dealt out the art of poetry with his right hand and the art of music with his left, to two men so far apart, that up to this hour we are still waiting for the man of genius who shall be both the composer and the poet of a true opera."

And as early as 1775 Wieland, in speaking of Gluck, Wagner's forerunner, writes, "He has shown us what music could do if in these our days there should be somewhere in Europe an Athens, and in this Athens a Pericles, who should do for the opera what Pericles did for the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides." So Finck remarks, "You need only say Bayreuth for Athens, and Ludwig II., of Bavaria, for Pericles, and you have here again a case of clear anticipation of future historical development."

Hearing these prophetic voices, and knowing that Wagner's art work is the flower of centuries of slow organic growth, it must astonish us the more that he raised such fierce opposition, an opposition that is almost unprecedented in its bitterness and violence. He spent nearly forty years of his life in seemingly hopeless struggle against a whole army of musical critics and composers, while the fighters on his side were a select few, like Liszt, Bülow, Franz. But all the venomous attacks, all the sneer and ridicule freely bestowed on him from every side, all the poverty and misery falling to his lot up to his fiftieth year, only made him stand his ground more firmly, until gradually the darkness vanished and the light of his new-old art touched and warmed the sensibilities, the hearts and brains of his fellow-men.

As I said before, a man just like Wagner was needed for the creation of his ideal art-work, a man who, universally gifted as he was, possessed the creative faculty for all the branches of this art-work. Wagner, the artist,

was a poet, a musician, a painter, an actor. A short glimpse into the boyhood of this most versatile of all geniuses will, perhaps, be of interest.

It was the poet in him who spoke first. At the age of eleven he wrote an ode on the death of one of his schoolfellows, and seeing this production printed, and hearing it praised, made up his mind to become a great poet. He translated twelve books of the Odyssey as preparation for this career, and then made sketches of great tragedies to be written after the model of his great hero, Shakespeare. Before he was sixteen he spent two years in concocting a tragedy which was a medley of "Hamlet" and "King Lear," and was gigantic in the extreme. Forty-two people died on the stage before the last act had begun, so that the poet, finding himself short of characters for the completion of this act, had to recall several of his dead heroes as ghosts.

The musician in him began to develop at about the same time, as a result of his admiration for Beethoven, his musical hero. He heard Beethoven's overture for Goethe's "Egmont," and forthwith resolved to outdo Beethoven by writing an overture for his own bloody drama. He had had music lessons when he was quite a young boy, but his teachers had given him up in despair as entirely lacking in talent. When now, at the age of sixteen, he conceived the plan of composing a fearful and wonderful overture for his drama of like character, he thought it would probably do him no harm if, for this purpose, he should study up some principles of thorough bass, and he, therefore, for one whole week, studied a book on this science. Provoked, and, at the same time, fascinated, by the unexpected difficulties meeting him, he at once decided to be a musician, and immediately began to compose. Among other things, he wrote an overture for full orchestra, which, owing probably to the connection of Wagner's family with the stage, was actually played by the fine orchestra of the Leipzig Theatre. Here is Wagner's own description of this culminating point of his nonsensicalness, as he calls it: "In order to make the score more intelligible to those who should want to study it, I chose three different kinds of ink for its notation: red for the 'strings,' green for the 'wood-winds,' and black for the 'brass.'" And then he goes on: "Beethoven's 'Ninth Symphony' was a mere shadow compared with this marvelously constructed overture. Its performance was mainly prejudiced by a fortissimo thud on the drum recurring through-

out the whole overture at regular intervals of four bars, which original and unique device made the audience gradually pass from their initial amazement at the obstinacy of the drum-beater into undisguised discomfort, and finally into a mirthful mood, which much alarmed me."

Here you have the future Wagner in a nutshell. His impatience with the little obstacles that prevented him from soaring at once to the tops of his ideal mountains, his valor in wrestling with great difficulties, his titanic ambition and consciousness of his own power which made him want to shake hands at once with Shakespeare and Beethoven, the greatest of great ones.

Does not this trait of his, the aspiring after everything that is very big and very great, and his disdain of little things, specially endear him to you? I think that in more than one way Wagner is a good deal of an American in his make-up.

After giving you this little sketch of the boy poet and the boy musician, I must proceed at once to his important compositions. It is noteworthy that from the very first Wagner wrote his own texts for his operas. In 1833, at the age of twenty, he wrote his first opera, "The Fairies," which has no artistic value, because it is a hash—or, as we say, a *ragout*—of Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber, with very little of the future Wagner sprinkled in.

In 1834 he composed his "Prohibition of Love," which, later on, so troubled the conscience of the Teuton in Wagner because of its being fashioned after the Italian opera. His next opera, the one with which he intended to take Paris by storm, is "Rienzi," which some of you may know, as it is still produced on the stage from time to time, from Bulwer's novel, and it already bears the stamp of Wagner's great dramatic genius. The music is so inferior to his later operas that Wagner—who always was his own sternest critic—did not hesitate, in after years, to pass a most severe judgment on this opera.

With the "Flying Dutchman,"—which was conceived in 1839, during the long and stormy voyage to France, on a sailing vessel,—we come to a new stage in the development of Wagner's genius. This is the first opera in which the music and the text were created simultaneously, the one limiting, conditioning, suggesting the other, so that a higher ideal union of the two was reached. Here, for the first time, too, Wagner takes his subject from

legendary lore, which henceforth furnishes the material for all his operas. Wagner heard the legend of the "Flying Dutchman" from the sailors on board the ship; and, in his active imagination, the lugubrious subject immediately blended with the music and the atmosphere of the northern ocean—the roaring and howling of the storm, the weirdness of the fog horn—and with the melancholy songs of the sailors.

After the representation of an opera like this, in which none of the sacred operatic traditions were observed, the critics began their attacks on Wagner, which they kept up for half a century with an animosity which, as I said before, is almost unprecedented. I wonder if one reason for this was that Wagner was not as meek and patient as other geniuses have been, but struck back when he was beaten.

The next opera we have to consider is "Tannhäuser," composed in 1845, which treats the legend of the minstrel-knight, who is lured by Venus into her realm of sensual love, and sinning, can find redemption only through the prayers and atoning sufferings of a pure and holy maiden—Elizabeth. Sensual and spiritual love is the theme of this opera, into which Wagner has poured all the elemental, consuming passion of his own nature, and his struggle out of the dark regions of passion into the serene realm of peace, beauty, and holy love,—the realm of the Holy Grail, which, later, he touches in "Lohengrin," and, still later, attains in "Parsifal."

In the evolution of Wagner's style "Tannhäuser" again takes us nearer to—most characteristically—Wagnerian works. In analyzing the "Tannhäuser" music we find a certain set of melodies which accompany certain persons, situations, or dramatic moods. The melodies are repeated whenever the same persons, situations, or moods appear again, and also whenever they are to be recalled to our mind.

These melodies are Wagner's celebrated *Leitmotive*, leading motives, principal phrases, as they have been called, not by Wagner himself, but by his interpreters. And they form the backbone of all the operas Wagner created after producing his twins, "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin." Somebody has found that there are thirty-three such melodic phrases of persons, passions, and principles concerned in the play.

Still, "Tannhäuser" is not a typical musical drama. Why not? Because this work does not yet fully realize what Wagner conceived to be the

ideal of a musical drama, *i. e.*, a fusion of music, action, thought, sceneries, into one living organism, whose several parts do not bear separation. This ideal is reached in "Tristan and Isolde," p. e., and this is the reason why you so seldom hear parts of it played at concerts. "Tannhäuser," however, bears the separation from the stage quite well, and selections from it like the march, Wolfram's song to the evening star, etc., one can enjoy even if one does not know the contents of the drama. But although "Tannhäuser" is not a musical drama in the strictest sense, it is decidedly a drama and not a "concert in costume" *à la* Italian opera. What importance Wagner put on the fact that his opera was above all a true drama is shown by the directions he gives, in a very interesting essay of his, on the way it ought to be put on the stage. He insists on having the text studied like a regular drama, and requests of the singers that, before taking up the music of the opera, they should act the drama without the music. He demands of the singers that they should above all be good actors; and rejects as entirely useless for the representation of the dramatic parts in his operas people who are only endowed with well-trained and well-sounding vocal chords.

Leaving "Tannhäuser," this "great musical sin," this "opera without song," this "bedlam of yelling noise," as the enlightened critics and Philistines have called it, and passing over "Lohengrin," finished in 1847, we come to those operas which represent Wagner's third and last style. These are "Tristan and Isolde," finished in 1859; the "Ring," his great trilogy, begun in 1852 and completed in 1876; the "Meistersinger," finished in 1867, and "Parsifal," concluded in 1879, three years before Wagner's death.

These operas represent Wagner's ideal of a musical drama, because each is so intimately bound together in all its parts that nothing, not even one measure, could be taken away without disfiguring the whole,—just as you could not take away a pillar out of a Greek temple without injuring or destroying its beauty. And—to keep to the figure a little longer, which, by the way, is not mine but Finck's—just as one single capital of a pillar suffices to make us recognize the style of architecture of that temple, so every measure of these operas is characteristic of the whole.

Their backbone, as I said before, is the *Leitmotive* in their characterizing, accompanying, recalling, and sometimes prophetic function, varying in

key, modulation, and timbre to suit the changing flux of the life or feeling they represent. I shall not even try to touch upon these great works of art, because any attempt to approach them in the short space I have at my disposal would, of necessity, be futile. We shall, moreover, study these operas in our meetings this year.

Before closing I want to say just a few words about Wagner's ideal regarding the relation of his art-work to the public, and regarding, too, its representation on the stage.

In regard to the relation of the stage to the public, Wagner says in his essay on the "Music of the Future": "History furnished me with a typical model for the ideal relation I had conceived between the stage and the public. I found this in the theatre of ancient Athens; there, where the theatre only opened its doors on special and hallowed festivals; where there was united with the enjoyment of art a religious celebration, in which the most distinguished men of the state took part as poets and actors, appearing, like priests, before the assembled populace of the city and country, a populace which was so imbued with high anticipations of the dignity of the work to be performed, that an Æschylus and a Sophocles could bring the most sublime of all poetic creations before the people, certain of their full understanding of it."

In order to bring about similar conditions in Germany Wagner urged the foundation of a theatre which, removed from the degenerated prevalent types of the stage, should be a national art institution, destined to contribute, as Wagner says, to the elevation of the national morality in its highest sense. Thanks to Wagner's own untiring efforts, and to the fervent devotion of his rapidly increasing disciples, this apparently Utopian art institution was soon to be realized. In 1876 the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth for the first time opened its gates to a throng of people coming from all parts of the globe to witness the first model representation of Wagner's great "Ring des Nibelungen."

It was on this occasion that Wagner, in an address to his friends and patrons, gave expression to his gratitude, to his high ideals, and also to his fond hopes for the future of his art. Now, fifteen years after his death, we know that these hopes have been fulfilled,—yes, even surpassed, in spite of the ridicule heaped upon Wagner for what he said in this address, of which,

in conclusion, I shall quote a few lines: "In you, friends and patrons, I recognize the foundations on which shall rest the whole edifice of our noblest hopes for Germany. If this is merely a provisional structure, it is so only in the sense in which the whole outward form of German life for centuries has been provisional. But it is characteristic of the German spirit to build from within. The eternal God dwells within it long before he builds himself a temple of his glory. May this our temple of art be blessed by the spirit which led you to follow my call and gave you courage to trust in me, in spite of all ridicule; blessed by the spirit which could speak to you through me, because it could hope to find itself in your hearts; also blessed by the German spirit, which calls to you across the centuries with that morning song of his that is ever young."

MARGARETHE MÜLLER.

THE DAY OF HIS DESIRE.

IT happened while I was visiting my brother, shortly after my accident. I had hesitated long before accepting his invitation to spend the winter there. It was then thought that, hardly over thirty as I was, I should always be an invalid. I dreaded to force my helplessness upon him.

Remembering, too, how devoted he and Emilie were to each other, and fearing to intrude there as well, I sent back a letter of refusal that was hard indeed to write. But when, finding letters useless, they made the day's journey together to persuade me, and when Emilie, always my favorite niece, put her arms about me with such a pretty beseeching on her face, I could not again find a no for their urging and my own longing to find myself among my own people once more.

It was such a happy atmosphere to live in, small as the home circle was. It had been a family of two since the death of my brother's wife in Emilie's early childhood; and Emilie was then of age. There was almost a third member in it now, however, Louis Ford,—the son of an old college friend, now some years dead,—whom my brother had welcomed for his father's sake, and loved for his own. Louis was in a successful business in the same city, and, although he did not actually live with them, spent every Sunday and one mid-week evening there.

I had been but a short time in my brother's home when I saw, what was natural enough, and perhaps hardly too much to expect, that it was the wish of my brother's heart that the two who were dearest in the world to him should be also dearest to each other. It was clear, too, that the hope of winning Emilie's love was the young man's life to him.

With Emilie herself, however, there seemed to be not the smallest inclination that way. She was the kindest of friends to him; other than warm-hearted I never knew her to be. But demonstrative as she by nature was, she kept between Louis and herself a certain distance that bespoke the only trace of haughtiness I ever saw in her.

I do not think that, fast friends as they were, my brother and Louis ever spoke to each other of this great common desire of theirs. Yet I do know there existed constantly between them a finely alert sub-consciousness in the matter. Both were patient, realizing, as they might have failed to, that no other course was rightly open to them. Both seemed to have the feeling that not Emilie herself, but destiny was at fault. This never lessened their tenderness toward Emilie,—an attitude which, in a marked degree, always actuated their treatment of her.

This prospect of disappointment, which, perhaps, he kept too constantly before him, was just the thing to wear at times upon my brother, busy man as he was, and force him into magnifying its real importance. He had become the leading surgeon of the city where he lived. Few physicians, even, I believe, have been as much respected for their skill or loved for their tenderness as he. In addition, or, rather, in connection with, his profession, he had taken up another branch of study with which, I think, no one but Emilie and myself knew him to be conversant,—that of astrology. With his love of the scientific exactness which he believed he found there, and of problematic investigation, the science quickly grew to have a strong fascination for him. He has more than once told me that he believed he owed the lives of many of his patients to his ability on account of this knowledge more correctly to diagnose their cases.

He never tampered with this acquirement. Except in one case, he did not use it save for professional purposes. It was this one exception which occasioned what I have to tell.

In regard to what occurred, I feel hardly able, even after the years

which have elapsed, to judge my brother's course of action. I merely state the events as they took place,—events that, vital as they were, fell within a single day's space.

. . . . . .

It was a dull October day, with a few early snowflakes in the air. Inside, in my upstairs sitting-room, an open fire was burning bright, snapping flashes. I was in more than usual pain that day, and the time moved slowly. Emilie was out for the day.

Looking down from my window, toward lunch time, I saw my brother coming up the slope of the drive. He walked wearily, I thought, as I remembered the unusually high pressure which, for the last week, he had professionally undergone. He had seemed that morning as near to being nervously despondent as I had ever known him.

A moment later came his step on the stairs, and then, with a knock at the door, he entered. He was trying, I saw, to be cheery. But in a moment he broke out, "Esther, I must do it. I can't stand by and see Emilie allow herself to grow apart from Louis, whom I firmly believe to be the only one for the dear girl. What is power and understanding of the future given me for? To waste, to neglect, while others die physically and spiritually? God forbid. The one thing that I can do for them I must. I cannot be idle."

"What do you mean?" I asked. But I understood his meaning only too well, and shrank from it. It came as a shock to me, much as I believed in him and his judgment, that he should use his astrological knowledge other than professionally. There, I knew, his dealings with it had always been,—if dealing with such a thing at all could be so termed,—moderate. It was always with the greatest reverence that, when it seemed necessary, he read to its end the course of a man's life. But I had for some time dreaded its getting the upper hand of him.

I caught at his hand, and urged him not to do it, feeling at the same time that he was actuated by a belief in his own decision that made it final. At last I caught from his magnetism the feeling that, after all, this was the thing to be done, as, indeed, I think it proved to be.

Lunch was rung then, and he left me. When that was over, unusually soon, I noticed, I heard him go to his study and turn the key. Then all

was silent, and I sat alone at my window, while outside the snowflakes whirled and thickened, and struck into melting stars upon my window-sill.

When, late in the afternoon, Emilie returned, her father called her to the study door, and they talked long together there; the low-toned sound of their voices, with now and then long breaks of silence, rising indistinctly to my ears. Then she came slowly up the stairs and, what I never else knew her to do, went by my door without a word to me in passing.

The clock struck six. It was nearly time, for it was his day to dine and spend the evening. . . . A soft rustle was at my door, and Emilie, in a beautiful evening dress, entered. It was too dim in the changing firelight to see her face clearly, as she came and sank down weakly, I thought, beside me. With an instinct of silence, I put my arms about her, wondering.

"That's right, auntie," she said, after a moment, with an uncertain, stumbling note in her voice. "That is what I want. But don't say a word to me."

Then her head went down into my lap, and I held her until the blurred whiteness of her gown, and the soft shifting of the dim outlines of her form, as she moved a little now and then, fell into my consciousness like more than inanimate things. As I looked, I remembered that the dress was one that Louis had asked her, some weeks before, to wear for him. I recollected her turning off the question at the time, and that she had since then not once, until to-night, worn the dress when he was to see her.

There came a ring at the door,—Louis's particular ring. I think she had heard his footsteps a moment before, although I had not. She did not move until she heard his voice in the hall below. With that she rose. She took my hands in hers which were cold, but perfectly steady. "Kiss me, auntie," she said, and was gone.

I heard her hurrying lightly down the stairs. Half way down she paused suddenly for an instant, and then went on more slowly. I heard her with, I thought, something new and strange in it,—a sweeter note than before,—cry, "Louis! Louis!" Then a moment later her old musical laugh rang up to me, and I heard her chatting with him as their voices receded to the music room.

What did it mean? Emilie, the moment before, in some mysterious way, quite overwhelmed; Emilie greeting Louis with a thrill of emotion on

her lips that I had never heard there before, and now, with apparently all its old-time careless lightness, Emilie's laughter in my ears.

As the voices drifted up to me during dinner, I noticed that I heard my brother's and Emilie's far less than Louis's. His was full of buoyancy. There was a hearty ring of confidence in it, an undisguised happiness, that for weeks past it had altogether lacked. He had told me a short time before, what he had not otherwise spoken of, that he became at times almost hopeless of winning Emilie's love. He would not urge it in the smallest degree, he said. He knew it to be far beyond his worth. Nevertheless, he hoped, prayed, lived, for it. All this he told me manfully, and with no weak self-pity. To-night I felt confident this discouragement had gone. Had I not still felt upon me the mystery of Emilie's evident sorrow, I should have been filled with happiness at the thought.

After dinner my brother came up stairs. There was an expression upon his face before which my eyes fell. I had seen it before when he had returned from the dying, or from fatal accidents. But I had never seen it in like degree.

"I couldn't come before, Esther," he said. "And I must go now to my study for the evening. I have an important case before me. I have said good night to Louis. They two must be alone to-night," he added, half to himself.

I asked him nothing. I saw in a moment that he had found some dreadful thing in Louis's horoscope; that he had read the disappointment of his hopes in those secrets of the future. But how? And why this sudden change, Emilie? She knew, then, what it all meant.

In my bewilderment, a thought came to my mind which it shames to remember harboring even a moment,—the possibility of Louis's future unworthiness. I turned to my brother. He understood my look.

"No," he answered, "he has done nothing dishonorable, nothing unworthy of himself. Louis has done no wrong. Don't ask me more, Esther. I can't tell it again." Then he left me, but I knew in the main what he had read in Louis's future,—a message of death.

For perhaps two hours I heard nothing, although I knew that Louis and Emilie were in the music room below, from which the sound of voices usually reached me. Then I heard Louis's step on the stairs. He always

came to my upstairs sitting room to see me when I was not down to dinner. I had grown to be very fond of him, as, indeed, was everyone who knew him at all well.

He came in, his eyes aglow with a strong, wide light. In spite of all that was preying on my mind, I felt instantly almost myself again. I always drew strength and cheer from him.

"Little cousin," he said,—so he always called me,—"I have news for you,—news that I hardly dare believe myself. Emilie loves me,—she loves me," he said, and his eyes repeated it again.

My hands reached up to him, standing very tall above me.

"Tell me about it," I said.

He drew a chair near me.

"Is it not strange?" he said, "I was feeling very much discouraged when I came here to-night. I had such an unexpected surprise to-day, too," he added simply. "I was made junior partner in the firm. Well, it only seemed to make a darker contrast somehow. Everything was bright for the future, everything else coming my way,—all but Emilie. I suppose I have been impatient, blind, but I could not until to-night see that she loved me. Yet, from the moment I entered the house, I seemed to see it in her eyes, to hear it in her voice. I never meant even then to speak to her to-night. But,"—his breath caught abruptly,—"have you ever loved and kept it back?" he asked.

I shrank back. The question came so suddenly! So I kept silence, trying to be brave in the hardest pain I have ever had myself to bear,—the belief I was then forced to hold, that my accident had made it necessary for me to put my greatest love out of my life.

"She seemed sad to-night," he went on, his eyes glowing, but his voice lowered. "They say great love makes women sad. Is it so, little cousin? It does not me," he added, and took my hands again, with such a world of vitality in his grasp that my pain caught at it, and seemed for the moment to leave me entirely.

"I must go," he said. "Emilie is waiting for me. She said I must see you alone to-night. I cannot thank you for the understanding you have always offered me. It has kept me worthy of her."

He was gone, and once more I heard at the foot of the stairs, in Emilie's new, low voice, "Oh, Louis! Louis!"

I heard Louis go, an hour later, perhaps, and waited long after that for the nearing of Emilie's footsteps. But no sound came, and none from my brother's study.

I must have fallen asleep at length, weary of watching, for my last consciousness that night was of the gray dawn; my next, of a drift of morning sunlight. There had been a rapid change in the night. It was an Indian-summer day, warm and soft, contrasting sharply with the chill of the day before.

I had scarcely defined the sense of oppression which was upon me on awaking, when my brother came in,—his strong, quiet self again,—and told me, in words I have no clear memory of, that there had been an accident,—that Louis had lost his life.

"We knew it last night, Emilie and I, Esther," he said. "But we could not tell you. I hoped, too, I might be wrong. We were not able to avert it; we did not know what it would be. I went this morning to his office with him, and it happened in spite of me."

He turned from the room as Emilie entered,—the remoteness of suffering upon her. I held out my hands, utterly unable to speak. She smiled bravely.

"Yes, auntie," she said in a low voice; the voice I knew from the evening before. "But we found out in time,—in time for last night. Oh, Louis! Louis!"

. . . . . .

There is one thing which still remains a mystery to me,—a mystery into which I have hardly felt the right to question even to myself.

Did Emilie find that night for the first time, through the awakening shock of the knowledge of what was to come to her, that she really loved Louis,—had loved him, though unconsciously, long?

Or did she, in her longing to grant him, just for his last night, the happiness he so well deserved, misreading her own instincts, resolve in the stress of the moment, to offer him, for the sake of his love and his manliness, what indeed her heart had hitherto withheld from him, the gift of her love? I have not found the answer.

ISABELLA HOWE FISKE, '96.

A REDHEAD'S KINGDOM.

A small brook's quiet murmur tunes the place
To drowsy silence, where the wooded hill
Drops to the water's edge, and skirts the rill
Up to the dusty road. A sloping space
Between the daisies hold with laughing grace,
Tempting brown bees and butterflies to fill
Their honey sacs with dew, or overspill
Their store upon the clover's upturned face.
But hark! a voice above the rill's is heard,
Seen the quick flash of black and cloud-white wings,
A crimson flash, responding to the stream's;
Up with the breeze by which the vale is stirred
Come rapid knocks that echo backward flings,—
The noble redhead rules this vale of dreams.

K. W. T., '99.

THE SOWER.

When Millet went to Paris in 1837 art was definitely divided into the classical and romantic schools. But classic art was effete; romantic art was overstrung and histrionic. Millet, sound, balanced, and strong in his ideals, could identify himself neither with weak affectation nor with aggressive freedom. In Paris he suffered from physical and spiritual want. In 1849 he went to Barbizon. He had been hungry, and the struggle for bread did not cease. But here his work was always parallel with his ideal. In the Salon of 1850 "The Sower" was hung. It was prophetic. Millet was to be a realist,—the man who paints what is, what he sees. But this was a realist who saw directly, yet not poorly, to whom a field was not only earth and grain, but a field.

"The Sower" announced the real Millet. It was a reminiscence of Gruchy, his Norman home,—the reminiscence of a peasant. This was what he had lived. All his work was to be its realization and transcript. It is one of the finest expressions of his best style. But as the earliest in the

individual period of his genius, the painting bears a nearer relation to the work done in Paris. Pressure of want had forced him to observe the popular moods, and work in them. During this time Millet studied in the nude, and though he was led to give it up entirely, and at once, it served him well for his later work. He had been really successful and intelligent, though his greatest gift lay elsewhere. Working in the nude gave added vigor, dignity, and reality to all the figure work. Millet could paint the man within the body, and the body within the garment. As training, the time spent in Paris was valuable. But Millet recoiled suddenly from the trivialities he had been forced to busy himself with. "The Sower" hereby probably gained a peculiar advantage in expression. In a single impulse the artist's ideal was freed, and given one of its most complete incarnations.

A sower strides down the slope of a ploughed field. His body is swayed to the side to give force to the movement of the arm, thrown back as he flings out the seed. The sacking for the grain is slung from the left shoulder, caught apronwise, and held up by the hand. The whole figure is in the foreground. Day is fading. A flock of crows fly near the horizon at the upper end of the hillside. The lingering light falls on the lower land. There, in the background, a man is driving the oxen through the last furrow.

The lines of "The Sower" have less of detailed accuracy than one might at first look for. There is not one that is sharp or clean cut, though there is not one that lacks life and meaning. The day is departing; the outlines are softened from too great distinctness. Perhaps throughout his work Millet avoids this thinness in defining objects, whatever the light. It is far from blurring in effect, giving the suggestion of the entire enveloping atmosphere, the depth from the eye to the surface line, and the distance to the horizon. The intention is not vague, or the impression scattered.

Perspective is in this wise, also, attained through the quality of the line far more than through direction. The surface is defined, with light impinging to form the line. And the light itself seems diffused through the landscape. The opportunity for developing this aerial perspective is peculiarly striking, for the figure overlaps the horizon more than head and shoulders. The sky must be thrown far back of the figure. But at the same time the aerial quality is heightened by the bare force of relation of size, the illusions of spatial perception.

The composition is obvious, yet subtle. The horizon slopes down from left to right. The sower turns to the right. The outstretched arm and the bulk of the figure are on the left. On the left, too, are the darkened sky and the flying birds. On the right in the background is the man with the plough team. The low sky line makes the distance greater. The sky is lighter. But there is more than visible object in this part of the canvas. The sower is in motion, and the movement is forward into this lighter, open space. There is a perfect balance in the poise of the body, a fine symmetry in its onward swing, caught neither too soon nor too late.

"The Sower" deals rather with shadow within shadow than light and shadow. The last reflection of day falls on the farther side of the figure. The hat is drawn deep over the forehead, the whole head thrown back and to the side so that it obscures itself. On the jaw there is a blur of light. The reflection from the fabrics is delicately differentiated. Millet has used sunlight strongly. The deep, clear shadows move after the bending gleaners, but "The Sower" is more majestic, itself a great shadow.

The coloring is sombre, almost gloomy. The tone is so deep that twilight seems almost to have dulled it to a mass of greys. It is refined, blended and wrought into stately unity in the darkest and most austere aspect of the beautiful in color.

"I find much more than charms; I find infinite glories. . . . The drama is surrounded by beauty," said Millet. This, then, is not a drama of beauty, but of infinite glories surrounded by sombre beauty; not dumb-driven toil, for it is infinitely glorious; not the apotheosis of labor, for it is still a drama. There is sureness and vigor in the sower's stride. There is patience in the bent head, quiet hope in the outward look over the field. Soon he will go home to rest for to-morrow, for no more than to-morrow's toil; but this is the purpose of rest. There is no need to find such rest pitiful so long as there is patience, and yet hope and strength in the long day's end. "The Sower" is a social revelation because it opens our eyes to the possibilities, not to the miseries, of a social state.

"The Sower" is a reminiscence of Gruchy, of hard toil, and scant living, but also of simple earnestness and deep thoughtfulness. When the elder Millet died, Jean took up his peasant's duties again without question. But it had been solemnly decided that the son should study, and the family refused

to let him give up his art for them. The binding strength in an appointed task was clear to them; unchanging simplicity and earnestness was part of their whole life and thought. From Millet's life these qualities passed into his art. It stirs by its truth; it convinces one of the dignity of all life and labor. "The Sower" has spiritual grandeur and reality somehow embodied in a solitary figure scattering seed on a ploughed field under a darkening Norman sky.

ANNA ESTELLE WOLFSON, '99.

MY DELEGATES.

THE dull twilight of that memorable September day was settling down as I seated myself at the parlor window to watch for my unwelcome guests. It was the first chance I had had during the day to sit down and rest,—what with polishing silver, and dusting, and rubbing windows and mirrors, not to mention my feeble attempts at adorning the spare chamber, I was pretty well tired out, and in no friendly temper toward those who had, however unintentionally, caused the extra work.

I looked out with satisfaction into the depths of the cool mist blowing in from the bay. It suited my mood exactly. I felt just as colorless, just as shifting. I was sure I should have as dampening an effect on all with whom I came in contact. Therefore I wanted to be left alone, with a snapping fire within and the congenial fog without.

But it was not to be, because—and here was the rub—of my own choice. Here was I, voluntarily undertaking something hitherto cut off from my experience by the all-sufficient barrier of an old maid's conviction. The State Conference was invited by our church to hold its meetings for three days in our city. I, who had never before deigned to invite one of the delegates to a meal, was now the self-appointed hostess for two of the invading multitude. My antipathy to conferences and their supporters must have been inherited from some impious ancestor,—I can explain its deep-rooted growth in no other way; for, certainly, there is no specific instance which I can attack as the cause of its origin and development. My self-complacency was not flattered when I considered that I was about

to entertain members of a class which—to my present mortification, be it said—I had enumerated by such uncomplimentary titles as bummers, hypocrites, or inquisitive busybodies. As I say, I cannot tell what brought me to such a conclusion. It is part of my atonement to tell how I was shaken in it. In the light of my present knowledge of conference people, I can scarcely recall my feelings that arose as I sat by the window and waited for the delegates.

Finally I saw a group of persons approaching uncertainly through the mist. "There are the delegates," thought I. They stopped every now and then, and peered about, in a bewildered way, at the numbers of the houses and the signboards at the crossings.

"How can people put themselves in such a position," I thought, impatiently; "to come to a strange place, in such numbers that the receiving committee can't attend to them properly, and then go poking about to inflict themselves on the first willing victim?"

I watched their uncertain movements with some scornful pleasure. But soon a kind of impatience at their helplessness moved me. I hastened to the door and gazed out into the mist. The whole party had stopped in front of my door. Evidently a decision had been reached, for two tall forms drifted out of the group—as if a trade wind bore them off out of the regular course of the rest of the fleet, which sailed on into the denser fog.

"Here are the Puskin sisters," was my correct surmise. And either relief at finding my cross so conveniently ready to be borne, or a sympathetic impulse toward the two lank, damp figures, forced me to give them a tolerably cordial welcome. As the ingenuous sisters themselves expressed it later, it was "an exhibition of hospitality that made evident the sincere and cordial pleasure of our dear hostess at receiving us,"—a slight mistake on their part which I never got courage to correct.

After their wet things had been put away, and tea served, and I had mentally made note that the one with the "false front" was Miss Agatha, and the other Miss Emma, I took them upstairs to the spare bedroom.

"Here," said I, "is your room, unless you prefer separate beds. In that case, you will find another bedroom just across the hall."

"Oh, no indeed!" said Miss Emma, quickly. She always began to

speak before her sister, but equalized matters by allowing Miss Agatha to finish her sentences.

"We always—, do we not, Aggy?"

"Yes," said Miss Agatha, "we use the same room at home, thank you, Miss Paley."

"I'm sure everything—" began Miss Emma, in her timid, quick way.

"Don't let us bother you at all, Miss Paley," put in Miss Agatha's sincere voice. "We shall get along perfectly, I'm sure. Everything is so convenient;" and she beamed upon each and all of my humble arrangements.

So I said good-night, and left them. As I sat by the fire later, my thoughts were wholly occupied with their quaint mannerisms and anxious efforts to be agreeable. I began to like them. I went to bed, still thinking of them,—of Miss Emma's habit of blushing so soon as she found herself well launched on a sentence, and of the incongruous setting of Miss Agatha's honest countenance in a false front.

Next morning I got up early, to make sure that my breakfast preparations should be complete before my delegates came down, at seven o'clock. The morning was bright and breezy; so, as soon as I had started the oatmeal, biscuits, and coffee, I went out to dig among my hyacinth bulbs until the breakfast hour. The flower bed runs around the base of the house, within view of the spare room. Soon I heard a "good morning" in a voice which I recognized, even at that stage of our acquaintance, as Miss Emma's. I nodded up to her, with a remark about the weather; and this exchange of morning salutations became a recognized custom for the three days that the sisters spent with me. There comes to me, as I write, a remembrance of a number of trifling formalities established during that short visit. I treasure them all as bonds between those gentle, old-fashioned maids and me.

They were so childlike—so easily pleased. The second morning, I remember, I laid a nasturtium by each breakfast plate. If the shades of withered flowers could meet to compare the pleasures each had given in its time, what prestige those nasturtiums would hold in the assembly, by reason of their achievement! Miss Emma dropped her flower in her oatmeal, and broke its stem in getting it out, so unduly was she excited by the effort to express adequate thanks. Miss Agatha carefully laid hers aside until such time as she should press it, "for a slight reminder of your very great

thoughtfulness." I was somewhat taken aback by the disproportion of the effect to the deed, and hurriedly told them to go out and gather all they wanted of everything they could find. But, although this munificent offer called forth renewed expressions of appreciation, it did not appear to touch them so profoundly as my chance act had done.

Many such little occurrences endeared the sister delegates to me. So that, as I worked among my flowers, in the early morning of the third day of Conference, I thought with regret of their departure that afternoon. I looked up at their window, as I heard the clock strike seven, wondering why the "Good morning" was postponed. The window was wide open. I could see them moving about within. I worked on, momentarily expecting that they would come out and join me for a few minutes in the garden, before we all went in to breakfast. As it grew later, I glanced up oftener, and once I thought I saw Miss Emma behind the curtain, looking out of the window. At last I thought of taking the initiative myself, in the morning greeting, when I heard Miss Emma's voice, "Miss Paley."

I looked up surprised, for she should have said "Good morning," and there was a new tone in her timid voice.

"Good morning, Miss Emma," said I. "Another fine day, isn't it?"

Miss Emma leaned from the window, holding to the sill with one hand, while she brushed back thin strands of her hair, loosened by the brisk September breeze. Her cheeks were pinker than usual as she called, "Miss Paley, will you—we—I dropped the key from the window, and the door is locked, and I'm afraid breakfast will be very late if—would it trouble you to toss up the key?"

"Bless the child!" I thought, laughing to myself, "she must have dropped the key an hour ago, and has been delaying to speak of it, for fear of troubling me. But I wonder where Miss Agatha is? She generally comes to the point at such a time."

I walked over beneath their window and picked up the key. Just as I started around the house to carry it to her my eye was caught by a fluttering, brown thing on the bare stem of a small rosebush. It was Miss Agatha's *front*.

"Well," thought I, "I'll take this up for a surprise. I wonder if she hasn't missed it?"

I carried up both articles, and, unlocking the door, delivered them safe into the hands of Miss Emma, who blushed out her thanks in a manner more confused than usual.

Shortly afterward they appeared at breakfast. I supposed they were both conscience-stricken at having delayed the meal, for Miss Emma had increased trouble to finish her sentences, while Miss Agatha had lost her cheerfulness, and seemed to have caught some of her sister's shyness.

This last day was trying to us all. They would go to the forenoon meeting, although I invited them to take a walk with me. They said that as they hadn't missed one reunion in the three days they felt that they ought to go, which argument I considered a puissant one for staying away. However, they went, while I spent the forenoon in making up a package of small souvenirs for them to take home. When I presented it to them at noon they were quite overcome. Miss Agatha recovered first, and sped upstairs, whence she soon returned, bringing with her a handkerchief, which she and Miss Emma had conjointly hemstitched and worked in the corners in an intricate pattern of drawn threads. They had made it before conference expressly for this occasion, though "they did not know at the time, they could not possibly tell, how much love and gratitude they would give with it." With many expressions of mutual goodwill, we parted. Indeed, I had to cut short the leave-takings, that they might catch their train.

I stood looking down the street after they had disappeared from sight, wondering if I should ever see either of them again. Lost in thought, I looked steadily for a moment at a figure hurrying up the street before I recognized Miss Emma returning. My first thought was that she would miss her train. I tried to think of what she could have left, that I might carry it to her.

As she entered, panting, I saw, to my astonishment, that there were tears in her eyes. She seized both my hands, and began a hurried speech:—

"O Miss Paley, that wasn't true,—at least, it was,—but Aggy sent me back to tell you. She's sensitive about her piece"—here Miss Emma paused for breath.

"Her piece!" said I, puzzled.

"Yes, her hair—you know, the false part," replied Miss Emma, sinking her voice to a reverential whisper. Then, raising it again—

"Oh, what will you think of us? But it's Aggy's only fault," she went on, gaining eloquence through earnestness.

"She leaned out to speak to you, and the wind blew it off. Then we waited for you to go in. She wouldn't let me go down to get it while you were there, because she didn't want you to know that she didn't wear her own hair. I did drop the key, but I did it on purpose. We—I——" Miss Emma's long speech was too much for her. She broke down completely.

"We didn't think—the piece—that you'd bring that in, too. I was going down to get that afterwards. Now, it's a judgment—Aggy says it's a punishment—that you know about it, and she wants you to know how long she deceived you."

"My dear Miss Emma," I interrupted in amazement, anxious to dispute the last statement, "I knew the minute I saw Miss Aggy that——"

I was going to say "that it was false." But it flashed across me in the nick of time that it would be more cruel to shatter Miss Aggy's delusion in regard to the efficacy of her piece than to let her believe herself a sinful deceiver. So I finished—"that she was as honest as the daylight, and this proves it!"

"I'll tell her," said Miss Emma, with a sob of gratitude. "Now, I must go," and she sped away.

From time to time, after Conference, I received word from my two delegates—sometimes a letter came, but more often some small gift—their own handiwork. Once the post brought me a calendar. It consisted of three hundred and sixty-five little pasteboard cards tied together with ribbon, with a selected Scripture verse on each in the neat handwriting of Miss Emma. There was a newspaper with it, which I looked through twice before I noticed a carefully scored line in the Church Notes that told me Miss Agatha Puskin was unanimously elected Head of the Board of Directors for the Children's Home.

But, in whatever correspondence passed between us, there went no word of Miss Aggy's sin and its punishment.

NINA FOSTER POOR, 1900.

THE BUTTERFLY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

To flutter in with the springtime; to die when the roses die;
To float on softest breezes, in the blue of the summer sky;
To rock on the bosoms of flowers whose petals are scarce unfurled,
Half blinded by balmy fragrance, in a shimmering, azure world;
To brush from off his new-spread wings the golden powder light,
While, like a breath, through the scented air to heaven he wings his flight;
A fair, enchanted destiny for the brilliant butterfly.
Like man's desire he flutters, desire that never rests,
Forever sadly unsatisfied, going on countless quests;
Until, for the joy that eludes him on earth, he wanders back to the sky.

KATHRINA HOBBERTON STORMS, 1900.

THE SCARLET CAT.

(Continued.)

THE Czar retreated to the room he had indicated, and lighted the candles there. After a few moments' waiting, the Kaiser appeared on the threshold. Nicholas greeted him with feigned surprise.

"My brother!" cried he. "You do me too great honor! Your finding me here, I own, surprises me. It is a room I rarely enter. Fortune indeed has served me kindly. And in your state of health, too! You are so far recovered as to appear abroad? You are quite well?"

"My health," responded William, "is at no time very strong. I suffer frequently from various diseases. Indeed, I am confident that were it not for my duties and my ambitions, I should become mentally and physically a wreck. But ambition sustains me."

"Your Majesty is a remarkable man," returned the Czar, smoothly.

"Do you think so?" cried the German. "Do you think so? But where is the lady?"

"The lady, sir? There is no lady hereabouts, so far as I know. These apartments were, in former times, my bachelor quarters, and have been since kept as such. You expected to see a lady here?"

"No," said the Kaiser, sulkily. "No one at all. I thought I should be alone."

"I had feared that I should, until your coming brought company, my brother," said Nicholas, smiling. The Kaiser at this grunted, looked sidewise at his companion, and then at the door. A silence fell between the two potentates, which was broken only by the entrance of the Scarlet Cat from a door at the far end of the apartment. This intelligent agent came forward, and greeted both Emperors,—the German effusively, with many inquiries as to his health, the Russian less at length, but with, perhaps, profounder respect. Neither he nor the Czar thought it worth his while to notice the ejaculation which escaped William at the sight of the newcomer; the time was too short for punctilio. The Cat's greeting being over, the Czar proceeded briskly to broach the subject of the evening's business.

"I am delighted, my brother," said he, "to have an opportunity of speaking with you this evening while my good Sir Abraham is with us. I have a rather curious matter to discuss with you—no other, in fact, than your abdication."

"Abdication!" murmured the Kaiser. "My abdication!" He grew quite purple with speechless wrath and astonishment.

"Precisely," said Nicholas. "We—several of us—have been planning to have you resign, and to supply your place with some one else. Our arrangements are now practically completed, and this evening seemed in every way an excellent occasion for the attempt. You are interested enough to hear the details?"

"My abdication!" shouted the Kaiser in a fury. "I tell you I will not abdicate! It's perfectly absurd to suppose it for a moment—mere nonsense!"

"Oh, no," said the Czar; "I don't agree with you. Do you, Sir Abraham?"

"Not at all," returned the Cat, emphatically; "not in the least. In fact, scarcely anything could be easier."

"That was my own opinion," Nicholas repeated. "But will your Majesty hear the details? You disappear,—this evening, we will say,—and remain permanently in seclusion. Before morning some one takes your place, attends the ceremonies to-morrow as Kaiser Wilhelm, returns home

in your place, and, in a word, becomes Emperor of Germany. Do you comprehend?"

"I will not!" cried the German. "It is impossible, I tell you! I should be missed. There would be a search,—questions,—an investigation. You would be discovered! Europe and my armies would avenge me. You are a madman! Abdicate, indeed! I refuse to do it."

"Oh, it would be safe enough, even if it were discovered," returned Nicholas.

"Nobody would feel the slightest concern," smiled the Scarlet Cat, brushing up his whiskers with his immaculate right fore-paw. "There is plenty of money to be had, and even the Junkers have their price. No one would be at all put out, I assure you, even if the fraud were suspected."

"But my family,—my immediate relatives, my army,—they would surely recognize the impostor? They would rise to my defense, I tell you, as one man! They need me; my country needs me! My family would demand my release, and my army would enforce it, sir! Therefore, your scheme is nonsense."

"They wouldn't miss him," chuckled the Scarlet Cat. "He's on bad terms with his family, you know."

"I believe that it could be managed," smiled the Czar. "Abraham, my friend, will you call a drosky?" The Cat disappeared, and returned after a moment or two.

"But they need me! My duties cannot do without me!" repeated William, despair mingling with his anger. "Who could take my place in Europe?"

"Oh, we could get some young fellow to undertake it, I have no doubt," said the Czar, easily.

"I have nine in my mind, at this moment," supplemented the Cat.

The Kaiser stormed about in ever growing alarm, his countenance purple with wrath, his whole frame trembling with weariness.

"But no one could take my place!" cried the unfortunate man. "No one could possibly do what I have done, or what I had planned to do. And then my legislature! My foreign and domestic policy! It is impossible, I tell you; no one could carry out my plans."

"That could hardly be expected, of course," the Czar admitted. "That

would be too much to ask of any man. Nevertheless, I believe the matter can be managed. Will your Imperial Majesty come with us now?"

The Scarlet Cat opened a door into a short, dim corridor, and went ahead. The Czar guided the wretched William gently by the arm, and closed the door behind them.

"But my Grecian policy!" wailed the unhappy German. "It was a secret policy. I couldn't possibly explain it to anyone!"

"No one could expect so much of your Majesty," replied the Czar, with ironical acquiescence.

"I still tell you I will not abdicate! The whole scheme is some shameful insult which you have concocted for my nation and my crown. I will not be made your victim!" cried the Kaiser, in a last burst of wrath.

Nicholas returned no answer, and at that instant they reached the end of the passageway. The Scarlet Cat opened a heavy door which gave upon a dark and unfrequented street. A vehicle was waiting, the driver nodding upon the box. The Cat sprang forward obsequiously to offer his assistance.

"I will not! I tell you I will not!" cried the Kaiser again, struggling against the hold on his arm.

"We will not quarrel about it," returned the Russian lightly, putting him into the carriage by main force. "*Au revoir*, my brother! Adieu! Adieu!" He banged the door, the Scarlet Cat gave the word, the driver, suddenly becoming broad awake, snapped his long whip furiously, the carriage whisked away into the summer night, and the throne of Prussia and Germany was temporarily vacant. The Czar and the Scarlet Cat stood looking after the vehicle in a silent glow of satisfaction. Finally the Czar laughed, drew a long breath, and lighted a cigarette.

"It went off well!" said he. "Poor young man!"

"A man of unquestionable ability," said the Scarlet Cat with sharp emphasis, nodding at the Czar. By common consent the two companions turned to the door, and entered to the delicate task of choosing the successor to the German crown.

The members of the Syndicate were still engaged over their wine and fruit when Nicholas and the Cat returned to them. A great though subdued excitement was evident among the company at their appearance. The Frenchman spoke for all.

"Is all well, Sire?" he asked. "Can the affair come off to-night? Can arrangements be made?"

"The whole matter has been satisfactorily attended to," returned the Czar briefly with a pleasant smile. "My guest is gone to visit one of my most distant estates, and will remain absent an indefinite time. Sir Abraham assisted me to lay the situation before him, and the results I have told you."

At this, a murmur of applause and congratulation broke out among the members of the Syndicate. These tidings brought them nearer by a great step to the achievement of their daring scheme. They looked with respectful admiration upon the two who had accomplished this first important success.

"Now to choose a substitute," said the American eagerly. "I am anxious to see the whole matter arranged."

"I have to announce to you, Sire," said the Frenchman, "that M. Seury has convinced us who remained of the entire wisdom of his suggestion concerning the nationality of the candidate. All sentiment, all patriotism, all generosity," he continued, laying his hand upon his breast, "dictate the same as discretion seems to counsel: Germany must be ruled by a German."

"If you, Sire, and Sir Abraham, think it wise," subjoined the blonde young man with diffident courtesy.

"It seems to me the choice most to be recommended," promptly replied Nicholas. "I am glad, gentlemen, that you are agreed, for it is important, of course, that no time be lost. Sir Abraham, you spoke a few moments since of several young men eligible for the post. Will you be so good as to tell us whom you think the most readily available?"

The Scarlet Cat without delay named a young German officer who was of the household of the Kaiser then present in St. Petersburg. His name was unknown to all present save the Czar, who remembered him as a young man who stood directly behind the Kaiser on a certain ceremonial occasion the previous day.

"Why not a man of rank?" asked the Jewish banker, fretfully. "He is unknown to any of you; his name cannot even have been heard in diplomatic or state affairs. He is of comparatively humble station. Why choose him?"

"I object to his profession," said the French member, stiffly. "He will be domineering, over-active, and unbearable, like the other. Moreover, if the profession were known it would excite prejudice."

"We don't know anything about him," objected the American. "He may have no grit, and not a particle of business ability."

"You had thought of these matters?" asked the Czar, turning to the Cat.

"I had, Sire," he responded. "In the first place, his comparatively humble position will make it possible for him to disappear while in St. Petersburg without occasioning an international stir and flutter. Then, again, his popularity in the army will do us no harm if the fraud should become generally rumored about the German court. Thirdly, his profession may, no doubt, lead him to err on the side of military bluntness and promptitude of action; but it will, on the other hand, keep him from dabbling in diplomacy, finance, or in legislation beyond his army bills. Fourthly, I am personally acquainted with the young man, and can vouch for his good sense, his honesty, and his business ability. He is a youth of great talent and promise."

This speech was followed by a little silence, in which each of the company seemed to be digesting his allotted portion of the information. After the pause had endured for some time, however, M. Seury ended it with a graceful word.

"Such a recommendation coming from Sir Abraham can but command my assent," said he; "and I am sure that deliberation has led our friends to the same opinion. Am I right, gentlemen? Do you agree?"

"We do," answered the six financiers, with one voice. The young Czar nodded his satisfaction and proceeded to the next step in the game.

"The young man must, of course, be notified of his elevation," said he, with a smile. "It will be easier for one person to explain the case to him than for us all to talk at once. With your permission, then, I will undertake to inform him of the situation of affairs and of our purpose." This again received the assent of the Syndicate. The session accordingly came to an end, and Nicholas returned to his own apartments, where, after altering his dress somewhat, he summoned the young German to attend him.

After ten minutes or so, the young officer appeared and was admitted to

the Czar. As it was then past eleven o'clock at night, he was at some pains to guess what the Russian Emperor could want of him; but in spite of his perplexity and concern, he bore himself well. As he entered, Nicholas measured him with a glance, and smiled and sighed. "A good resemblance," he murmured, "a good resemblance; but ah, no humor!"

The young man approached, and made his obeisance in due form, concluding, "You do me an honor, Sire, that I have not deserved, in summoning me thus to your presence."

"Or in plainer language, Herr Lieutenant, you wonder what I can want of you at such an hour," said the Czar briskly. "I will relieve your apprehension at once. I want you to take the place of your master, the Emperor of Germany. Do you consent?"

To this the young officer, who was naturally somewhat slow of speech and likely to think five times before he spoke once, returned no answer. The Czar, approving this reserve and economy of speech, went on to unfold the whole matter. When he had finished, he asked again, "Do you consent?"

"It is a great honor," said the young officer, meditating. "It would also be a great responsibility, of a kind for which I feel myself unfit. You should make another choice, Sire."

"There is nobody else to choose," cried the Czar impatiently. "We have been over the ground step by step, and decided, for a thousand reasons, that you are the man for the place. Come, will you undertake it?"

"If I become Emperor of Germany I should of course become father to the present heirs to the German throne?" inquired the candidate slowly.

"Of course," responded the Czar.

"And equally I should become the husband of the Empress of Germany, should I not?" he asked again.

"Yes, yes," cried Nicholas testily. "Assuredly. How else?"

"Then, under those conditions I am obliged to refuse the honor," said the young officer steadily. "I am already betrothed to a charming girl." He smiled upon the exasperated Autocrat.

A silence of some minutes followed upon this announcement. The German stood at ease, betraying no slightest trace of excitement, embarrassment, or concern. The Czar lay back in his easy chair, and struggled against his

temper, and a rising desire to laugh. Finally he commanded himself, and addressed the young man once again.

"It may not have occurred to you," he said, with forced lightness, "but it is, nevertheless, obviously true, that you are not likely, as matters stand, to go innocently home to Germany and marry the charming girl."

"You mean," observed the young officer, "that you will be obliged to put me out of the way!"

Nicholas inclined his head. "I am a man and a Christian," said he; "but I am also one of the European Powers. While I should be loath to have upon my conscience two such affairs as the abduction of the German Kaiser and the dissolution of an excellent German subject, yet my official station requires both; that is, if I cannot replace the Emperor by the person of the subject. It is most unpleasant to me to seem to threaten you, but it is necessary that you should understand the matter thoroughly. Yes, in plain language, if you are not the Kaiser, you are a dead man."

"Then," said the German, very slowly and without a smile, "I may as well marry the Kaiserin at once."

"Ah!" said Nicholas, with a sigh of satisfaction. "I perceive that you are a man of judgment. Now as to the preparations."

"I go back to the Kaiser's apartments at once, go in at his summons, burn my clothes, go to bed, and sleep behind locked doors. I awaken and call out in the Kaiser's voice for myself; I have disappeared. At this moment you, Sire, come in person to inquire for my health, and request admission to my chamber. My behavior is the violent behavior of the Kaiser, and in the confusion my own fate is forgotten. I am shaved like the late Kaiser over night, and seem to your attendants to resemble him."

"Simple! Simple and excellent!" cried the enraptured Nicholas. He rose, crossed the room, threw his arm about the young man's neck, and kissed him. "My royal brother," cried he, "you are indeed an Emperor!"

"After your visit," pursued the prospective Kaiser, "I rise, dress, and attend to the ceremonies of the day. My conduct will be suitably eccentric; my observations in the past will be here of immense assistance. I follow out the necessary plans, with variations; I quarrel with my household; and I return to Germany in anger, having obtained no Russian alliance. Comment will thus be understood to be dangerous, at least in my own immedi-

ate following; and the foreign papers get nothing more than hearsay." He paused, as if satisfied with his plans.

"And your future course?" queried the Czar, with a suspicion of ironic amusement in his smile.

The German answered literally, and without a quiver. "I shall behave as in the past," said he. "I shall address gatherings, hate the English and French, and command the army. After a while I shall moderate; my conduct will grow less eccentric. I will reform, because it will be easier. Now I will bid you a good-night, Sire, as it is time for me to return. Adieu." And with a military bow and salute, the fellow was gone from the apartment, leaving the Czar speechless with amazement and admiration.

"A most wonderful young man," he murmured at last. "Wonderful! I must see my friends yonder, to report progress. But assuredly I will visit him to inquire for his health in the morning."

And when the morning came the bold plan outlined by the new Kaiser was actually followed, and succeeded to its last detail.

This substitution of a sovereign has not yet been heard of in the newspapers, and is, therefore, presumably still undiscovered. The Kaiser went away from Russia duly indignant and disgusted at the failure of the desired alliance; and several speeches are since set to his credit which are quite in his earlier vein. Unquestionably the present ruler is a man of ability; and when he shall feel himself at liberty to branch out in the new line which he discerned for his future policy, Europe will discover in him some virtues which are not at present noticeable among the living Hohenzollerns.

THE SPECTATOR.

It may be the influence of the New Year that forces the attention of the Spectator within the college walls this month. And, since introspection, when not too psychological, is good for the soul as often as once a year, it may be worth while to look more closely at home, rather than abroad. In vacation one may contemplate one's own performance with a certain indolent interest, and gently moralize, like all sitters apart.

Yet, as a matter of fact, it is far easier to report what one sees and

hears outside than what one thinks one sees inside the college; for in the latter case one is somewhat chagrined at thought of the contradiction sure to follow. Sir John Mandeville could make his contemporaries believe anything possible in Asia, or on some far sea island; but if he had said that he met in London a man who had two heads, and one eye placed midway between them, they might have doubted his word, perhaps justly. But it is, after all, a good thing to arouse incredulity; indeed the real difficulty is, not to quiet it, but to keep it alert. If I say I have found a girl in college with two heads and one eye, or—what is quite as rare—a girl with two normal eyes and one sound head, my remark raises my listener's eyebrows a little, but encounters no response. The momentary unbelief lapses into indifference, and my companion goes on learning Hume or drinking tea.

The truth is, we do not think, here in college, either in our random conversation or in our work. Owing partly to the pernicious habit of note-taking, we listlessly absorb lectures and library reading, we acquire a certain sponge-like habit of mind, we criticise as we are expected to criticise, yet most of the time we are using about one-tenth of our natural energy. To read half an hour and think an hour is the true way to prepare a lesson—yet who dares risk her record on any such theory? One should be more eager to ask questions than to answer them—yet who dares reveal her own incertitude, even if, happily, she be conscious of it? Let us appear as ignorant as we are! Herein lies the matter of this sermon. Let us cultivate the habit of doubting, and never cease our quest for honest thought. To be honest in her work and in her friendships, and in her daily contact with indifferent people and things is, for the college girl, to find the experience of each day the richer for yesterday's thought.

We hear much talk nowadays, and much good talk, about our common life, about our common duties, and common ideals, and common—very common—occupations. Society is a unit. The student body is a unit. It is well to remember these external social relations, if, in our belated enthusiasm for them, we do not forget the need, in every society, of the distinct individuality of its members. In the college life I see an alarming tendency to conform to a general type. Such alarm, in the face of well-known natural laws, is comical enough; for the tendency is unavoidable, and to a certain

extent desirable. Yet the fact remains that we do not insist on ourselves as we have a right to do. We do not think our own thoughts. We have not sufficient self-respect—that self-respect which is as far removed from vanity as is Beowulf from Richard Harding Davis. We remember that we are dust, we forget that we are also divine. Our minds and bodies need the vigorous self-consciousness insisted upon by Emerson, and Whitman, and Browning, and Goethe, and Shakespeare. Such a divine self-consciousness puts keenest zest into the hours of work, compassionate sympathy and hope and courage into our friendships. And to have this feeling with us in leisure moments, when we step off across the meadows and the hills, is to know that fine, august joy of living which the soul of every Wellesley girl should know.

EDITORIALS.

I.

Do alumnæ ever read Magazine editorials? If the answer be affirmative, it is hard to know whether tremulous dismay or tickled pride will appear uppermost in the editorial heart—if, indeed, there be any such heart. In spite of all these uncertainties, however, the paragraph in hand is addressed to past students of Wellesley. The words may fall on stony ground, or may, perchance, lodge "in the heart of a friend."

It is the desire of the present Magazine board to make the Magazine more interesting to former students. To do this it is important that the "Alumnæ Notes" contain each month as full a report as possible of the interests and the movements of Wellesley women. Any suggestions of methods by which news may be obtained will be very gratefully considered. It is, perhaps, impossible to make any one member of a class or of a club responsible for items of personal interest; yet, when we recall the fact that Wellesley clubs all over the country are holding frequent meetings, where there must be more or less interchange of news, we wonder why some one club member—self-appointed, or named by the chairman—should not jot down and send to the Magazine personal notes for the information of many alumnæ elsewhere. Probably the greatest assistance will continue to come from individuals who, mindful of their own interest in the doings of classmates and friends, believe also in the interest of others, and send whatever news comes in their way. Our heartiest acknowledgments go out in spirit, if not on paper, to these thoughtful persons, and we are sure that if other Wellesley women realized how much one or two notes each month may add to the pleasure of Magazine readers, they, too, would earn our gratitude for a like co-operation. The editors alone must remain responsible for every department of the Magazine, and this responsibility is a part of their daily consciousness. They have no desire to shift it; they simply ask for the ready assistance which may add to the "Alumnæ Notes" precisely those things which present members of the College have not always the opportunity of gaining by random interrogations. Any such information for the Magazine should be in the hands of the alumnæ editor before the twenty-fifth of the month.

II.

ALTHOUGH the Wagner Club members are growing more and more numerous and enthusiastic, there are still many students whose regular evening appointments or other disabilities make it impossible for them to join the club. For the benefit of these students we are especially glad to print this month an introductory lecture on Richard Wagner, prepared by Associate Professor Müller, who, together with Professor Wenckebach, has won the lasting gratitude of Wellesley students by bringing to them some comprehension of this mighty genius. If we rejoice in Wagner at all, it is not because his operas are now the fashion, nor is it because he is so strongly German, although we may like the German in him; we rejoice in him because he belongs to the world—to the world of human passion, the world of strenuous thought, the world of art. And because they have helped us all to recognize, in some measure, the large humanity of Wagner, we most heartily say to the founders of the Wagner Club, "We thank you!" although by our own mismanagement some of us are denied the privilege of membership.

III.

WITH almost every New Year appears a Magazine editorial on "How to Pass the Mid-winter Examinations." Freshmen are usually advised to take them philosophically, like a dose of medicine. In our opinion it is much more philosophical to take opera and skating, and let the examinations take care of themselves. The experienced student knows that they are not so bad as they sound, and she knows, too, that even a condition may be borne with equanimity. (Ask almost any senior if this be not true.) And we all surely know that, if the work of the term has had any value at all, a brief topical review is all that is necessary to fortify one against confusion during the examination period. Let it be remembered, however, that one cannot have too much fresh air and wholesome recreation during those ten days. The custom prevailing in certain English colleges of prohibiting the use of books and notebooks, and forcing social gayety upon the victims of the annual examination week, is worthy of our attention. The examination periods cover only a small portion of our mid-year days. Therefore, O wise and care-free college maiden, exult with the soul of a runaway god, and make merry in your holiday.

FREE PRESS.

To all college students, whether graduates or undergraduates, any organization which distinctly and exclusively belongs to the student body is sure to awaken a personal interest. No student, therefore, who professes loyalty to her college can afford to plead ignorance in regard to the Student Volunteer Movement.

This movement is of comparatively recent date. Twelve years ago, in the summer of 1886, the first International Student Conference was held by Mr. Dwight L. Moody at Mount Hermon, Mass. There at the meetings, through the enthusiasm of a few students, the idea of a Volunteer Movement was formed. Before that summer conference ended one hundred young men offered themselves as future missionaries. Going back to their homes they enthusiastically carried on the work so well started, and at the close of the year twenty-two hundred young men and women had taken the Volunteer pledge, and definite plans were made for organizing this band. Since the members were to be confined to students only, the body was called, "The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions." It had a permanent executive committee of three, an advisory committee, and three secretaries, —traveling, corresponding, and editorial. The watchword of the movement has always been, "The evangelization of the world in this generation"; while its pledge reads, "It is my purpose, if God permits, to become a foreign missionary."

Since the very first the movement has been a growing power. Nine years ago the Volunteer League of the United States and Canada was the only student agency in the world which employed the same particular methods and organization. Now there are similar movements in Great Britain, Scandinavia, Germany, French-speaking Europe, Australasia, South Africa, China, India, and Ceylon. In America and Canada alone there are eight hundred and thirty-nine student institutions represented, while four thousand active members are on the roll to-day.

The Volunteer League does not form a missionary board, in that it does not send out missionaries to other countries. It has rightly been called a "recruiting agency." It is a willing servant of every church board and missionary society, in that it is in hearty allegiance and co-operation with them all.

In each college the members of the movement constitute a Volunteer band. These bands are, and should be, a real part of the Christian Association, since the college associations are, in a way, responsible for the origin of the movement. The band needs the hearty co-operation of every Christian member of its college, for it is to the Student Volunteers that we look for the grand achievements of our present generation. The movement has no boundary lines in its work. Its field is the world, and it is needed more to-day than ever before, because of the still undeveloped possibilities which are before it. Including, as it does, a world-wide confederation, the Student Volunteer Movement breathes forth a spirit of love and self-sacrificing devotion toward all men, which is in harmony with a patriotism of the highest and truest sense. A. E. H.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

Of the college buildings which are to be erected soon the students' observatory at the University of California excites the most interest. The observatory will have a central dome twenty-five feet in diameter with a telescope of sixteen inches aperture, and four smaller domes for six to ten inch telescopes. There will be rooms for fifty students. The students' observatory is on a scale never before attempted.

The immediate building of an infirmary at Harvard is assured by the gift of $50,000 for that purpose. Mr. James Stillman, the donor, will also give annually, for four years, $2,500 for the support of the infirmary.

Among other new buildings is the fireproof library building of University of Cincinnati, which is to cost $60,000. The American Association for the Advancement of Science is interested in the library plan of the University, since that institution is custodian of the library of the Association.

By merit of being a State institution the University of Pennsylvania has $50,000 appropriated to it by the State for a new building for its museums. Late in the spring the building will be finished and in the summer the collections will be transferred to it.

Half of the $10,000 Mt. Holyoke receives by the will of Charles P.

Wilder, of Wellesley Hills, is to be used for the erection of a new dormitory; the remainder goes toward the endowment fund of the college.

The new gymnasium at Columbia University, covering twenty-two thousand square feet of ground space, is the largest in the country.

Most valuable and uncommon in character is the gift of Mr. Frederick Stearns, of Detroit, to the University of Michigan. It is a collection of musical instruments. Fifteen years were spent in the gathering of this collection of over a hundred pieces; its value is many times the original cost of $25,000. The collection illustrates, almost without a break, the evolution of the three great types of musical instruments from the earliest time to the present day.

Monmouth College receives $50,000 from James Low, of Chicago, on the condition that the trustees raise a like sum by next June. Tufts, Dartmouth, and Williams have also benefited by bequests and gifts. To Tufts comes $30,000 by the will of John D. W. Joy; the Wilder bequest to Dartmouth amounts to $175,000; and the permanent library fund at Williams is increased by a gift of $5,000.

An interest in the establishment of traveling scholarships in architecture is alive. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Columbia University have each received recently a gift of $6,000 as a fund for such a scholarship. At the same time the largest fellowship ever given at Cornell is the new fellowship, worth $2,000, which has been established by the department of architecture there. It gives its holder two years of European travel.

A chair in Norse language and literature has been established at the University of California.

The Yale graduate department has more than doubled in the last four years; it now registers nearly three hundred students. Factors which worked for this increase were the opening of degrees to women, and such an enlargement of courses as to include the best minds of the faculty of the University in the corps of instructors.

Important, as bearing on the matter of co-education, was the mass meeting recently held by undergraduates of Wesleyan University, where it was resolved that the best interests of the University demanded the exclusion of women. The policy of admitting women as members of the college was

claimed to have the effect of reducing the number of men students. It is significant that the feeling against co-education is so strong in an institution which for twenty-eight years has given equal educational advantages to women and men.

The students of Princeton, Dartmouth, and Tufts, within a short while, have passed resolutions to abolish hazing.

The regents, faculty, alumni, and undergraduates of Leland Stanford University are making strong efforts to secure for that institution exemption from taxes. In the meanwhile the University is paying regular taxes on all buildings, grounds, and belongings.

Like Harvard and Yale, Columbia will erect a memorial to its men who fell in the late war. It will take the form of a memorial gate.

A club has been formed at Manila of the college men who belong to the American army stationed in the Philippines.

Admiral Dewey suffers much the same honorable treatment at the hands of educational institutions as did President McKinley. No sooner was the President honored with a degree by the University of Chicago than the University of Pennsylvania conferred the like degree of LL.D. on the Admiral.

Professor Chapin, of Wellesley, on being offered the lectureship in the American School at Athens, this year, received no slight honor. She is the first woman to hold the position.

The envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Japan to the United States, Jobera Komura, was graduated from Harvard in 1880.

The first woman to secure a degree from any Italian university is said to be Miss E. Bonomi, who has received the degree of M.D. from the University of Genoa.

It is of some interest that the University of Paris, with her 11,990 students, has the largest register of any university in the world. Berlin follows, with 9,629; Vienna, with 7,026; Madrid, 6,143; Naples, 5,103; Moscow, 4,461; Harvard, 3,674; Oxford, 3,365; Cambridge, 2,929; Edinburgh, 2,850.

Really serious steps have been taken to do away with the prevalence of college dueling in Germany. The faculty of the University of Heidelberg has adopted a resolution putting rigorous restrictions on student dueling.

EXCHANGES.

The December magazines received can boast of being little out of the ordinary. Discussions and criticisms of Kipling are still on; the golf story, where the tender passion concerns him and her as golfers, has evidently become a part of college fiction. The stories that reflect the late war, however, are exceptionally well told. None are of higher quality than the short "Jack-of-all-Trades," in the *Cornell Magazine*. It has the mingling of humor and pathos that is always to be striven after. In the same magazine "The Senior's Decision" is exceptionally happy in its college setting. In the *Occident* the "Red Stripe of Bondage," though plainly indebted to Mr. Crane for style, presents a college rush with a vividness and boldness of method quite unusual. The *Red and Blue* presents contents varied enough to suit the most diverse tastes, ranging from gentle stories of love to the most grewsome "Blasphemy of the Grave." A pleasant and very readable article on "Social Life at an English College" opens the December *Kalends*.

BOOK NOTES.

One Way Round the World, by Delight Sweetser. (The Brown-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Kansas City, 1899.)

There are three kinds of books of travel: those whose express purpose is to instruct (and this kind is oftenest found on library shelves); those whose object is to amuse—purporting to be novels, but introducing a journey for padding or background; and again, those which have no apparent object but to satisfy the author's desire to put on paper, and so perpetuate for himself, at any rate, some of the kaleidoscopic impressions gained by wandering to and fro on the face of the earth. This last class is often the most satisfactory to the average reader, for he may jog through the pages in a leisurely, irresponsible way, feeling that nothing particular is required from him in the way of attention, and he may even skip a little if he wants to, without offense to his scholar's conscience. Miss Sweetser's book, *One Way Round the World*, is the latest addition to this truly delightful class.

But an author with such a hackneyed subject labors under a serious disadvantage at the outset. So many people have been around the world themselves; or, if they haven't had that pleasure, they have read about some one else's trip! Miss Sweetser might plead, however, that no two people ever see exactly the same things; and, moreover, she is only telling about her way round the world. The book seems to be made up from a series of letters and journals. In this informal method of construction lie its chief faults, as well as its chief charm. There is all the spontaneity of first impressions in the descriptions; there is a sparkle and dash about the style which suggests the freedom of first-hand writing; but there is also a looseness of construction, a tendency to wander, resulting in scrappiness of effect, and now and then a carelessness of diction, which may be pardonable in the letter, but in the book causes the reader's attention to flag, and seriously detracts from his enjoyment of the easy, vivacious style, and graphic word pictures.

In spite of certain flaws in the workmanship, however, the book as a whole is distinctly pleasant reading. The impressions it leaves of the "cloisonne of Japan, gems of Ceylon, ivories of India, and scarabs of Egypt" are very attractive. One feels on laying it down that one would have liked much to take that way round the world. The book will come with especial interest to Wellesley girls, for Miss Sweetser herself has been a student at the college.

The last number of the *American Journal of Psychology* contains a monograph on "The Application of Weber's Law to Smell," by Dr. Eleanor A. McC. Gamble of the Philosophy Department. The work concerns a subject on which, outside a few pages of a recent German book, nothing has ever been written. Students of experimental psychology, and indeed all laboratory workers, will appreciate the severe accuracy and the technical ingenuity of the experiments performed, the fidelity and honesty of the descriptions, and the interest of the results, which clearly tend to show the possibility of applying "Weber's Law to Smell."

SOME BOOKS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE LIBRARY.

The books named below have been selected as the most important among recent publications which have been added to the college library during the all term. The books are roughly placed on the list in the order of their accession.

E. Gilbert. Le roman en France. Place, 1897.

Hannis Taylor. Origin and Growth of the English Constitution. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1898.

Jos. Baldwin. School Management and Methods. Appleton, 1897.

L. R. Klemm. European Schools. Appleton, 1897.

S. S. Laurie. Rise and Early Constitution of Universities. Appleton, 1898.

R. H. Quick. Educational Reformers. Appleton, 1898.

Oscar Browning. Introduction to the History of Modern Educational Theories. Harper, 1898.

J. Fitch. Thomas and Matthew Arnold. C. Scribner's Sons, 1898.

Guy de Maupassant. Odd Number. Harper, 1898.

E. H. Denio. N. Poussin. Hiersemann, 1898.

V. D. Scudder. Social Ideals in English Letters. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1898.

H. Van Dyke. The Gospel for an Age of Doubt. Macmillan, 1898.

Alfred Angot. Aurora Borealis. Appleton, 1897.

B. & B. F. Fletcher. History of Architecture. Batsford, 1897.

W. J. Anderson. Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy. Batsford, 1898.

L. Petit de-Julleville. Histoire de la Langue Française. Colin, 1898.

E. W. Scripture. The New Psychology. W. Scott, 1897.

J. H. Barrows. Christianity the World Religion. McClurg, 1897.

A. S. Cook. Biblical Quotations in Old English. Macmillan, 1898.

A. B. Hart. American History Told by Contemporaries. Macmillan, 1898.

J. E. C. Bodley. France. Macmillan, 1898.

H. D. Lloyd. Labor Copartnership. Harper, 1898.

R. E. Peary. Northward over the Great Ice. Stokes, 1898.

J. Winsor. Westward Movement. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1897.

E. H. Sneath. Ethics of Hobbes as Contained in Selections from his Works. Ginn & Co., 1898.

H. M. & E. Felkin. Introduction to Herbart's Science of Education. Heath & Co., 1898.

J. M. Manly. Specimens of Pre-Shakesperian Drama. Ginn & Co., 1897.

Werner Sombart. Socialism in the Nineteenth Century. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898.

G. E. Waring, Jr. Street Cleaning. Doubleday & McClure, 1897.

E. Hough. Story of the Cowboy. Appleton, 1898.

F. V. N. Painter. History of Education. Appleton, 1898.

A. Lang [tr.]. Aucassin and Nicolete. Mosher, 1896.

T. Davidson. Rousseau and Education According to Nature. Scribner, 1898.

Alfred Hennequin. The Art of Playwriting. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1897.

Ferdinand Brunetière. Manual of the History of French Literature. Crowell, 1898.

C. F. Johnson. Elements of Literary Criticism. Harper, 1898.

G. H. Palmer. Self-Cultivation in English. Crowell, 1897.

G. Pellissier. Literary Movement in France. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1897.

F. Ozanam. Dante and Catholic Philosophy. Cathedral Library Association, 1897.

T. W. Wright. Elements of Mechanics. Van Nostrand Co., 1898.

W. H. Howell. An American Text-book of Physiology. W. B. Saunders, 1896.

J. B. Perkins. France under Louis XV. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1897.

W. W. Bates. American Marine. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1897.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Nov. 25.—At a meeting of the History Club, "The Peace Commission" was the subject of discussion. Miss Griswold, Miss Wagner, and Miss Frazee were the speakers for the evening.

Nov. 26.—On Saturday, Mr. Robert Speer, secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, spoke in the evening on the "Student Volunteer Movement."

Nov. 27.—Mr. Speer preached in the morning at the chapel.

Nov. 28.—An Oratorio and Organ Recital was given in the evening by Miss Caroline Gardner Clark, soprano, and Mr. George Burdett, organist.

Dec.—With the first of this month came the announcement of a gift of $50,000, made to the College by the late Mr. Charles Wilder. This generous gift was made by Mr. Wilder during his lifetime, but has only recently become available and been announced. The money is given with no restrictions as to its use by the trustees.

Dec. 1.—The Philosophy Club invited its friends to the Art Lecture room, to hear Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard. Professor Royce lectured on "Mysticism," with illustrations from the Hindu Philosophy.

Dec. 3.—Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, gave a lecture in the afternoon on "The Study of English Composition." After the lecture a reception was given by the English department for Professor Wendell. In the evening, Mrs. Roberts Smith gave a delightful ballad recital in Elocution Hall. The Barn Swallows also held an informal dance in the barn during the evening.

Dec. 4.—The Rev. J. W. Churchill, of Andover, preached in the morning. Miss Rouse, college secretary of the International Committee of the Y. W. C. A., addressed the evening meeting.

Dec. 5.—Dr. Joseph C. Hoppin lectured in the evening, on "The American Excavations at the Heraeum of Argos.

Dec. 8.—In the evening meeting, Mr. John R. Mott, secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, spoke on "The Christian Movement among Students of the World." At about five minutes before six, the Class of 1902, announced to the impatient throng outside Lecture Room I. the result of its presidential election. Nineteen hundred and one had, of course, been hovering about and stood nearest the door, while '99 lined the stairway ready to extend a welcoming hand, and 1900, faithful to her promise, waited at the third floor.

"Nineteen two, you're all right,
We'll wait here for you all night."

The result of the elections was as follows: president, May Matthews; vice president, Clare Conklin; treasurer, Annie Carlisle; recording secretary, Frances L. Hughes; corresponding secretary, Alice Wilcox; executive committee, Mary Vail, Louise Sylvester, Minnie M. Leidy; factotums, Anna Vail, Amy Adams.

Dec. 9.—At 4.15, in Elocution Hall, the first recital of the department of music was given. In the evening the History Club discussed the "Far Eastern Question." Miss McFarland, Miss Byington, and Miss Nunnemacher gave papers. Several members of 1902 also gave a reception for their new officers, to the freshman class, and friends from the other classes.

Dec. 10.—The seniors of fraternity Phi Sigma gave a dance in the barn in the afternoon. In the evening the annual doll show and candy sale, for the benefit of the College Settlement, took place in the gymnasium. Ninety-one dolls of the one hundred and twenty purchased were on exhibition, dressed, ready for the journey to Denison House. A pantomime, *Villikins and his Dinah*, was given during the evening.

Villikins	Gordon Walker, 1900.
Dinah	Mary Lauderbach, '99.
Father	Emma Seward, 1901.

The proceeds of the candy sale amounted to $91.50.

Dec. 11.—Dr. Nathan E. Wood, of Boston, preached in the morning. Christmas vespers were given by the College Chorus, the Glee Club, Miss Woltmann, soloist, Mr. Kugler, organist, Miss Sylvester, pianist, and Mr. Traupe, violinist, with Mr. Augusto Rotoli as director.

On the evening of December 12 the Class of '99 gave a *bal au poudre* to the Class of 1900.

Dec. 14.—College closed for the Christmas recess.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

January 7.—A lecture is to be given in the interest of the Consumers' League.

January 8.—The Right Rev. William Lawrence, D.D., is to preach in the chapel.

January 9.—Concert.

January 15.—The Rev. C. L. Scofield, of Northfield, is to preach.

January 21.—The French play is to be given.

January 22.—President Gates, of Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, is to preach.

January 23.—Concert.

January 26.—The Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., is to speak.

January 29.—The Rev. William H. Davis, D.D., of Newton, is to preach.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Agora was held on Saturday evening, November 26. The following programme was given:—

Impromptu speeches.

The Peace Commission and its Work up to This Time . . . . . Clara Brown.

Late State Elections and their Probable Results Mary Clark.

The Race Troubles in the South . . . Edith Moore.

The general subject for the evening was a study of the governments of England, Japan, and China. The following papers were given:—

England . . . . . Carolyn Morse.

Japan . . . . . Margaret Mills.

China . . . . . Elizabeth Towle.

A Comparative Summary . . . . Helen Davis.

A regular meeting of the Agora was held on Friday evening, December 9. Miss Ella Green, '99, was initiated into the Society. The following programme was given:—

Impromptu speeches.

Our Relations with the Philippines up to the Present Time . . . . . Clara Brown.

The President's Message . . . . Clara Woodbury.

Report of the Hawaiian Commission . . Helen Davis.

The general subject for the evening was a study of our diplomatic department. The following papers were given:—

The Machinery of our Diplomatic Relations . . . . . Minnie Pappenheimer.
A Review of our Diplomatic Relations up to 1860 . . . . . Emma Seward.
A Review of our Diplomatic Relations since 1860 . . . . . Rachel Reeve.
Our Relations with England in regard to Canada . . . . . Grace Phemister.

The regular monthly programme meeting of the Society Alpha Kappa Chi was held in Elocution Hall Saturday evening, December 10. The following programme was rendered:—

Athens.

I. Topography . . . . . Bertha Batting.
II. Myths and Monuments . . . Estelle Smith.
III. Art and Architecture . . . . Frances Dadmun.

At a meeting of Society Zeta Alpha held Saturday evening, December 3, the following programme was given:—

The Development of Unitarianism in New England . . . . . Miss Smith.
Ralph Waldo Emerson . . . . Miss McCaulley.
The Personality of Margaret Fuller . . Miss Cook.
The Brook Farm Community . . . Miss Warren.

Current Topic.

The Peace Commission . . . . Miss Hoffman.

Present at the meeting were Anna Stockbridge Tuttle, '80, Emily Meader, '91, Marion Canfield, '94, Elizabeth Wood, '94, Mary Field, '95, Kate Nelson, '95, Clara Willis, '96, Agnes Caldwell, '96, Edith Howland, '97, Eliza Craig, '98, Josephine Hayward, '98.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Shakespeare House, November 26. The following programme was presented:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . Sue Hall.
II. Paper. Studies in Conviviality.
Christopher Sly, Falstaff, Sir Toby, Alice Harding.

III. Dramatic Representation.
"Twelfth Night," Act II., Scene 4.

Duke	Anna Blackmer.
Viola	Catherine Dwight.
Curio	Alice Cromack.
Clown	Alice Knox.

IV. Paper. Types of Comic Delusion in "Twelfth Night" . . . Corinne Wagner.

V. Dramatic Representation.
Act II., Scene 5.

Sir Toby	Mary Spink.
Sir Andrew	Louise Williams.
Fabian	Joanna Oliver.
Malvolio	Ethel Burnette.
Maria	Eleanor Conlon.

Miss Alice Hunt, '95, Miss Cornelia Park, '96, Miss Maud Almy, '98, and Miss Fuller were present at the meeting.

The Shakespeare Society held its regular meeting in the Shakespeare House, December 10. The programme was as follows:—

I. Dramatic Representation, "As You Like It," Act I., Scene 3.

Celia	Margaret Merrill.
Rosalind	Mary Gilson.
Duke Frederick	Mary Spink.

II. Dramatic Representation.
Act III., Scene 2.

Orlando	Flora Skinner.
Corin	Molly Pringle.
Touchstone	Joanna Oliver.
Rosalind	Alice Knox.
Celia	Ethel Bowman.
Jaques	Corinne Wagner.

III. Dramatic Representation.
Act III., Scene 5.

Silvius	Ethel Burnette.
Phœbe	Louise Orton.
Rosalind	Hilda Meisenbach.
Celia	Catherine Dwight.

IV. Dramatic Representation.
Act V., Scene 1.

Touchstone	Louise Williams.
Audrey	Grace Frazee.
William	Anna Blackmer.

V. Dramatic Representation.
Act V., Scene 2.

Orlando	Julia Hill.
Oliver	Joanna Oliver.
Rosalind	Flora Skinner.
Silvius	Eleanor Conlon.
Phœbe	Alice Harding.

Miss Mary Orton, '90, was present at the meeting.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Professor Chapin, who is spending her year of absence in Greece, has been invited to lecture before the American School at Athens. This honor has never before been conferred upon a woman.

Mrs. Anna Stockbridge Tuttle, '80, president of the Wellesley College Alumnæ Association, recently spent Sunday at the college.

Sarah M. Bock, '91, is taking a course of training at the office of the Associated Charities in Boston.

Mary Elizabeth Holmes, '92, is now in the Chemistry Department of Mt. Holyoke College.

Edith P. Thomson, Wellesley, '92, B.A., New York University, M.A., has an interesting article in *The New England Magazine* for December.

Alice Newman, '93, spent the last weeks of the fall term at Norumbega.

Harriet Manning Blake, '94, remains this year at Miss Hill's School in Philadelphia.

Abigail Laughlin, '94, is practising law in New York City.

Charlotte Goodrich, '95, is teaching in the Female Academy, Albany, N. Y.

Grace Woodin, '95, is teaching in the Carthage (N. Y.) High School.

Marion L. Taylor, '95, is teaching in Norwalk, Conn.

Charlotte F. Burnett, '96, who has been studying for two years at a dramatic school in New York City, has now joined Julia Marlowe's company.

The engagement is announced of Cornelia M. Janssen, '96, to Mr. George Franklin Burt, Amherst, '94. Miss Janssen is at present teaching French, German, and English in the East Orange (N. J.) High School. Her address is 37 Carlton Street, East Orange, N. J.

Blanche S. Jacobs, '96, is teaching in Winchester, Mass.

Helen E. Greenwood, '96, is teaching in Oxford, Mass.

Florence G. Spring, '97, is teaching in Littleton, Mass.

Lillian French Haines, '97, is teaching in the McGaw Normal Institute, Reed's Ferry, N. H.

Mary North, '97, is teaching History and German in the Montclair High School.

Bertha E. Hyatt, '96, Gertrude P. Wood, '97, and Emma Elizabeth Barker, '98, are studying at the State Library School, Albany, N. Y.

Miriam Hathaway, '97, is teaching in Red Springs Seminary, Red Springs, N. C.

Mary W. Dewson, '97, who is with the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, has recently been made chairman of the Domestic Science Committee of the Boston Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ. The other Wellesley members of the committee are Mrs. Annie Hooker Morse, '82, Mrs. Alice Vant George, '87, Miss Helen P. Margesson, '96, and Miss Blanche L. Clay, '92, Secretary.

Jessie Graham Hall, '98, is studying at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

On December 17 the New York Wellesley Club gave a reception to Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, President of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, and Miss Ruth Putnam, President of the New York Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ. Mrs. Pearmain addressed the club, giving a most interesting history of the development and work of the Association, and outlining its future policy. On Saturday, January 21, at the Manhattan Hotel, New York City, will be held the annual Wellesley luncheon. Details regarding the luncheon may be obtained from the secretary, Miss Laura H. Jones.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT NOTES.

New York Settlement.

The November meeting of the New York Wellesley Club was held on the nineteenth at 95 Rivington Street. It was in the interests of the College Settlement Association. The speakers were Mr. Philip H. Ayre, of the Charities Association, who spoke of Social Settlements in general. He had an interesting map of New York City which showed the locations of twenty-six such settlements, and he pointed out where several more might be opened with good effect. He also showed how the institutionalistic had crept into settlement work in spite of the first intent of the settlements, which was to make them simply homes where the workers were to live and be good neighbors with the people about them. Miss Walker, the Secretary of the College Settlement Association, gave a short talk on the work of the Association, and Miss Williams, the head-worker of the Rivington Street Settlement, spoke of the work there, and the needs which the Wellesley Club might help to supply if they would. Miss Woodford, Wellesley '91, will be in residence at the Settlement through the winter.

Denison House Notes.

The play of "Julius Cæsar" was given by the Denison House Dramatic Club, Friday evening, December 2, at Union Hall, and was a great success. The Club will be able to add at least two hundred dollars to the reading-room fund. The reading room was open to the neighborhood, Monday,

December 5; it will be open every evening and Sunday afternoons for men and boys, and every afternoon for children.

On Thursday, December 8, the Settlement was entertained by Miss Walton and other friends from Wellesley. Miss Seipp played the violin between the scenes of a very enjoyable farce entitled "Rubber Boots," and residents and neighbors united in declaring the evening a success. At the Thursday party, December 15, Miss Bennett, of the department of Elocution at Wellesley, read Miss Wilkins's "Christmas Jenny," and two of the Uncle Remus stories, to a most appreciative audience.

Seventy-five dolls have arrived from Wellesley to participate in the Christmas festivities at Denison House. These young ladies are kept in strict seclusion until they begin to make the acquaintance of the neighbors Christmas Eve. There will be Christmas parties at the House, December 23 and 24, and every afternoon and evening of the week between Christmas and the New Year.

Miss Geraldine Gordon, 1900, and Miss Katherine S. Jones, '99, are spending a part of the vacation at the Settlement.

MARRIAGES.

CHASE–KYLE.—In Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1898, Miss Theodora Kyle, '91, to Mr. Frederic Hathaway Chase. At home 174 Bellevue Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

FARMER–GRENELL.—In Detroit, Mich., Sept. 20, 1898, Miss Grace Grenell, '93, to Mr. William H. Farmer.

CAVERNO–LAY.—In Kewanee, Ill., Aug. 2, 1898, Miss Louise Lay to Xenophon Caverno.

WHEELER–EMERSON.—In Rockford, Ill., June 28, 1898, Miss Dora B. Emerson, '92, to Mr. William Morton Wheeler. At home 6026 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DEATHS.

In New York, Dec. 5, 1898, Mrs. Anna M. Colwell Merrifield, '82–83.

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The Wellesley Magazine

Undergraduate Number.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII. WELLESLEY, FEBRUARY 11, 1899. No. 5.

EDITOR IN CHIEF.

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

BERNICE OLIVER KELLY, '99.

MANAGING EDITORS.

MAUDE EMILIE McCLARY, '99.

LOUISE EDGELL BALDWIN, '99.

LITERARY EDITORS.

HELEN MARIAN KELSEY, '95. MARY SPINK, '99.

MARGARET BELL MERRILL, '99. LUCY WRIGHT, 1900.

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All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Helen M. Kelsey, Wellesley, Mass.

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ENGLISH TRAGEDY IN THE REIGN OF KING JAMES I.

WITH a fancy newly kindled by warm flashings of passionate beauty, it is not easy to regard critically the work of such royal poets as Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Ford, and Webster. In studying the dramas of these men and their contemporaries, the difficulties of analysis increase as the onrushing emotion of tragic drama replaces the intellectual interest which is the dominating force in comedy. Only when we awaken from the magic spell of their poetry do we begin to ask of what stuff these dreams are made; and a search for the answer disturbs our peace of mind by leading us beyond the enveloping mysteries of meter and the disguise of enticing rhetoric, to what is too often a revelation of deformity. Despite its

vehement intensity, Jacobean tragedy stands forth, not in the robust, wholesome, and gigantic vitality of its immediate predecessor, but unstable, unsymmetrical, unlovely, often impotent and puny, when stripped of its gorgeous trappings. It does not meet the first essentials of dramatic construction, nor can it discover at once the depth and height of human experience, to reveal which is the proud achievement of our noblest tragedy.

A discussion of dramatic form is proper here only in its relation to tragic effect; and it is in their powerlessness to heighten this effect that the plays of this period show an inner frailty of structure. We may safely assert two principles as essential to the dramatic construction of a tragedy: there must be action, complete and appearing in logical sequence; there must be character, conceived and clearly presented as the source of that action. This twofold requirement means that each of the several personages in a play shall stand forth in his peculiar individuality, uttering his own inevitable words, doing his own inevitable deeds. When the characters are not thus clearly differentiated, confusion of action follows. Wherever character is subordinated to incident, the motive power to tragic action is lacking to such a degree that the play has a tendency to disintegrate at its culminating point.

The weakness of Jacobean drama appears in its over emphasis on plot and incident. As a result of an insufficient conception of the interdependence of character and intrigue, the tragic action appears either violently forced or wholly inadequate, because its fitness for the occasion is more obvious than its intrinsic necessity to the character uttering it. This effect of inconsequence is clear enough in "A King and No King," in "The Virgin Martyr," in "Bussy d'Ambois," in "The White Devil,"—in almost every tragedy one can mention. One of the greatest offenders is Ben Jonson, who used in his tragedies the same scholarly and laborious methods which produced his inimitable comedies. The result is that unheard-of thing, a *tragedy of manners*. The very name suggests a burlesque; yet these plays were conceived in all soberness of mind, and presented to the world as masterpieces. Gigantic in outline and most ingeniously executed they undoubtedly are. Their defect lies in the characterization. The personages in "Sejanus" make their exits and their entrances according to the requirements of the intrigue, but not owing to the necessity of their

natures; and where the characters are mere puppets of the plot maker, what ground remains for passion? The two figures who, after the second scene of the third act, should embody the conflicting forces of the play, stand apart, in vague outline, while the action proceeds. Sejanus at last becomes involved in the machinery, while Tiberius is made to oil the wheels. One feels that an opportunity for vigorous character drawing and portentous deeds has been lost in the skillful construction of this elaborate mechanism. Other plays by other playwrights show less ingenuity and decision in composition, and also, in many cases, less perverted emphasis upon incident. In "The Maid's Tragedy," which is undoubtedly their strongest work, Beaumont and Fletcher have welded together character and incident with some care, although we still remain in doubt as to the consistency of the heroine's subjection to a brother's will. Even in "The Duchess of Maefi," a play of unusual power in its character delineation, Webster has not made clear the reactionary influence of her own experience upon the Duchess. Here, as elsewhere throughout this period of intricate plotting, there is wanting an essential motive power to acting or suffering.

Our dissatisfaction with these tragedies springs, indeed, from a deeper source than external defects of construction provide. There are crude and unsymmetrical tragedies in our literature which still exalt our minds with "the joy of elevated thoughts." Marlowe, whose "waxen wings did mount above his reach," forces us on, despite the obvious dramatic inefficiencies of his "Dr. Faustus," to view the fearful destiny of the man who would "tire his brains to gain a deity." This longing to mount above man's reach, this wearying effort "to gain a deity," nowhere appears in Jacobean tragedy. There is no aspiration; there is no struggle. I believe that the elusive and baffling weakness lurking at the heart of Jacobean tragedy is due primarily to this absence of struggle—a defect which immediately connects itself in our minds with the inadequate conception of character already noted. We demand of tragedy that it shall reveal the suffering of man's spiritual nature. To present life truly it must show us character reacted upon and influenced by its own experience of guilt or of sorrow. There must be development, and development depends upon conflict, since man grows and reveals his moral nature only by repeated effort to overcome difficulty. If he falls, the catastrophe of his fall is greater or

less, as the battle has been more or less strenuous. Hence it is, as Schlegel has well pointed out, the conflict between opposed forces which determines the strength of a tragedy—a conflict, as in "King Lear," of man's moral nature against those passions over which he must gain the mastery or perish; or a struggle of determined ambition against obstacle, as in "Macbeth;" or of character against circumstance, as in "Hamlet."

For such conflicting forces we have far to seek in our poets. Measured by these standards, the instantaneous conversions of Massinger are grotesque, and the easy submission to evil in Heywood's "Woman Killed with Kindness" and "The English Traveler" forces a smile at the expense of our quaint and simple-hearted poet, whose men and women still have life and love, though denied the heroic qualities of tragic personages. In "A King and No King" we are led to expect either resistance of a terrible temptation or submission to it, yet at the crucial moment the temptation is forever removed. John Ford's passionate presentation of futile love would seem to give rare opportunity for a clashing of moral forces, but the subtle and abject despair that yields to a foreseen destiny renders resistance impossible. It is true that this spirit of nonresistance does not hopelessly pervade all the work of these gloomy-minded, carousing, London playwrights. Webster's noble Duchess, perhaps the most familiar figure in Jacobean tragedy, does stand opposed to the base inhumanity of her brothers. Yet hers is a mute endurance of evil. The enemy besieges a helpless citadel, which falls at last into desolation. "The Duchess of Malfi," however, in spite of its weakness of motive, and in spite of its sadly acquiescent note, does produce an impression of retribution and justification. The sorrowing Duchess dies, but she triumphs. In very few tragedies of the period is the sense of victory through death so complete.

There are two plays, written in different decades by men of very different genius and imagination, which seem to me to present less enduring art, it is true, yet even deeper conflict of tragic forces than can be justly claimed for Webster's masterpiece. And because they are exceptional, because each shows something of the stern combat so characteristic of older and stronger tragedy, it will be interesting, perhaps, to consider each in turn.

"Bonduca" is probably the independent work of Fletcher; possibly the joint production of Fletcher and Field. How much of the conception

is Fletcher's own is not for us to know; but certain it is that the conception is, for once, genuinely tragic. The play, unfortunately, is not so great as the ideas which inspired it. The underplot is developed out of all proportion, the execution is rough and irregular, and the characters are handled without a finely discriminating touch. The heroine, whose indomitable will valiantly opposes itself to the conquering Romans, dies at the end of the fourth act, when all conflict practically ceases. Queen Bonduca, savage, brutal, and invincible, embodies the spirit of patriotism that dominated the sturdy Briton. She is at once queen and mother: a mother yearning over the people of her nation as over her own offspring; an inexorable queen, inexorably demanding of her two daughters a voluntary sacrifice of life. Shrewish in her denunciation of the hated conquerors, she yet shows a majestic firmness and vigor in the unflinching resistance with which she leads her people against the Romans. By her own woman's error in generalship her army is cut to pieces. Her capital is besieged; the walls of her fortress are cut asunder. The lack of sympathy between the queen and her sturdy old general, whose open admiration for a noble enemy her fierce and scoffing nature cannot fail to misinterpret, adds the final element of conflict to Bonduca's struggle. At this moment her isolation is complete. She sees Britain vanquished, herself friendless. She turns to compete with her own destiny. While the Romans beat down her fortress, she appears with her two daughters upon the wall above the besieging army. The younger girl is terrified.

> "Oh, mother, these are fearful hours! Speak gently
> To these fierce men; they will afford you pity." *

Bonduca rebukes her:—

> "Pity, thou fearful girl! 'Tis for those wretches
> That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less?
> Wast thou not born a princess? Can my blood,
> And thy brave father's spirit, suffer in thee
> So base a separation from thyself
> As mercy from these tyrants?"

The elder daughter, less winsome than her more fearful sister, is made of sterner stuff. When her mother scorns to answer the merciful proposals of the Roman commander, this girl speaks in her mother's voice:—

* Act IV., Sc. 4.

"General,
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me,
Directly in my face, my woman's face,
Whose only beauty is the hate it bears ye!
See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,
Into my soul, and see what there inhabits;
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies."

A final charge from the Romans tears a mighty breach in the wall.

"Bring up the swords and poison,"

commands Bonduca. She gives one sword to her younger daughter.

"Here, wench!
Behold us, Romans! . . .
. . . Come, short prayers,
And let's despatch the business. You begin.
Shrink not; I'll see you do't."

The trembling girl throws herself at her mother's feet.

"Oh, gentle mother!
Oh, Romans! Oh, my heart! I dare not.
. . . Mercy, mother!
Oh, whither would you send me? I was once
Your darling, your delight."

The mother is far from relenting:—

"Oh, gods! Fear in my family! Do it, and nobly."
"Oh, do not frown, then!"
"Do it, worthy sister."

Here breaks in the clear voice of the stronger girl.

"'Tis nothing; 'tis a pleasure; we'll go with you."
"Oh, if I knew but whither!"
"To the blessèd,"

returns the other, quietly disregarding the protesting Romans,

"Where we shall meet our father—
Where nothing but true joy is."

A little comforted, the timid girl places the sword against her breast. The mother urges the deed.

"That's a good wench!
Mine own sweet girl, put it close to thee."
"Oh, comfort me still, for Heaven's sake!"

cries the poor child, and the sister continues:—

"Where eternal
Our youths are, and our beauties; where no war comes,
Nor lustful slaves to ravish us."
"That steels me;
A long farewell to this world!"
"Good; I'll help thee,"

exclaims Bonduca, as the young thing stabs herself and dies.

The sister grasps the remaining sword.

"The next is mine.
Show me a Roman lady in all your stories
Dare do this for her honour. . . .
. . . Would ye learn
How to die bravely, Romans, to fling off
This case of flesh, lose all your cares forever?
Live, as we have done, well, and fear the gods;
Hunt honour, and not nations, with your swords;
Keep your minds humble, your devotions high:
So shall ye learn the noblest part to die."

And the first daughter stabs herself and dies.

Bonduca, unflinching, prepares to follow her daughters.

"I come, wench. To ye all, Fate's hangmen, you
That ease the aged Destinies, and cut
The threads of kingdoms as they draw 'em! here,
Here is a draught would ask no less than Cæsar
To pledge it for the glory's sake."
"Great lady,"

cry the Roman leaders as she raises the cup to her lips,

"Make up your own conditions.
Stay! Stay! Be anything!"

Bonduca drinks before she turns to them, still fervent and unwavering.

"A saint, Suetonius,
When thou shalt fear, and die like a slave.
Ye fools;
Ye should have tied up Death first, when ye conquered.
Ye sweat for us in vain else: see him here!
He's ours still, and our friend; laughs at your pities;
And we command him with as easy reins
As do our enemies. I feel the poison.
Poor vanquished Romans, with what matchless tortures
Could I now rack ye! But I pity ye,
Desiring to die quiet: nay, so much I:
I hate to prosecute my victory,
That I will give you counsel ere I die:
If you will keep your laws and empire whole,
Place in your Roman flesh a Briton soul."

So Bonduca dies, proclaiming her victory over Rome. In this and in other scenes are many tragic notes in a tragic situation,—notes of mortal suffering, and of resolute combat against a gigantic Nemesis. There are lacking only sustained treatment and a due sense of proportion to render this one of our strongest tragedies.

Turning now to the "Revenger's Tragedy" of Tourneur, we leave rugged Britain for the shadows of a gloomy Italian garden, for dim grottoes, prison cells, and the fetid atmosphere of a rotten court. So loathsome are the details of this play that the senses revolt at the sickening succession of unimagined horrors. On account of these horrors the play is sometimes unjustly condemned as dramatically and poetically worthless. To my mind there is in this foul court something more than lust and crime: there is an effort at purification; there is a tremendous tragic combat of one man's sense of right against the corruption that fills his narrow world. The vengeance of Vendice gleams through the play like a sword of flame.

"Vengeance," he cries in the opening soliloquy, as he holds in his hand the skull of his betrothed lady whom the duke had poisoned,—

"Vengeance, thou murder's quitrent, and whereby
Thou show'st thyself tenant to tragedy!
O, keep thy day, hour, minute, I beseech,
For those thou hast determined."

The hour is kept; and throughout the stealthy intrigues and frightful tortures of this play, vengeance is indeed the "tenant of tragedy." This dark influence grows more forcible as we realize that Vendice's personal sense of wrong is only one of several impelling forces. The evil is so deep-rooted and so widespread that his vengeance must include wrongs other than his own. Vendice, like Bonduca, stands practically alone, robbed of all confidence in human goodness, but for the one bright exception of his faith in his young sister's virtue. The appearance of this girl offers grateful relief to strained nerves, while by the very force of contrast with the murky background, it deepens the tragic effect. To me, Castiza is the most naturally girlish figure in Jacobean tragedy. Her fresh youth, her spontaneity, her self-reliance, her unsullied innocence, altogether produce a charming picture of healthy young womanhood. The poignant simplicity of speech with which she repudiates every suggestion of evil is pathetic, because her goodness is so solitary amid such wickedness. We are glad that there is this purity near at hand for Vendice to believe in when he takes up his dwelling at court, strengthened in his determination to wipe out the licentiousness about him. This purpose he fulfills with a fierce and bloody zeal. Against all odds, and single handed, he brings about the death of these monsters of crime. And we feel that a purification has been accomplished. The new duke is a noble gentleman, whose integrity is unquestionable. Vendice and his brother, having established a new order of things, look for peace and honorable living in the court of an upright man.

"Now the hope
Of Italy lies in your reverend years."

"Your hair will make the silver age again
When there were fewer, but more honest men."

With all his determined zeal and righteous struggle, however, Vendice cannot be considered altogether heroic. His swift pursuit of vengeance

leads him through crime and reckless cruelty to his achievement, but also to his retribution. Poetic justice, voiced by the silver-haired duke, requires his punishment. The play ends when Vendice is borne off to "speedy execution." The fate of Vendice has little interest for us when once his vengeance is realized. The tragic power of the play lies in the mighty conflict of evil with good, which is so clearly symbolized throughout.

While this play of Cyril Tourneur is indeed unspeakably brutal in its naked exposure of crime, we find here only an exaggerated emphasis upon a well-defined characteristic of the Jacobean drama. These playwrights seem to have been incapable of conceiving a tragedy apart from physical violence and unrestrained passion. Unable to present simply and vigorously the primitive and universal forces of human nature, they supply sensational excitement. The effect is confusing, and at first deceptive. Absorbed in the bitterness of Amintor's grief, or in the frenzied utterance of Arbaces, we forget that the situation is forced, and that the passionate speech has no basis in stern resistance of soul. The elemental character of older tragedy has given place to the elaborate complexity of the new. The subjects chosen are well adapted to such an insufficient conception of tragic material. Conjugal jealousy and infidelity, unbridled passion, inconstancy in love and in friendship, political ambition, woman's blind and erring devotion, or woman's treachery,—these are the recurring themes, presented in plottings and counter-plottings, the solution of which is wholly inadequate. Since there is no conception of profound moral conflict, and since the characters are not presented as the essential source of the action, the catastrophe naturally becomes one of physical violence rather than moral anguish.

Bodily torture in itself is revolting; but a human being struggling against moral forces claims our instant sympathy. We fear for him in the moment of threatened weakness or disaster; we pity him in misfortune. He may lose his life in the conflict; he may, more piteously, lose his virtue. With straining sympathy we follow his fate, and then question our own. We stand face to face with the great, the simple truths of life, and with the unfathomable mysteries of life and death. We feel the joy of tragedy—joy in man's divine nature, joy in our own inheritance of struggling divinity. All the pettinesses of our jostling life are swept away. A sense of truth and justice remains.

Joy such as this is denied us in Jacobean tragedy. Disheartened, we turn away from the endless striving after nothing, from the emptiness and the futility of passionate raving. The dramatists of King James's court will always bring rich delight to every lover of beauty, but that delight will not have its source in their ineffectual conception of tragedy. There will be, rather, a wistful doubt and disappointment, such as find expression in those haunting lines of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"Can there be heaven, and time, and men,
And most of these inconstant?"

GRACE LOUISE COOK, '99.

THE COUNT.

MLLE. MEELO, the *petite* vaudeville dancer, had just performed one of her most brilliant terpsichorean feats. Her cheeks were redder than the rouge warranted, as she bent her pretty head a moment to await the applause that was sure to follow any exhibition of her agile daintiness. There was something very simple, almost bewildered, about her face as she stood thus; and the storm of clapping hands and stamping feet which followed her effort brought no self-complacent smile to her lips, but rather a wearied little look as of a child tired out and long ago ready for bed. Mlle. Meelo was only twelve years old!

Several of the more critical in the house had glanced furtively in the direction of Count Von Schwarzkopf's box before venturing to applaud. He was recognized as a connoisseur in matters of this kind, and a genuine "hit" was rarely possible in the vaudeville world of Paris without the sanction of his approval.

But this time the Count was weeping! Yes, sobbing like a baby, as he mopped the big tears off his flabby, unhealthy cheeks. Whatever did it mean? Was he doing it for effect? French volubility ran high, as one after another nudged his neighbor and nodded his head toward Von Schwarzkopf's box, "Voila! Le Comte!"

The ladies, with whom the old *roué* was a favorite because of his accommodating habit of supplying them with the latest bits of gossip, were thrown

into a violent state of agitation at the sight of his unexplainable grief. The waving of fans became positively frantic, and the interspersions of "Bon Dieu!" well nigh continuous, when, just as the curtain dropped, the old gentleman suddenly arose, and with a firm, almost majestic mien, quickly made his way from his box and disappeared through a side door, which admitted him behind the scenes.

There was no doubt about the Count's pedigree even among those who knew his fashion for playing ninepins with stablemen. Nay, that fact only made his right to the title more certain; for has not a real nobleman an undisputed prerogative to play ninepins with whom he chooses?

To be sure he was not a rich count, as he himself fully realized upon his occasional visits to his old, tumbled-down *schloss*, set in its wilderness of wild carrot stalks, and guarded over by a half-ghoulish ancient, whom the rosy-cheeked children of the neighborhood had whisperingly named "der Teufel."

At such times the Count had been accustomed to lean by the hour over a hedge, watching his neighbor's full-eared corn waving in the sunshine, and turning finally toward his own weed-grown fields with a comical sort of bitterness.

"Bah!" he would say, as he threw his pipe from his mouth with a jesture of deep disgust, "and my great-grandfather was Lord Chamberlain to the king!"

Then he would recall the days of his motherless boyhood, and how he had played whole summers long with the neighbor's little daughter, who wore calico pinafores, and whose cheeks were apple-colored. He remembered his cruel delight in pulling her yellow braids until she cried, and well he recollected his conscience-stricken pity, one day, when he had found her sobbing her little heart out over the eyeless condition of her waxen beauty. He had never meant to cause her real grief, and to make amends, he had saved up his money for a month and bought her a wooden gun with a steel trigger, which he considered a handsome exchange for the poor, dilapidated doll. She had kissed him very sweetly when he brought it to her, and said she would dress it up in some baby clothes, and was sure it would look quite like her old favorite. Ach! how disgusted he had been. Dress up that

beautiful gun in doll clothes! Just like a girl! But then, she always shared her "toffy" with him, and hid delicious tarts and other delicacies in a break of the hedge, where the poor little heir to counthood was only too eager to go in his own tartless state.

Yes, in his tenderer moods the little Minna had really seemed very dear to him; almost as precious as the big sword which, upon his father's death, he would inherit from his great ancestor, the Lord Chamberlain to the king.

He had, indeed, quite determined to marry her, in spite of the fact that her father was only a burgomaster, and his was a count. He noticed, with childish bitterness, that Minna and her brothers were always better dressed than he, and that their house was a far cleaner and pleasanter one than his, even though it was only one seventh the size, and had no battlements. What did he care for ensigns and escutcheons when his poor little stomach was continually craving honey cakes, and his poor little soul was no less hungry for love?

He had finally left the old *schloss* and little Minna, and gone away to school. The morning before, they had leaned against the old hedge together, and for the first time in his life he had noticed that she was very pretty. How her big blue eyes shone as he told her of the great cities he was going to visit, and the deeds of valor he would perform before he came back. Her yellow braids had gleamed like golden chains in the morning sun, and her red lips, with their flash of little white teeth between, had smiled very winsomely upon him as she stuffed his pockets with dainties for the long journey. At last he had kissed both her round cheeks, and they had held hands and solemnly repeated together, as if they were taking a vow, the old minnelied,—

Du bist mein, ich bin dein,
Des sollst du gewisz sein,
Du bist beschlossen in meinem herzen
Verloren ist das schlüssellein:
Du sollst immer darinnen sein.

After this Minna had shyly thrust into his hand a crimson purse which she had knit as his parting gift. She ran away then, not waiting for his thanks, and his eyes had followed her bright little figure until it disappeared within her own doorway.

So he had gone to school, and later to a university, where he had gambled and drank a great deal, and fought some duels, from all of which he had come off with several honorable scars, but no degree. Then his old scapegrace of a father had died, and he had returned home to be a count, with an inherited disinclination to work, and the old determination to marry Minna.

But Minna had gone. The neighbors told him how the dear child had wandered for weeks about the old daisy fields, plucking the white petals off, and whispering alternately, as each snowy leaf fluttered to the ground, "Er liebt mich, er liebt mich nicht." She had soon stopped it, however, they said, and grown up to be a good, industrious girl, with as pretty a face as any man might want to see. Then she had gone to the great city near by, to visit her aunt, and had never come back. There was a great deal of gossip at the time. Report gradually leaked out that she had wed with a gay young troubadour, who belonged to a traveling theatrical troupe, but nothing definitely was known.

It was really a bitter disappointment to the young count to find Minna gone. He had always thought of her with the same boyish tenderness that he had felt the day she had given him the little crimson purse. If she would marry him he had determined to give up his dissolute habits, and live honestly and industriously at the old *schloss*.

But she had proved faithless, and in a short time he had found the tedium of the old place unendurable. So he had gone to Paris, the city of his youthful dreams, and being a man of some social talents, good at a game of cards and successful at a song, he had been able to maintain a show of respectability—precarious and fluctuating, to be sure, but still respectability, at least, in the Paris acceptation of that word.

And now he was an old man, and a recognized connoisseur in matters of sensational interest. He was not a true nobleman, perhaps, in the highest sense of that word,—this old, debauched count—but hidden away in the most secret of his drawers was a little crimson purse, and deep within his heart was locked the image of twelve-year old Minna. He had never found the "little key" to let her out again.

And it was a sudden vision of that same little Minna, as he could almost have believed, mysteriously transported from the old daisy fields to a Paris stage, that had caused the count's agitation.

He actually trembled as he at last stood before the girl who was resting for a final effort in the last act. Yes, there were the two yellow braids, just as tantalizing as ever. The count's fingers twitched with the old boyish impulse to pull them until the big blue eyes filled with tears. The cheeks were, perhaps, a trifle less round and full than of yore, but they had much the same outline, and the flash of the teeth between the red lips, as the girl smiled to see the old man's evident interest in her, was the same.

It was Minna! How could he doubt it,—he who had cherished her image so long? He fell down on his knees beside her, and grasped her little hands.

"Minna, Minna," he murmured, half incoherently, "you have come back to me, Minna. Don't you remember your little Carl?"

The child started in bewildered surprise. "Why, how did you know my name, you funny old man? No, I don't remember you, and you're not at all little; but I'll let you kiss me, if you like, for you seem to be very nice."

She put her face up in the same half-shy way which he remembered so well, and he kissed both her cheeks solemnly in his old manner.

Then he turned to the stage manager. Never in his life had he looked so much like a count. "Are the parents of this child living?" he demanded.

"No," was the answer; "they are both dead."

"Then I can take her right along in my carriage," he said, in a relieved tone. "Minna, my darling," and his voice quivered slightly with the old tenderness. "Get on your wraps, little one, and come with me. You won't need to dance any more to-night."

A corner of the old *schloss* is fitted up very comfortably now, and the fields around it are waving with corn as full-eared and golden as ever graced the neighboring acres. It is late in September, and the afternoon sun is taking strange liberties with the thick yellow braids of the young girl leaning affectionately against the knees of an old, white-haired gentleman. They are sitting together in the apple orchard under a tree laden with its red, juicy fruit. The old man has stopped smoking his pipe for a moment to show the girl a little crimson purse, worn and faded with age.

"Minna, my child," he says, as he pinches her round cheek, "do you think you could knit so fine a purse as this?"

She bends her head over it, and examines the silken mesh. "Why, yes," she answers, with housewifely pride; "it is only the chain stitch; Mother taught me that long ago."

EDITH M. WHERRY, 1901.

A SONG.

My love is like a spreading tree;
I am o'ershadowed quite.
There is no other world for me,
Nor any other light
Than slants atween
The gleaming green
Of dancing leaves with which my love my heart o'ershadows quite.

Beneath the shadow of my love
My heart in peace doth dwell,
Where fragrant winds do freely rove—
The winds that softly tell
How summer's heat,
And winter's sleet,
Shall never harm the nest wherein my heart in peace doth dwell.

My love is like a spreading tree;
My heart, the boughs among,
Doth leap and sing right merrily.
A linnet's song is flung
In clearest note,
From trembling throat,
Less madly than a carol from my heart the boughs among.

G. L. C.

A MATTER OF NO IMPORTANCE.

THE Montreal express was late. It was cold that night, frightfully cold. It was also an up-grade, and the wheels of the puffing engine slipped and shrieked along the icy rails, every now and then losing their grip and whirling futilely around and around. The shrill whistle had a frost-bitten

sound as it heralded the approach of the belated train to the little New Hampshire village. Slowly the ponderous length of cars drew up before the one-storied, one-roomed, wooden affair which served as a station. The brakeman leaped to the uneven board platform, looked impatiently up and down the train, gave the signal to the engineer, and sprang back again into the warm car. At the farther end of one of the day coaches, a girl laden with bundles was clambering carefully down the steps. The train started, the car moved from under her foot, and in a second the rear lights were winking back at her from far up the track.

She turned to the station. The window panes were encrusted with a thick rime of frost, lit up and glistening from some flickering light within. A horse and sled stood at the end of the platform. Near by was the driver, beating his arms vigorously across his breast. He was muffled in a great buffalo coat. Above the knitted scarf wound about his neck bristled unkempt whiskers ending in little icicles. The part of the scarf under his mouth was white with frost. He nodded recognition to the girl and made a motion toward the sled. She shook her head. He clambered in, and wrapped the robes around him. The sled runners squealed shrilly on the snow as the horse turned and jogged off up the white road.

The moon had just risen. Great white hills loomed up beneath it against the purple heaven. One or two pale stars shone feebly down on the valley, where, from a white farmhouse or two, other lights just as feeble gleamed fitfully across the dead expanse of snow. The girl stood for a second at the edge of the platform gazing at the familiar outlines. The cold seemed to have shrunken her already slight figure so that the old coat looked baggy and clumsy. The keen air struck like a thousand tiny needles against her face. Every breath she drew stung from nostrils to lungs. Already the turned-up coat collar showed a filmy white fringe. The nearest light meant warmth and home. She started wearily toward it down the road.

. . . . . .

The meeting in the chapel was over. Girls came crowding out, and passed down the corridor, gathering together by twos and threes about the railing at the centre. The speaker of the evening, a small, energetic woman, with great dark eyes, curly, black hair, and a winsome smile, passed with a member of the faculty into the students' parlor below. Many of the

girls followed. A group of three or four leaning over the railing above watched her disappear within the red curtains in silence.

"Come to my room," said one of them abruptly. "Let's have some tea or something."

The others acquiesced, straightening themselves and turning down the corridor. Once in the narrow little room, filled with sofa cushions, pictures, books, and bric-a-brac, the little Southern girl broke out.

"I can't help it," she said, inconsequently. "Her talk made me feel so useless and selfish! Think! she is spending her life for wretched men and women whom every one else has forsaken. That is grand, it is worth while, while we——" She paused expressively.

"But we have other things to do, Janie," said the tall girl, gently, touching the curly, dark head perplexedly bobbing up and down. "Our chance may be coming later."

"I don't think we are so selfish," came from the girl snuggled in a corner of the couch. "Why, there are lots of things we do,—college settlements, and missions, and things," she ended, vaguely.

"But they are not vital matters with us," eagerly interposed the Southerner. "We do them in a desultory, half-hearted sort of way, most of us, when we find time for them in the midst of our other work. It is out of reach for us, really. There is no chance for work here,—right here in college."

There was a little pause. Each girl was thinking her own thoughts. In the midst, the round brass kettle hissed and steamed vigorously.

"I don't know; perhaps there is," said another, who had not before spoken. She watched the steam rise from the spout and melt away into the air as she spoke. After a moment's hesitation she roused herself, sat up straight in the steamer chair, and spoke more quickly.

"Let me tell you something. There was a girl once who lived in a little village in northern New Hampshire. She was a farmer's daughter. You don't know what that means. I do. It means pork and beans, and bitter cold in the winter, and odors, and screenless windows, and work in the hay fields in the summer. Money comes hard from those barren old New Hampshire hills. Yet she was sent away to school, for she was fond of books, and not of much use at home. She got along very well in the

academy, and was even made class poet when she came to graduate. She was that kind, you know,—always writing rhymes of some sort or another. After graduation she went home and tried to teach, but the boys in the district schools were unmanageable. She was always dreaming when she ought to have been on the lookout for mischief. Yet, though she was not a success, such schools must have a teacher, and her academy diploma gave her a precedence over other girls really more capable. In this way or in some other she scraped together enough money to bring her to college; and she came. She was a quiet sort of girl, unprepossessing in face and manner; one of the many unobtrusive ones who come and go, and are never heard of. She lived an entirely different existence from yours or mine, knowing nobody, seeing nobody except in recitations, living utterly outside of our little college world, though a part of it. Once she was invited by a chance acquaintance to dine at one of the cottages. That was the only invitation she ever had. She talked about it for weeks,—when she had anyone to talk to. It was the brightest spot in her whole college year; for she stayed only a year,—that way."

The speaker paused, and seemed groping for words to go on. The little blue flame under the kettle flickered spasmodically, and then went out. The Southerner was leaning forward, her dark eyes bright. "I had such a *good* time freshman year," she whispered under her breath.

"The girl's mother fell ill, and she was called home. She had no money to stay longer, anyway. Then the 'hard times' came, and she was forced to leave home, and go to work again. Teaching was more distasteful than ever; sewing was impossible; she was not deft with her hands. There was but one thing left for her to do; she must go out to service. It wasn't really so bad for her as it seems. She had always done that kind of work; why shouldn't she do it for pay? But people at home were too poor that winter to want 'hired girls,' so she came back to Boston, and went to an intelligence office. Almost immediately a position was offered her here in the college."

The speaker caught her breath, and then went on hurriedly.

"She was in the kitchen. No one even saw her or knew that she was here. Only one or two would have recognized her anyway. She was not missed in one college world, and so was not known in the other. The work

was hard, very hard, but she did not mind. She was so glad to be here in the same old building, with the trees and the lake. She did not feel the change in situation keenly, for she had lived so far on the outskirts before, that she could not realize how immeasurably far away she was now. But by and by she had to give up. She was not very strong, and so she left the college again."

The girl paused.

"When did it happen?" asked the tall girl from the shadowed corner.

"Last term."

"Where did she go?"

"Back to the farm, I suppose. We went north on the same train Christmas time."

"She came and went twice," exclaimed the Southerner; then added more slowly, "Twice, and we never knew it!"

A silence fell on the little group. The girl among the sofa cushions stirred sleepily.

"Is the tea ready?" she asked. "Why, you've let the flame go out! Light it again, Janie, there's a dear, and pass the crackers; I'm nearly starving."

MARGARET BELL MERRILL, '99.

FORMA FUGIENS.

I.

When sunlight leaves the day behind,
And cowslips toss in every wind,
I search for thee, my Love, my Star;
I search for thee, both near and far,
Thro' night and day, both near and far.

II.

When sunlight dawns on yonder hill,
And violets wave by every rill,
I seek thee still o'er land and sea;
O'er every desert waste and lea
I seek for thee, I seek for thee.

III.

When midday sun falls on my head,
I seek for thee amongst the dead;
And cowslips toss within my dreams,
And violets stoop beside the streams,
And sunlight dances now and gleams.

IV.

Tho' thee, my Love, I shall not find,
Tho' I should seek on every wind,
Thy vision still o'er land and sea,
O'er every desert waste and lea,
Forsakes not me, forsakes not me.

JEANNETTE A. MARKS.

SLIP SHEETS.

I. LITTLE TOMMY ATKINS.

IT was his very, very dirty face which first attracted me; that, and his brass buttons. He was devouring a large and greasy sandwich. After he had pitched the crust over the railing into the water, he came over and sat down near me.

"Are you all alone?" I said pleasantly.

"Yes, ma'am. I am on my way home from school."

It was then the last week in August. I started, and gazed at him in amazement. "School! What school?" I gasped. Vague visions of reformatories passed through my mind.

"The Cadet School of San Francisco," he answered in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Oh!" I said. "A long vacation?"

"A month. And I'm home only two weeks of that, for it takes me a week to come and a week to go." I looked at the dirt on his face and believed him.

"I am going to be a sailor," he continued, seeing that I was interested. "My father is second lieutenant on the Texas. He gets $32 a month." He

paused a moment to see how that would impress me, and then continued: "My oldest brother is in the navy, too. I've got a brother in the army, and I've got a sister who is a Red Cross nurse. She's in Cuba. My mother and the kids stay home."

I felt like asking how, in that case, he happened to be in San Francisco at school, but wisely refrained. Instead, I asked him quite as foolish a question,—if he ever got seasick. "I ain't a girl," he said calmly, but not impertinently. I never felt so keenly the inferiority of my sex as at that moment. So I changed the subject by asking him why he wished to be a sailor.

His little homely, freckled face lighted up. "The United States needs sailors," he said; "so I am going to be a sailor." Could there be a stronger oath of allegiance to country than that?

When the boat reached the dock in New York, "I'm almost home," he said. "We live in Hoboken. I wish vacation was longer. I see my mother only two weeks during a year, you know."

The crowd was pushing toward the gang-plank. "Good-by, Tommy Atkins," I said.

"My name's Nelson Farrigan," he started to say, when a big man stepped behind him, and I saw him no more. But I call him Tommy Atkins all the same.

MARY H. FISHER, 1901.

II. MATHEMATICS IN THE KITCHEN.

IT was a spacious, airy kitchen, not handsomely furnished, but nevertheless comfortable in appearance. The room looked neat and clean, except for the pile of tins and dishes that lay in the sink, waiting for some willing hand to wash them. The water was boiling and bubbling with merry song on the black, tall stove, while the apple sauce puffed mightily in vain effort to get out of the broad saucepan. A savory odor of turnips filled the room, a sign that dinner time was probably nigh at hand, and the faint clattering of dishes in the dining room confirmed this token.

But the most interesting objects in the kitchen were its three inmates. A lean white cat lay stretched lazily in the middle of the room, basking in the warm sunshine, now and then opening his eye and blinking in amaze-

ment at the fly which had approached his nose so boldly. The red-haired girl at the window had her thoughts, too, but perhaps of a somewhat different nature. She was peeling potatoes and humming softly, evidently thinking of something far away, for the parings would sometimes fall on the floor with a thud; but still she would go on humming and mechanically peeling her potatoes. To find out what the woman at the table was doing might have required greater wrinkling of the brows. She was of vast proportions,—perhaps too vast to be comfortable on that warm June day. She seemed to be muttering over some big sheets of paper, that looked very much like the wrapping paper that comes on articles from White & Co. More than fifty she certainly was, and yet as eagerly intent as a Wellesley Freshman over her algebra.

Suddenly the girl at the window started out of her pleasant dreams, for the old lady had asked, "Now, ain't ye goin' to hear me say my multiplication table?" It was surprising to hear how quickly the anxious student answered to "How much is twelve times seven? Eleven times nine? Five times seven?" etc. But when it came to "eight times seven," she paused. "Eight—times—seven." She looked slowly up to the cobweb on the ceiling, down to the mop in the corner, then scrutinized the figures on the wall-paper, and finally rested her eyes on the dog-eared arithmetic in her hands. "Eight—times—seven—are—sixty-two," she drawled out at last.

"Why, no; I've told you again and again that eight times seven is fifty-six," said the red-haired girl, somewhat sharply. "Well, anyway," she continued, "how much is seven times eight?"

"Sixty-three," was the ready response.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed the teacher. "I have said so often that eight times seven is the same as seven times eight."

"Is they the same?" queried the old lady, astonished. "I thought maybe they'd have one figur diff'rent, anyhow."

But the red-haired girl had regained her good humor again, and even left her potatoes to show the interested student how to multiply twenty-two times two, and finally how to multiply eighty-eight by seventy-seven.

The charm was cruelly broken. A splash and furious sizzle on the stove caused Mrs. Cook to tear herself from her papers and rush for the stove. "Ef that ain't the third time I've forgot my cookin'," she mumbled;

and yet, strange to say, she muttered over and over again, while washing her tin pans, "Eight times seven are fifty-six, seven times eight are fifty-six."

The cat got up from his easy position and went over to the old woman. He rubbed himself two or three times against her flimsy skirt, in token of deep sympathy; but receiving no notice, jumped up on the window sill, perhaps to look at the sunset. The red-haired girl shut the kitchen door behind her and smiled.

CATHERINE R. ANDERSON, 1901.

III. MY FIRST BALL.

REX and his merry crew had passed, in their long line of jolting floats, leaving behind them a trail of artificial roses and crushed *confetti*; and the last strains of "Dixie" were dying away down the street. The laughing, jostling throng of carnival merry-makers, fantastic in their festival costumes, began to break, moving slowly along after the bands, as our carriages, which had been waiting in a side street, worked their way through the now passable crowd to the door below. We left our balcony, gathered up our fans and flowers, fastened our wraps more securely around us, and hastily descended the stairs. By the time we had reached the door the street was almost deserted. A few boys, in the garb of brown monkeys, were still throwing gayly colored *confetti* and beating each other with their long tails in the middle of the street, while three excited Columbines and a blue and yellow harlequin were dancing some elaborate figures on the curbstone. The street was still as light as day, but it was fast growing empty, so we hastened into our carriages, and drove rapidly away. Those really brief moments that elapsed until we reached the end of our journey seemed long ages to me. The street lamps passed us at a funeral pace, and I know we must have made a thousand turns. But we finally stopped under the waving banners of green, and yellow, and purple,—the royal colors of Rex,—stepped out on the scarlet carpet, and walked swiftly between the rows of rigid policemen.

We had arrived just in time. Around the walls were ranged, in the booths with their chaperons, all the beauties that the city could boast and many visiting damsels, lured by the fame of the Mardi Gras festivities;

while in the centre of the floor the line for the grand march, led by Comus himself, was forming before the high throne of Rex and his Queen of Beauty. The girl I was with, a rose full blown, with an acknowledged reputation for beauty, was soon led away by a tall mask in the costume of a Venetian gondolier, while I, the bud, sat meekly by my chaperon in an inward flutter of excitement, hoping, fearing. I did not dream that I should sit there forsaken, and yet it did not seem possible that one of those splendid masks should seek me out in all that vast, enchanted circle of women. But presently, as I sat watching the light sparkle on the queen's diamond crown, a great mask in shining blue satin, with many glittering chains of brilliants, stopped before our box and bowed low; and I, with my heart beating very fast, put my hand on his arm and stepped out on the polished floor. No one can realize the feeling of rapture that I had at that moment, as I looked down at my white ruffles that quite touched the floor, and at the white satin shoes that barely showed beneath them. I drew a long breath and looked about the room with a pleasant feeling of proprietorship; it was mine, all this gorgeousness. I had been brought up, almost, to look forward to it, and now I was a part of it. I walked upon a ballroom floor in my little Louis XV. heels, that I was not quite used to yet, and my hand was upon the arm of a tall, tall man, who was saying something pretty and appropriate, just as I had dreamed he would.

Then we joined the slowly moving line of brilliant forms, and I watched it in delight as it twisted and turned, showing spots of purple, and scarlet, and irridescent green, and rich black velvet, among the paler blues, and pinks, and yellows. The swing of the music, the sparkle of the jewels, the light, the rose-scented air, made it seem to me a perfect fairy-land. My heart beat fast and faster. I wanted to make a little *pirouette* all to myself. I wanted to sing; I wanted to do something, anything, to give vent to my pent-up delight. Then the slow, rhythmic march drifted into a waltz,—such a waltz as they play only in the South; and we glided over the floor, round and round, in and out among the moving, rainbow colors, until the music died away, and we found ourselves once more with the chaperons, among the palms and oleanders. A little page, in white and silver, with tiny, tinkling silver bells on his pointed satin coat, bought me a gorgeous dance order; a little book, covered with big pink, shining

roses. It began to fill up with names and with queer symbols, put down with a mysterious air by gayly robed masks, who made deep bows and passed on down the line. Then the music broke in again on the ballroom chatter, and again I moved over the floor, I scarcely knew how; my feet seemed treading on air, and not on common earth.

How that night passed I cannot tell. There were many dances, all to the same perfect music of numberless strings; there were quiet moments in green corners; there was a gay supper in a room with garlands, and pink cherubs, and gilded arabesques, more dances; and then there was the putting on of wraps, hurriedly though regretfully, and the progress back to our carriage, over the flower-strewn carpet, while attendant cavaliers, now unmasked, carried fans and withering bouquets, and grouped themselves around the carriage door for one more good night. Finally the last one was said, the door was shut, and the carriage made its way out of the throng and rattled homeward over the cobblestones. The lights were out, and the streets looked gray and dead, except where a few belated workmen were tearing down the last bits of scaffolding and bunting, that Ash Wednesday might find the city shorn of her holiday attire, and ready for repentance.

My ball was over, my long-dreamed-of Mardi Gras ball. It was one of the few things that had quite fulfilled, had surpassed, even, my wildest expectations, and I leaned back against the cushions, weary, but more than content. The chaperons across had fallen asleep, and I, lulled by the motion of the carriage, had grown drowsy. The girl by my side stirred and looked out; it was rapidly growing day. She counted the strokes of a bell that was sounding. "There is just time to get into our black gowns for mass," she said; "I shall be glad of the Lenten quiet and church." I laughed softly. "Do your sins, then," I said, "weigh so heavily upon you?" But she sighed wearily. "It is not our sins that make us unhappy in this world," she said, "but our mistakes." I did not understand,—but then, it was my first ball. We rattled up to the curbstone and stopped with a jolt that almost landed us upon the banquette. "We're here," said the chaperons, and we picked up our skirts and ran into the house.

KATHRINA HABBERTON STORMS, 1900.

IV. A SERIES OF ILLUSIONS.

It was a warm, drowsy September morning. I had been playing with my paper dolls, on the side porch, ever since breakfast was over, and now I was tired of them. No one was at home except the cook and my Aunt Anne, who had forbidden me to leave the yard. She had been so afraid something would happen to me, that I had scarcely dared to budge ever since mother had left me in her care the week before. Hence I was anticipating with no little joy the party that was to be given that afternoon, to which Aunt Anne had reluctantly given me permission to go. The corollaries of her permission, however, were almost unbearable. My hair was put up tightly in curl papers that stuck into my head on all sides, and I was distinctly bidden to sit still for fear they would come down, and I should go straight-haired to the party.

"You'd look like a fright then," said my aunt, "for red hair is none too pretty, anyhow."

If only some of my playmates had happened by it would not have been so dismal; but the two little girls next door had gone away to spend the day, and I should have had to leave the yard to go after anyone else. I tried to imagine I was Lady Jane Grey locked in the Tower, and that I had to sit still, or lose my head any moment. Every flight of fancy, however, made me more rebellious toward the reality of the curl papers and the loneliness. In desperation I decided that it would be preferable to run the risk of "looking like a fright" at the party, than to sit there another minute.

I went back to the kitchen and filled my pocket with dried peaches; then I tiptoed through the dining room into the library. The blinds were drawn, and Aunt Anne was snoring peacefully on the big leather couch. She always took a morning nap at ten o'clock, and I knew that to disturb this nap was to incur her displeasure for the rest of the day. So I stole softly into the hall, and out the front door, just as the clock on the stairs struck the half hour.

"There!" I thought, as I jumped off the end of the front porch, "she'll sleep another half hour yet, so I'll have to keep terribly quiet."

It was neither a novel nor a pleasant prospect, for it seemed as though I had done nothing but keep quiet the whole week father and mother had been away. Every day had seemed like Sunday, but this one seemed more

insufferably dull than any of the others. The only noise astir was the whirring of the locusts high up in the apple trees in the back yard, and the barking of the big dog next door when the milkman ran around the house. I wished I could step into a mirror and talk to Humpty Dumpty and the Red Queen. The bees were buzzing over the hollyhock blossoms in the bed by the fence. I walked over to them and imprisoned one that had bored down among the stamens, by catching up the large thin petals and holding them tightly around the top. He grew angry, and when I saw him eating his way out I dropped the blossom and ran. He circled furiously above the bed, and then sailed out of sight. His lot seemed to me more interesting than my own.

There were clusters and clusters of beautiful white blossoms on the china aster bushes near by; but, when I started to pluck some, I saw the stems were covered with tiny black bugs. Just a few days before I had heard the greenhouse man say that tobacco smoke killed chrysanthemum bugs in a very short time. An idea suddenly struck me, and I tiptoed once more into the darkened library and took two cigars out of a drawer in father's desk.

"Mamma doesn't like to have papa smoke, anyhow," I murmured, as I went out into the kitchen again.

Jane, the cook, had gone up to her room, and I took some matches from the mantlepiece, unmolested. Then I stole out to the china aster bed and lit one of the cigars. The taste was strong and horrid, but the sight of quantities of little bugs curling up and dropping to the ground encouraged me to keep on. I puffed and choked, leaning on my elbows under the tall stems, until half of the first cigar was smoked. I had intended to smoke both of them, but they were such thick ones, and my eyes and throat were beginning to smart so fearfully, that my enthusiasm began to wane. I stopped to rest and to see how much I had accomplished, but when I looked up I was so dizzy that I could scarcely totter to the side porch. The apple tree, and the house next door, and the aster bed, swam furiously around before me, and I wondered whether I was sitting down or standing on my head. When I could endure it no longer I crawled up the back stairs and threw myself down on my bed.

I was dimly conscious that the luncheon bell rang while I was lying

there, and that Aunt Anne was calling my name from the foot of the stairs. But the pain in my head and the jagging of my curl papers overcame my awe of even formidable Aunt Anne. I heard her step on the front stairs, and I felt a sudden inclination to run and hide in my wardrobe. When I started to get up everything swam so fast before me that I fell back onto the bed with a groan. Aunt Anne pounced into the room.

"There!" she exclaimed, "I knew you'd go and do something awful if I'd so much as close my eyes! Did you leave the yard?"

I wished I had, for then I might not have been suffering such agony; but I only muttered something unintelligible about "just my head."

"Yes," she interrupted, in a frenzy of anxiety, "it's that cake again! Now Jane shall not make another bit until your mother comes home. But it's a good thing you're sick before, instead of after the party, for if you'd gone I should *never* have known what trash you had eaten. *Now*, I do!"

That afternoon, when I lay in my darkened room, thinking, confusedly, of asters, bugs, and cigars, and last, but not least, the party I was missing, I heard Aunt Anne talking to a caller down in the parlor.

"'Do you know," she was saying, "I believe this hot weather is killing the bugs on Sarah's china asters. I noticed that there were not nearly so many on them to-day as there were a few days ago."

M. B. G., '99.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

There comes the breath of soul to earthly clay,
  When first Fate's heavy hand thrusts one aside
  From out the ranks, to watch the pulsing tide
Of life sweep on, and leave him by the way.
Night comes with phantom wings to mock the day,
  And folds him closer to her chilling side
  And says, "Henceforth together we abide;
Thou art alone,—alone thou art for aye."
Affrighted, awed by his inheritance
  Of self, the human craving in him cries
For one warm touch, one single kinship glance.
  But back upon him crowd his deep-torn sighs
From out the dark. Then, rising from the sod,
He stands erect, himself—alone with God.

R. C.

THE SPECTATOR.

THE story goes that Walter Savage Landor once said he would not visit America because there were no stained-glass windows to be seen here. He could no longer say that. But the pity of it is, that even we college women do not know what cause for national pride we have at our very doors. I wonder how many of us have been in college three and a-half years, and have never been across the threshold of Richardson's famous church. Of course we are all accustomed to hear that there are beautiful stained-glass windows in Trinity Church. Now, really, you know, it is not so much that we ought to see them as that we are robbing ourselves of a rare pleasure. The memorial windows of Trinity are numerous, and varied in their degrees of excellence, but if you were only to get a glimpse of the trio of blue windows above the porch, you would feel richly repaid. It is said that Mr. La Farge was influenced in his design for the windows, partly, of course, by the architectural demands of the space, but also partly by the wish of Phillips Brooks that he should have something "simple and grave" before his eyes when he preached. Just slip in some afternoon, when the late sunlight is sifting in through the wonderful, blue mosaic windows on each side of the Christ, and see how the artist has succeeded. The rare color-sense of Mr. La Farge finds expression in the gem-like, opalescent, rich coloring of the deep-toned peacock and garnet robes of the Christ. Two other windows by La Farge have much of the same indescribably lovely coloring. Then we have four windows from the shop of William Morris & Co., England. One of these is the famous "Building of the Temple," designed by Burne-Jones. The other three windows, with their thick tracery of green vines as a background for the small, brightly colored angels scattered over it, and the larger central groups of figures, remind one of the fascinating vine-entwined books that come from the press of the William Morris Company. Separated from the three Morris windows by a gallery, the three small windows by Burlisson and Grill, of England, have a delicate charm of their own. The English windows of the chancel are more of the ecclesiastical, conventional type, with a good deal of clear red and blue. The softening effect of late afternoon adds much to their attractive-

ness. The French windows of the south transept are more pictorial in character and less significant.

Just across the street, in the Art Museum, our Wellesley art students have doubtless noticed the unique but lovely window that is now on exhibition. "Sylvia, the wood-nymph," is a piece of translucent sculpture, done in white statuary marble, by Frederick A. Shaw. The varying thicknesses of the carved marble transmit the light in all shades of yellow, gold, and deep brown, and give the graceful wood-nymph a singular appearance of breathing reality, as delightful as unexpected, from such a medium as marble.

A few minutes' walk from the Museum brings one to Central Church, and the famous Tiffany windows. The memorial windows are numerous here; and since they were all made by the Tiffany Company, there is such opalescence, richness, and variety of color that one wonders how the congregation has any power left for hearing while they have eyes. Perhaps the best known is the surpassingly lovely Madonna window from the painting by Dagnan-Bouveret. The well-known photograph of this Madonna gains a new significance after one has seen the morning sunshine filter down through the green leaves and purple grapes upon the simple, girlish peasant mother with her child pressed close in her arms.

The Church of the Advent, although a little out of the beaten path of Wellesley students between the Library and the shopping district, is nevertheless thoroughly worth while to visit. Most of the windows here are small, very ecclesiastical and English in design. In fact, the majority of them were made by Clayton & Bell of England, with the notable exception of the three new windows which were done by Kent & Co., of London. These are the so-called Jesse windows, and it is said they are made from some of the choicest stained glass in America. They have been only recently put in place; in fact, the scaffolding was not entirely removed a few days ago, so that one could only get a tantalizing glimpse of what promised to be a rarely beautiful and harmonious window.

Of the windows within easy reach from Boston, those at Memorial Hall, Cambridge, are probably well known to many girls. The famous "Battle Window," by La Farge, was placed there to honor those who fell in the Civil War. In the chancel of the Congregational church at Methuen, Mass. (near

Lawrence), there is a Nevins memorial window by La Farge, which is considered by some authorities the finest stained-glass window in this country.

To one who is interested in stained glass, the recent exhibition of John La Farge's work at the St. Botolph Club was of especial interest. Many of Mr. La Farge's careful water-color sketches and pencil drawings for windows were shown there, along with a large number of miscellaneous drawings and water colors done in the islands of the Pacific. The versatility of the man comes out in his choice of subjects, which range from the picturesque, tawny-hued native dancing by firelight, to a bit of sea and cloud, taken just before sunrise, and so ethereally delicate in coloring that it reminds one of some of the poetry of Shelley.

Another exhibition which comes the last of February promises a treat. Under the auspices of the Boston Art Students' Association, an exhibition of John Sargent's work is to be held at Copley Hall. The exhibition will probably be larger than any previous one of Mr. Sargent's work. It will contain some of the pictures from his London studio, and his recent picture of the English Jew, Mr. Wertheimer. The portrait has been at the last exhibition of the National Academy, and has attracted much notice for its strength and skillful racial delineation.

To look at all these beautiful things is good for the soul. In college life we need to make the most of our delight in beauty, for it adds the third side to the triangle. I wonder, after I have taken the trouble to search out these treasures, why we do not refresh ourselves oftener with a delectable art exhibition, or an occasional stained-glass window.

C. M. C.

EDITORIALS.

I.

In Article IV. of the "Constitution of The Wellesley Magazine as approved by the Academic Council and the students, February, 1898," there is a happily inserted phrase which has given the editors an opportunity to depart from a well-established custom. "*As a rule*," according to Article IV., each Magazine shall contain a paper contributed by "a member of the faculty or an alumna." As a rule, we have adhered faithfully and gladly to this requirement. As an experiment, we now take advantage of the little qualifying phrase, by submitting to the framers of the constitution a strictly undergraduate number. If, by the present limitation of material, we have jeopardized the literary vitality of our college publication, we believe, on the other hand, that by this same limitation we may awaken the curiosity of outside readers, and stimulate the interest and possibly the ambition of those now in college. To all students who have so willingly responded to the suggestion that the work of students alone should make up one issue, the editors here offer a hearty word of thanks. They regret only that the modesty of 1902, or their fearful approach to the edge of the semester, has made any representation from the freshman class impossible. Yet even if we may not have their help, we may, perhaps, hope for their attention. May they read understandingly, and study how they might have bettered this undergraduate number of the Magazine, which now makes its humble obeisance to the college public.

II.

The success of the French play has won for the French Department the cordial congratulations of all who were fortunate enough to see "*L'Amour Médecin*." For the members of the faculty who directed the work, as well as for those students who overcame the difficulties of stage management, there have been ready words of appreciation; and for the *comèdiennes* there has been unstinted praise. We wonder if this success may not encourage the department to offer annually a French play which shall be the means, not only of enlarging our library and bringing us delight at a

somewhat barren season, but also of making us better acquainted with French drama. The presentation every year of a good play would keep alert our attention to European literature, and would, perhaps, help us to gain some tardy insight into the fineness of French literary art. A more general appreciation of the delicate firmness of this rarely perfect art would not be without its effect on our own attempts at expression, nor would it fail to increase our enjoyment of "the best that is known and thought in the world."

III.

Do we, or do we not, desire student government? Wellesley students, for the most part, regard this question with the same inanimate attention which they give to woman suffrage pamphlets and anti-league documents. There has been no direct attempt to answer it, yet the prevailing principle of *laissez faire* has returned a negative reply. It would be too much trouble. We get along very well as we are. We want no more responsibilities than we already have. It would be as inconvenient to think about college government as to read newspapers or go to the polls. Moreover, if we ourselves made the laws, we should be forced, by the power of conscience, to keep them. The only clear idea to be gathered from such an attitude is that we are indifferent. It is plain that we do not desire student government. It is equally plain that we shall not have it forced upon us. When, as intelligent Wellesley women, we consider the valid principles underlying any scheme of self-government, and then consider the expediency of various policies proposed, the college authorities will, no doubt, be ready to listen to what we have to say. At present, since we are not earnestly interested in the subject, we certainly are not ready to undertake the responsibility of controlling our own actions. Until we do become interested, we shall do well to submit gracefully and uncomplainingly to whatever regulations are imposed upon us. And, in truth, there is no likelihood that we shall ever set fewer laws for ourselves than are now set for us by other people.

IV.

A WORD of honest appreciation may carry balm and bitterness in its sting. The editor of a certain well-managed paper published by the students of a Western college for young gentlemen, says, "The young

ladies in our academies and colleges do very excellent work, and they put forth some of the best amateur magazines in the country." And he adds, after favorable comments, particularly on the *Sibyl*, that there is "skill above the average" in verse making. All young ladies who try to write excellently well, will make haste to swallow this pill of encouragement. Probably we are all more sensitive about our verse making than about most other things, and if by striving we may attain unto "skill above the average," we shall do well.

To get good verse is, perhaps, the hardest thing a college editor has to do. We all privately know that the best is far from what it should be. Doubtless those august and cloud-enwrapped personages, the editors of the *Century* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, have like glimmerings of knowledge concerning the poems they print. But let no one refrain from printing the best that may be had, even when that best is not what it might be if editors were more than human, and verse makers were inspired poets.

It is the business of a college paper to present the best literary achievement of the college students. Whatever it be, the work must stand or fall on its own merit. The editorial task is to show it as it is. As a matter of fact, college papers present very little good poetry. In a recent issue of the *Smith Monthly*, a magazine not often excelled among college publications in the charm and method of its literary work, there is a direct, and, on the whole, a just criticism of college verse in general and in particular. The writer speaks as one who knows the difficulties of rhyme and reason. She names the four conspicuous faults of college verse: "Lack of harmony, sacrifice of sense to sound, false pitch, and obscurity of meaning." A humiliating array of charges! But the writer names what she has found. If we look through almost any number of the *Smith Monthly* or THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, we shall meet with verse showing one or more of these defects. We all wish that the best were better.

It remains for the writers of verse to think on these things. One must remember that stern self-discipline is required, perhaps, to a greater degree in verse than in prose writing. This need of relentless exactitude in diction and rhythm, together with the strict limitations of metrical and stanzaic form, may do much toward adding grace and vigor to one's habit of expression. Herein lies the mechanical value of verse making. But greater

than the mere drill in fitting words, and rhymes, and rhythm to an idea, is the delight in seeking the idea; in following one's fancy anywhither, and trying to echo the song it sings. Indeed, singing is as natural as laughing, or crying, or talking. The rhythmical rise and fall of regularly accented syllables expresses many of the moods of a day more spontaneously than does the less flexible cadence of prose. Instead of writing fewer we should write more verses, and write them happily, and with the scrupulousness which is essential to any sincere expression in words. When college students do this, the college papers will present songs and sonnets which, though usually lacking in creative inspiration, will yet be superior to what is now a deplorably just criticism.

FREE PRESS.

I.

MAY not one student voice the thought of many others, no less grateful, although, perhaps, less bold, by writing a word of acknowledgment intended for the eyes of those who have ordained a holiday at the close of the examination period? We all appreciate the kindly wisdom of the decision, and to the members of the Academic Council we are glad to say a word of sincere thanks. '99.

II.

DID any girl ever want to take an electric and find it waiting for her at the North Lodge? Never. Either the car has just disappeared or it is threatening instant arrival, and this latter process consumes many moments and much cold and patience. Now, why don't we rise up and plead for a little waiting room? This ought to appeal to the *οἱπολλοί*—a blessing to the girls who come back and forth every day, and a boon to the matinée goers, who, more often than not, have to stand out in the cold, drizzle, and wind. A little shelter to wait in would be a refuge from coughs, colds, wet feet, and dampened plumes.

A., 1900.

III.

WHEN we came back to college in September and found the post office divided by a railing into entrance and exit, we felt sure that our days of

squeezing and jostling, when we went for our mail, were over. The best part of it was that there seemed to be no room for anxious mail-seekers to stand glued against the wall to watch these boxes. But we have since become more enlightened. The writer has been obliged several times to ask students to "move on," and leave the exit free. To be more explicit, it is the four o'clock mail that seems to be waited for most anxiously, and, as far as the present writer's experience goes, it is Freshmen who wait in the passage at that time; not only in the passage by the wall, but also on the side toward the boxes. Of course these members of 1902 do not realize that five girls, however small, can stop most effectually the entire procession trying to get through. If they did realize how discourteous it is, of course they would not do it. A word to the wise should be sufficient. Doubtless this will apply to upper-class girls as well as to Freshmen.

'99.

IV.

I WISH to make a suggestion on the very old subject of library ventilation. Several mornings, as early as eight, I have happened to go to the library, and have found the air as disagreeable as at four in the afternoon. Now, I can understand why the air should be unpleasant late in the day, when the library has been in use for some time, but it seems to me quite unnecessary that it should be so at such an early hour. The matter is easily explained, I think. The library is used all day by many students. At half after nine the watchman closes and locks all windows, turns off the lights, and closes the doors, with the vitiated air inside. Now, could not the windows, instead, be opened, every one wide, for half an hour, before the doors are closed for the night? Then, why could not the windows be opened again by the watchman before he leaves the building in the morning, and closed by some one in time to warm up again before eight? It seems to me that in this way we could have a better start than we have at present.

K. B. R.

V.

THE Sunday following a lecture given here by a distinguished Harvard professor, a wave of indignation swept over the College. We learned that the eminent man had characterized us as "good enough girls, but farmers' daughters; you could tell that by the way they shook hands." Our indigna-

tion set us to thinking; and, while we do not understand how this professor could form so decided an opinion of us in the short space of time that he was here, is there not after all a grain of truth in his statement? Do we not lay too great emphasis on learning and too little on culture? We have no social life outside of college, and what little we have here we do not make what it might be; we regard it as coming incidentally, and not as something to be cared for in itself. Take for example the way we attend the concerts. No one of us would think of going to a concert anywhere else in a shirt waist, but we do that here very frequently. Then, too, we leave any time when we feel so disposed, be it in the middle of the concert or at any other part of it. We drop in for a few minutes before going to our work, or we come in just in time to hear the closing numbers of the programme. Our excuse for attending the concerts as we do is always lack of time, and perhaps that is the greatest excuse for all our delinquencies. We are busy here, and we do lack the stimulus of outside society; but, still, this should not be enough to account for the singular lack of the social element in the college atmosphere.

F. & W., 1901.

CONSTITUTION OF THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

AS APPROVED BY THE ACADEMIC COUNCIL AND STUDENTS, FEBRUARY, 1898.

ARTICLE I.

The name of this periodical shall be THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

ARTICLE II.

It shall be issued once a month, from October to June inclusive.

ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1. The Board shall consist of eight members: an editor in chief, an associate editor, four additional editors, a managing editor, and an assistant managing editor.

SECT. 2. Of these editors, the editor in chief, the associate editor, managing editor, assistant managing editor, and two literary editors shall be elected from the junior class; one from the alumnæ, and the remaining literary editor from the junior, sophomore, or special organization.

SECT. 3. The editor in chief, associate editor, managing editor, assistant managing editor, and two literary editors shall be elected during the winter term by the junior class; the

alumnæ editor in June by the Alumnæ Association; all these, with the exception of the alumnæ editor, to be elected from nominations to be made by the Editorial Board. The number of nominations shall exceed the number of offices by as many as the Editorial Board shall see fit. If the organization shall refuse to elect from the nominations made, additional nominations shall be submitted until all the editors are elected. The remaining editor shall be elected immediately after the election of the junior members by the joint vote of these members and the outgoing Board.

SECT. 4. If vacancies shall occur in the Editorial Board after the beginning of the spring term, the Board shall have power to fill all positions except that of editor in chief. A new editor in chief shall be elected by the class of which the former editor in chief was a member.

SECT. 5. The duties of the editors, with the exception of the managing and alumnæ editors, shall begin with the preparation of the April number of the Magazine. The duties of the managing and alumnæ editors shall begin with the preparation of the October number.

SECT. 6. The editor in chief shall be, *ex officio*, chairman of the Editorial Board. At all joint meetings of the two Boards the editor in chief of the outgoing Board shall preside. The managing editors elect shall be entitled to vote at all joint meetings of the two Boards, but shall not be considered active members of the incoming Board until the opening of the next college year.

ARTICLE IV.

Each Magazine shall contain, as a rule, in addition to literary matter furnished by the editors, a leading article furnished by a member of the faculty or by an alumna, such articles contributed by members of the college as are deemed suitable by the editors, editorials on subjects of college interest, college and alumnæ notes, and book reviews.

ARTICLE V.

SECTION 1. The price of THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE shall be one dollar and seventy-five cents ($1.75) for one year. The price for single copies shall be twenty-five cents (.25).

SECT. 2. The fiscal year shall be from September to June.

SECT. 3. The profits of the fiscal year shall be at the disposal of the Editorial Board of the college class to which the managing editors belong.

SECT. 4. The accounts of the managing editors for each year shall be audited by some person outside of the Board. The auditor shall be chosen by the Editorial Board of the college class to which the managing editors belong.

ARTICLE VI.

The constitution of THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE may be amended by a vote, subject to the approval of the Academic Council, of a majority of the students present at a mass meeting, notice of the amendment and meeting to be given in the following manner:—

The proposed amendment shall be posted, in writing, on the bulletin boards of the four regular classes ten days before it may be acted upon; and notice of the mass meeting at which it is to be voted upon shall be given in chapel, and posted upon the aforementioned bulletin boards three days before the meeting shall be held.

BOOK NOTES.

In this undergraduate number of the Magazine, it is with especial interest that we note the appearance, either in periodicals or in book form, of the writings of several Wellesley women. It will be remembered that Miss Delight Sweetser's dashing story of a trip round the world received mention last month, as did also Dr. Gamble's monograph on the sense of smell. Truly there is much variety in the attainments of our college women!

In the autumn number of *Poet Lore* is an article entitled "Sense Epithets in Shelley and Keats," by Mary Grace Caldwell, '95. This brief study of the use of color, sound, smell, taste, and touch in the two poets is as direct and accurate as it is interesting. The paper will be found helpful in any attempt at æsthetic criticism of the two men, for the careful statistical tables afford a good basis of comparison. It is interesting to find precise numbers confirming one's general impression that Shelley was less immediately sensitive to sound than Keats, and that both had an instinctive aptitude for shunning the more unwieldy colors, such as yellow and purple. Of the four colors most commonly named, Keats gives the preference to white and gold,—"classic colors," Miss Caldwell reminds us,—while Shelley rejoices in the blue and green of sky and forest. Many of our students in literature will be glad to read this interesting paper, which may be found in the "Poet Lore" pigeon hole, near the library door.

A book quite different from anything we have known as the work of Wellesley alumnæ is *The Cocoa Palm*, by Mrs. Mary Dillingham Frear, '93. This is nothing less than a collection of children's songs, written and set to music by Mrs. Frear, and daintily illustrated by Bessie Foster French. The bewitching charm of these little songs, which in other respects are very like children's songs the world over, is the novel setting among palm trees and rice fields, under warm skies in our far western isles; for the songs are the songs of Hawaiian children, and the music has an unanticipated lilt now and then, which renders it peculiarly graceful and memorable. Perhaps the most complete harmony of word and melody occurs in the really poetical series of songs of the rice field. Mothers and aunts of small children, as well as kindergartners in search of new musical games, will give "The Cocoa Palm" a warm welcome. The book is published by Messrs. Lyon &

Healy, of Chicago, and may be obtained in Wellesley on application to the Phi Sigma Society.

Miss Edith Sawyer, of Wellesley, who is known to many past and present students of the College, is about to bring out a college year book, which, even in these days of clippings and favorite selections, may safely claim the attraction of novelty. No similar collection of apt sayings from scholars and literateurs is known to us. Dates having especial significance for those interested in the affairs of the great college world are carefully observed. One notable instance of appreciative selection will be found on the page which reminds Wellesley people of Mr. Durant's birthday, by recalling the touching words of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer concerning the founder of the College. The title of the book, *For Student Days and Birthdays*, sufficiently indicates its scope by leading us to expect words of wisdom from great educators, as well as hints from the poets whom the students know and reverence. Lovers of year books will be glad to see this little volume, which is about to be published by Sanborn & Co., Boston.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Story of a Play, by William Dean Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York and London, 1898.

The Cocoa Palm and Other Songs for Children. Words and music by Mary Dillingham Frear. Illustrations by Bessie Foster French. Lyon & Healy, Chicago; Wm. Doxey, San Francisco.

For Student Days and Birthdays (January and March proof), compiled by Edith A. Sawyer. Berry H. Sanborn & Co., Boston.

Altes und Umes, by Karl Seeligmann. Ginn & Co., the Athenæum Press, 1899.

Goethe's Egmont, together with Schiller's Essays, edited by Max Winkler, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of German in the University of Michigan. Ginn & Co., the Athenæum Press, 1898.

Auf der Sonnenseite, Erzählungen und Skizzen von Seidel, Sudermann, u. aud. Selected and edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. D. C. Heath & Co., 1898.

La Main Malheureuse, edited by H. A. Guerber. D. C. Heath & Co., 1898.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

WITH the rapid extension of international relation and interests, there has come home to us the need of a high knowledge of international law and diplomacy among the men of our consular and diplomatic service. Everywhere the law schools respond to meet the need by advancing the standard of instruction. The Columbia University at Washington has established, in connection with its Law School, a department known as the School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy. Affording a training in the higher and broader subjects of jurisprudence, and the history, science, and practice of diplomacy, the school grants the degrees of Master of Laws, Doctor of Civil Law, and Master of Diplomacy. Quite in sympathy with the advance in legal education marked by the establishment of this school is the conversion of the Law School of Columbia University into a graduate department. The change will take effect in the fall of 1903. The attractiveness of a school capable of doing high work by admitting only college graduates will compensate many times over for the loss of undergraduate students. The widespread interest along political lines is evinced by the formation, at Johns Hopkins University, of a class for the purpose of co-operative study of current Congressional history; and Knox College will hold a mock Congress for five weeks. The issues are to be the same as those at Washington. The most piquant illustration of the increasing importance attached to political and social matters is the college for labor leaders, soon to be established at Oxford by two American educators; all the sciences relating to politics will be taught.

Not only the law schools, but the medical schools as well, are in the movement to raise the standard of professional instruction. After 1902, Western Reserve University will admit to its medical department no one who has not had at least the junior year at a college of good standing. Harvard Medical School raises its standard yet higher by requiring of its candidates for admission, after June, 1901, a degree in arts, literature, philosophy, science, or medicine from a recognized college or scientific school. An exception is made of such persons as may be admitted by special vote of the faculty.

Wesleyan University seems to stand almost alone in its active condemnation of coeducation as detrimental to the best interests of a college. The opening of the University of North Carolina to women, and the movement in favor of coeducation now on foot at Rutgers, are evidence of a tide of feeling opposed to that expressed recently at Wesleyan.

The good work of founding undergraduate scholarships still goes on, and it is, perhaps, even more encouraging to find the announcement, now and then, of money bestowed without any conditions whatever. By the will of Daniel T. Leahy, of Brooklyn, the Catholic University at Washington receives $10,000. Ohio Wesleyan University, by the will of Mr. P. P. Mast, of Springfield, Ohio, receives bequests which amount to $345,000. Of this, $10,000 is to be used for library purposes, $15,000 for endowment, and $30,000 to create a loan fund to assist young men studying for the ministry. In the way of gifts which do not consist in money, the University of Cincinnati has received the library of Mr. Robert Clark, which is 6,704 volumes, valued at over $50,000.

The legislature of Maryland has appropriated for the use of Johns Hopkins University the sum of $50,000 a year for two years without conditions. For the present, therefore, the University can continue its work without contraction of its activities or reduction of its teaching force.

The cause of science gains by the generosity of Lord Ivragh, in his gift of a million dollars to the Jenner Institute,—an institute which includes most of the leaders in medicine and its allied sciences in Great Britain. The money will be used in the scientific research in bacteriology and other forms of biology.

In the new academic circular at Yale, forty new elective courses appear, eight of which are in the English department. On the other hand, the University of Ohio offers a new four-years' course, which marks how the universities are more and more extending their scope beyond a literary education. The course is in Commerce and Administration. Its design is to fit men for a business career. It is similar to courses which have been successfully inaugurated in the Universities of Chicago and California.

Yale is engaged in establishing a fully equipped department in Scandinavian. Ancient and modern Scandinavian has been taught at that University since 1840, and Old Norse since 1891. The purpose now is to have an

auxiliary department of Germanic languages, which shall offer instruction in modern Swedish and Norwegian language and literature, and also advanced courses in Old Norse and Germanic Antiquities, and Mythology. Yale is happy in having secured the library of Count Riaat, a fine collection of sources and works in the domain of Old Norse and Scandinavian history and antiquities.

The value of a training in the classics has been not a little questioned and discussed the past few years. Princeton has come out with a practical avowal that a classical training is indispensable. Hereafter Latin will be a required study in the Freshman year in the School of Science, and an elective Sophomore year. After an experiment of twenty years, the faculty of the University are convinced of the insufficiency of an education with little or no Latin. The average school of science student has been found less mature and successful than the academic student. In courses on Physics, History, and Economics, which are open to men of both departments, the student with from six to eight years of Latin, and from four to six years of Greek, is almost uniformly superior to the student with but one or two years of Latin and no Greek. In the age of science, Princeton has seen good reason for the retention of a classic training.

The debt Columbia University has incurred by its removal to its new site on Mormugude Heights, will probably lead to external and social changes in the character of the University. The changes will come through the projected establishment of dormitories. While the graduate and professional schools of Columbia are among the largest in the country, the college itself has only about four hundred students. The building of dormitories, increasing the number of students, will doubtless insure the development of Columbia on the plan of other large American universities.

Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, has been appointed to deliver the ten Gifford lectures before the University of Aberdeen, Scotland. Professor Royce is the second American to receive this honor.

EXCHANGES.

The magazines of the month, diverse in their contents, give good reading matter. In the *Williams Literary Monthly*, "An Easter Gift" is concisely told. The *Harvard Advocate* tells a cheerful love story, called "On

Blue Nose Mountain": it is in pleasant contrast with 'A. V. C.,' the love-tale of the *Vassar Miscellany*, which is not free from the straining of a sentimental point. The *Columbia Literary Monthly* for February is full of excellent matter. Of the more serious articles, "Charles Brockden Brown," in the *Red and Blue*, and "Francois Coppée," in the *Williams Literary Monthly*, claim the attention. Good work in description is given us by the *Smith Monthly*, in "A Storm on the Prairie," and by the *Harvard Advocate* in "The Last Night."

COLLEGE NOTES.

Jan. 5.—Registration closed, and the work of the new term commenced.

Jan. 6.—At a joint meeting of the History and Economics Clubs, Hawaii was the subject of discussion. Misses Young, Smith, and Burroughs, of '99, and Miss Vogel, 1900, were the speakers of the evening. This semester the two clubs are to meet together every two weeks, to study our new possessions and neighbors.

Jan. 7.—The annual Wellesley concert by the M. I. T. Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Club was given in the townhall of the village. Miss Gordon Walker, 1900, with a number of friends, entertained members of the club at Freeman, in the afternoon.

Jan. 8.—Bishop Lawrence preached at the usual hour in the chapel.

Jan. 9.—A concert was given in the chapel by Miss Gertrude May Stein, contralto, with Mrs. Isabel Munn White as accompanist.

Jan. 14.—At a meeting of the Barn Swallows, the opera "Bianca" was given with the following caste:—

Bianca	Minnie Pappenheimer, 1901.
Adelbert	Gordon Walker, 1900.
Huon, the villain	Alice Knox, 1900.
Hilda, the witch	Florence Loop, 1900.
Juan, page	Elizabeth Kittredge, 1902.

Louise Sylvester, 1902, was pianist of the evening. In addition to the opera a "Topsy-Turvy Comedy" was given. Corinne Abercrombie and

Grace Bissell sang a negro melody; Ruth Forbes, 1902, gave an Irish song; while Blanche and Lillian Lincoln, of '99, sang a French song.

Jan. 15.—The Rev. Mr. Scofield, of Northfield, preached in the chapel at eleven. Before the regular morning service, Mrs. John R. Mott addressed the mission and Bible study classes on "Women's Work Among Heathen Women." In the evening Mrs. Mott spoke again about her recent visits to missionary stations in different parts of the world.

Jan. 16.—Dr. George Santayana, of Harvard, lectured in the chapel on "Imagination and Mysticism in Themselves and in Emerson." The members of the Philosophy department invited the Philosophy Club and other friends to meet Dr. Santayana in the Horsford parlor after the lecture.

Jan. 18.—The faculty of Stone Hall held a delightful reception in the Stone Hall parlor, from four to six.

Jan. 19.—The Bowdoin College Glee and Mandolin Club gave a concert at the townhall of the village in the evening. In the afternoon the seniors of society Tau Zeta Epsilon gave a reception for the club, in the students' parlor at College Hall.

Jan. 20.—At a meeting of the History and Economics Clubs, in the Stone Hall parlor, Mr. Aguiree, a native Cuban and a member of the Junta, addressed the Clubs. The subject of the address was "The Political Future of Cuba."

Jan. 21.—The French play, which has been awaited with so great interest, was given in the barn. The barn was well filled with an enthusiastic audience, which included many friends from outside the College. The playbill bore the following announcement, "L'Amour Médecin, comédie-ballet de Molière."

PERSONNAGES DE LA COMEDIE.

Sganarelle, père de Lucinde . .	Catherine R. Anderson.
Lucinde, fille de Sganarelle . .	Eleanor R. Conlon.
Clitandre, amant de Lucinde . .	Nina F. Poor.
Aminte, voisue de Sganarelle . .	Grace B. Dickerman.
Lucièce, nièce de Sganarelle . .	Marcia C. McIntire.
Lisette, survante de Lucinde . .	Pauline Nunnemacher.
M. Guillaume, marchand de tapisseries	Lillian L. Libby.
M. Jorse, orfévre	Pearl B. Randall.

M. Tomes	Médecins . .	Alina Williams.
M. Desfonandrès		Grace Phemister.
M. Macraton		Clara W. Brown.
M. Babis		Alice L. Millett.
M. Filèrin		Auguste M. Helmholtz.
Un Notaire		Agnes S. Langhorne.
Champagne		E. Gordon Walker.

PERSONNAGES DU BALLET.

La Comedie	Mary Rockwell.
La Musique	Kathrina Storms.
Le Ballet	Annie H. Davis.
Un Operateur, chantant . . .	Grace W. Sutherland.
Grivelin	Edith Brown.
Scaramouches	Alma Seipp. / Bertha di Zerega.
Jeux	Martha C. Shaw.
Ris	Edith L. Burt.
Plaisir	Anna A. Henning.

Financially, as well as dramatically, the play was a success. The proceeds, over and above expenses, amounted to $110. Of this amount ten dollars is to be given to the Wagner Club, and the remainder is to supply books for the French library.

Jan. 22.—President Gates, of Iowa College, preached in the chapel at eleven. At vespers we had the pleasure of hearing Prof. Mary Roberts Smith sing several selections.

Jan. 23.—Madame Helen Hopekirk gave a delightful piano recital in the evening.

Jan. 26.—Day of Prayer for Colleges. The Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, N. J., preached in the morning. Dr. Bradford also made an address at the Thursday evening meeting.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

February 1.—Examinations begin.

February 5.—The Rev. Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, is to preach in the morning.

February 6.—Concert.

February 10.—Examinations end.

February 12.—The Rev. George Bullen, of Newton Centre, is to preach in the chapel.

February 13.—The second semester begins.

February 19.—The Rev. William V. Kelley, of New York City, preaches. In the evening Mrs. Stevenson will speak on temperance.

February 20.—Mr. Durant's birthday. The speaker for this day is not yet announced.

February 26.—The Rev. H. P. Dewey, of Concord, N. H., is to preach.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A regular meeting of Phi Sigma was held on Saturday, December 10. The following programme was given:—

I.	"Arthurian Romance" . . .	Miss Hall.
II.	Music	Miss Scott.
III.	"High History of the Holy Grail" .	Miss Miller.
IV.	Music	Miss Abercrombie.
V.	Critique of the "High History of the Holy Grail"	Miss Putnam.

There were present at the meeting Miss Dewson, '97; Miss Ely and Miss Scott, '98.

At a regular meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon, held on Saturday evening, December 10, the subject discussed was Rossetti's pictures. The programme was as follows:—

I. Rossetti's Pre-Raphaelite Period . Miss Clark.
Pictures studied.
The Girlhood of the Virgin.
The Annunciation.

II. Rossetti's Individual Development . Miss Kelly.
Pictures Studied.
Beata Beatrix.
The Bride.

III. Music . . . . . Miss Cobb.
IV. Rossetti's Latest Pictures . . . Miss Rosencranz.
Pictures Studied.
Dante's Dream.
The Venus Type.
V. Current Topics . . . . . Miss Chase.

At a regular meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon, held Jan. 14, 1899, Miss Pearl Randall, '01, was received into the Society. Miss Piper, '97, and Miss Bailey, '98, were present at the meeting.

At a regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha, held January 14, Eliza Newkirk, 1900, was received into its membership. At the same meeting the following programme was given:—

Holmes as a Social Critic and Teacher . . Miss Dutch.
George William Curtis . . . . Miss Oliphant.
Current Topic. The Fashoda Difficulty . Miss Coonley.

The regular monthly programme meeting of the Society Alpha Kappa Chi, was held in Elocution Hall, Friday, January 20. The following programme was rendered:—

Athens (Continued):—
I. General Attic Culture . . . . Louise Young.
II. Education of an Athenian Youth . . Louise Sturtevant.
III. Social Life of the Athenians as Seen in the Attic Writers . . . . Ethel Forcier.

A programme meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Shakespeare House, on January 28. The programme was as follows:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . Ethel Burnette.
II. Paper. Sources of Cymbeline . . Joanna Oliver.
III. Dramatic Representation.
Cymbeline, Act III., Scene 6.
Belarius . . . . . Anna Blackmer.
Guiderius . . . . . Alice Harding.
Arviragus . . . . . Grace Frazee.
Imogen . . . . . Catharine Dwight.

IV. Paper. Studies in Jealousy: Othello, Posthumous, Leontes . . . Julia Hill.

Miss M'Lean, '96, Miss Duxbury, '97, Miss Almy, '98, were present at the meeting.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Katharine Lee Bates, '80, Professor of English Literature, who is abroad for her sabbatical year, is at present in Paris.

Ellen L. Burrell, '80, Acting Professor of Pure Mathematics, has been granted leave of absence for the second semester. Miss Burrell is at present in North Carolina.

Mrs. Marion Pelton Guild, '80, is spending the winter near Ashville, North Carolina.

Laura A. Jones, '82, spent Thursday, January 5, at the College.

Mary Christine Wiggin, '85, is teaching Mathematics in the Brookline (Mass.) High School.

Mrs. Catherine Derkmann Wentworth, '86, who won the first prize for figure drawing at the Salon, has taken up portrait painting.

Elizabeth Wallace, '86, is president of the Chicago Wellesley Club.

Elizabeth Webb Ballord, '87, is studying at the University of Chicago.

Isabel Puffer, '91, and Linda D. Puffer, '91, are spending the winter abroad.

Katherine F. Gleason, '91, is living in San José, California.

Mary Dillingham Frear, '93, is in Washington for the winter with her husband, Justice Walter H. Frear, of the Supreme Court, Hawaiian Islands. Mrs. Frear is at present a member of the Hawaiian Commission.

Mary Keyt Isham, '94, is studying at Chicago University.

Mrs. Katherine Conner Fisher, '95, and family have left India. They will spend the summer in Germany, and return to America in the autumn.

Alice C. Howe, '95, is teaching in Concord, Mass.

Mary Grace Caldwell, '95, has an article on "Sense Epithets in Shelley and Keats," in the autumn number of *Poet Lore*.

Angie Wood, '96, is teaching in the high school in Pittsfield, Ill.

Blanche Bartleson, '96, is teaching in the Little Falls (Minn.) High School.

Mrs. Anna McChesney Smyth, '96, is now living at 1905 George Avenue, Chicago.

Edith May, '97, is traveling in Europe with a young girl under her charge. Constance Emerson, '96, is also of the party.

Miriam Hathaway, '97, was called from her teaching in the South by the illness of her mother.

Ruth Hume, '97, is studying medicine in the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia.

Elizabeth Wylie, '97, is taking a course in Kindergarten, at the University in Bozeman, Montana.

Jessie Munger, '97, is teaching in the Wayne (Penn.) High School.

Elizabeth Randall, '97, expects to return from the Hawaiian Islands in March.

Mary L. Williams, '97, is studying at the Hartford (Conn.) Theological Seminary. The seminary is open to women on the same terms as to men.

Frida M. Raynal, '97, is at home this winter. Her address is 1626 Riggs Place, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Alice M. Holbrook, '97, is teaching in Sutton, Mass.

Gertrude Sanborn, '98, has been obliged by illness to give up teaching for the present.

Maud E. Almy, '98, is teaching in Wayland, Mass.

Agnes Jenks, formerly 1900, is engaged in the business of floriculture in North Middleborough, Mass.

The eleventh annual Christmas reunion of the Washington Wellesley Association was held at the home of Miss Harriet Buckly, Friday afternoon, December 28th. About thirty members and guests were present. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Miss Jackson, Miss McKnight, and Miss Campbell. Owing to the enforced absence of Mrs. Gould, the president for '98, Miss Jackson presided, and made a fitting address. Miss Draper, 1902, added much to the pleasure of the afternoon by her charming and graphic description of college life at the present time. In the tea room Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Swormstedt, and Miss Caldwell assisted. Souvenirs of the occasion were directories of the club membership, with a picture of the "College Beautiful" in the Wellesley blue on the first page. At a previous business meeting the officers for the year 1899 were elected as follows: for president, Miss Delia Sheldon Jackson, special, '84–85; vice president, Miss Nancy J. McKnight, '87; treasurer, Miss Harriet Buckly, special, '85–89; chairman of business committee, Miss Lucy W. Cummings, '97. Miss Isabella Campbell, '94, was reëlected secretary.

The annual luncheon of the New York Wellesley Club took place Saturday, January 21, at the Manhattan Hotel. One hundred and twenty members were present. The guests of the Club were Mr. Sala, Prof. Bliss Perry, Mr. Richard Hovey, and Mr. Edmund Wetmore. Mr. Sala, a native Filipino, who was educated at Oxford, Eng., is now a naturalized American citizen. Mr. Sala gave a most interesting address on the Philippines. Letters were read from President Irvine, Mrs. Durant, and Mrs. Palmer. Mr. Hovey read one of his recent poems. After singing "Alma Mater" the Club dispersed, having enjoyed an unusually pleasant reunion.

DENISON HOUSE NOTES.

The Denison House parties began the Friday before Christmas, and continued, at intervals, until the Friday after New Year's Day; there were thirteen in all. One of the most enjoyable features of these parties was the tree, a real German Christmas tree, blossoming all over with roses and lilies, and bearing the sun, moon, and stars on its branches. A big reindeer and two little ones wandered among the boughs, a very small squirrel frisked among the pine needles with Freya's kitten,—a sugar kitten with pink

cheeks,—and a golden-haired angel from Wellesley hovered in the topmost branch. The candles were lighted ten times, and the grown people were not less eager than the children to hear the story of the tree.

Dramatics, also, formed a part of the Christmas festivities. One club of little girls acted the play of "Snowdrop and the Seven Dwarfs," and Miss Rousmanière's Club, "The Busy Bees," acted "The Sleeping Beauty." These plays were afterwards repeated in the Children's Hospital and the City Hospital. The Denison Dramatic Club presented the House with $241.50, the proceeds from the last performance of "Julius Cæsar." The money was given for the reading room. Nor was this the only Christmas gift that the House received. We understand that about $85 was made at the Doll Show and Candy Sale given at Wellesley, and that the Wellesley Chapter of the College Settlements Association has voted to spend the money for books for the Denison House reading room.

One of the prettiest parties was that given for the Kitchen Garden Clubs, at which fifty-five little girls received fifty-five Wellesley dolls. As each doll was held up for inspection, and the proud mamma hastened to receive her child, there was a murmur of admiration from the audience. Not one word of envy or dissatisfaction was heard from any of the little girls, each one thought her own doll the most to be desired.

The Christmas music at the "grown-up" parties was very much enjoyed. Among those who entertained our guests were Miss Shaw, the harpist, Miss Cochran, Mr. Prescott, Mrs. Austin, and Miss Von Schönberg. Mr. McKee, who drilled the boys for "Julius Cæsar," kindly recited for us the Pyramus and Thisbe scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Now that the holidays are over Denison House has resumed its more serious activities. The Boys' Dramatic Club has decided to attempt "Henry V.," this spring, and the older girls are soon to begin rehearsing "A Winter's Tale."

Miss Eldred of Smith, Miss Drew of Radcliffe, Miss Jones, Miss Phelps, and Miss Gordon of Wellesley, spent a part of the vacation at Denison House.

Thursday, January 12, the Wellesley girls entertained the residents and guests of the House with music and recitations.

MARRIAGES.

BRADLEY–HAZEN.—In St. Johnsbury, Vt., Jan. 4, 1899, Miss Margaret Ellen Hazen, '91, to Mr. Welcome Walter Bradley.

JOHNSTON–HAYES.—In Malden, Mass., Oct. 19, 1898, Miss Mabel A. Hayes, '93, to Mr. Everett Leroy Johnston.

BALDWIN–CRAPO.—In Burlington, Iowa, Jan. 5, 1899, Miss Edith R. Crapo, '94, to Mr. Martin Tuttle Baldwin. At home, 4409 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago.

BIRTHS.

In Scranton, Pa., June 20, 1897, a daughter, Alice Winton, to Mrs. Katharine Winton Murray, '93.

In Scranton, Pa., Sept. 24, 1898, a son, Gilbert D., to Mrs. Katharine Winton Murray, '93.

In Bethlehem, Pa., November, '98, a son, William Sayre, 3d, to Mrs. Elizabeth Bartholomew Sayre, '94.

DEATHS.

Died in Shreveport, La., Jan. 11, 1899, Elizabeth Brantley Newman, mother of Caroline N. Newman, '93.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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MANAGING EDITORS.
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LITERARY EDITORS.
HELEN MARIAN KELSEY, '95.
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MARY SPINK, '99.
LUCY WRIGHT, 1900.

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YALE UNIVERSITY PRIZE POEMS, 1898.

[IT is with peculiar pleasure that THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE reprints, with the kind permission of the author, the following sonnets which received the prize offered by Professor Albert S. Cook, for the best poem written by a student at Yale during the year 1897–98. In a brief prefatory note to the booklet recently published ("Six Early English Saints," Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor, New Haven), Miss Shackford tells us that the committee of award consisted of Messrs. Walter H. Page, Richard Watson Gilder, and Charles D. G. Roberts. All Wellesley women will be glad to know that a Wellesley alumna has been privileged thus to honor her College.—ED.]

I.

COLUMBA.

Impulsive, stormy, passionate as the sea
Whose beat and tumult swept Iona's shore,
Columba sang to Arran o'er and o'er:
"My sun, my heart is in the west with thee!"
From bitterness of longing never free,
His life the glory of a triumph wore.
Against the sins and wrongs of men he bore
Unflinching fight,—a man who would not flee.

The father of that fiery northern school,
Unmatched for zeal and magic influence,
His ardor, never quiet, never cool,
Loved evening's gold and crimson, with a sense
Of God's eternal, everlasting rule
Maintained by love and man's long reverence.

II.

BEDE.

A fair-haired boy,—he loved the silent place
Where gray, cold walls were warders of that song
Whose even Latin cadence lingered long
Within his heart. When prayer and fast gave space,
His eager, steady fingers learned to trace
The letters done in blue and gold along
The vellum pages, while the dark-robed throng
Passed by, unseen, before his glowing face.

A silver-haired and beautiful old man,
With vehement desire he hungered still
To master some abtruse old Latin page.
Still seeking fast, our first historian,
He labored on with changeless heart and will
The foremost scholar of his learnèd age.

III.

AIDAN.

To royal Oswald's war-encompassed land
Went Aidan, with the peace of God within
His heart, rebuking avarice and sin,
And daring in his fervor to withstand
Ambitious princes' pride, and to demand
Unswerving rectitude where crime had been.
The cruel gleam of knives, the smoke and din
Of heathendom ceased at his stern command.

When death assailed him with a sudden right,
  His comrades quickly pitched a sheltering tent
    Beside the church he loved; and as he died
He grasped the buttress with defiant might,
  Exulting in his faith, which no event
    Could weaken, and no changing aims divide.

IV.

CUTHBERT.

Where haunting seagulls scream, and eagles fly
  'Round island shores lashed by the ocean's swell,
  Saint Cuthbert hollowed out his rocky cell
With grim, blank walls, and roof of stars and sky.
The seamews came with friendly, eager cry
  To brush his shoulder. Every stone and shell
  Lay in his hand; and from his lips there fell
Sweet words of cheer to sailors passing by.

His holy death was flashed from isle to isle
  By beacon lights over the far blue sea;
    Even so his spirit sent its healing strength,
As legends tell, to stricken people while
  They kissed his relics. So his sanctity
    Transcended death and time's consuming length.

V.

BENEDICT BISCOP.

Beside the mouth of smoothly flowing Wear
  Rose Benedict's long-dreamed-of masterpiece.
  His foreign travels labored to increase
The growing beauty of his church, whose fair
Glass windows sheltered ornaments of rare
  Strange form and color. Through his diocese
  He sent God's messengers in love and peace,
With Latin music for their daily prayer.

Some mystic sense of art's constraining power
Sufficed to guide his consecrated mind
To fairer, more imaginative ways
Of praising God under that Roman tower.
Men felt a sweeter faith, an undefined
New inspiration ruling work and praise.

VI.

CÆDMON.

His hands had ever held the plough afield;
His eyes had loved the pasture and the sheep;
He saw the wind, and rain, and sunshine keep
Their yearly watch over the seeds that yield
The yellow corn. Deep in his heart, concealed,
A poet's majestic spirit was asleep.
With music full of ease he could not sweep
The harp; no gayety his lips unsealed.

But in the dark, alone, his heart was stung
With impotence, and from the sting there came
The first great poem in that triumphant tongue,
Whose truth and purity have been the aim
Of English poets, while their songs have rung
With melody eternal as their fame.

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD, '96.

A JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

"*Más vale tarde que nunca!*"

So thought my sister and I when we found that if we were to see Spain together, we must see it during the war. So we started south from Biarritz, France, and in Irun, the frontier town at the foot of the Pyrenees, came to a halt of several hours; for the Spanish railroads have a broader gauge than the French, in order that no army may ever invade the peninsula. One feels a sharp change at the boundary between France and Spain. The less comfortable cars, the cheerless waiting rooms, the leisurely dignity of the officials, which sometimes results in the loss of a train, find a certain

compensation in the added picturesqueness of yellow gorse hedges, and bits of landscape, where primitive methods of plowing and sowing show to advantage the lithe figures of those muscular, northern Spaniards. One is reminded of Taine's saying, "Africa begins at the Pyrenees;" and at the entrance into the peninsula one realizes that the Continent has been left behind.

When we reached Fuenterrabia, only a mile or two from the French frontier, we found ourselves in a village as truly Spanish as if in the heart of the country. Here the narrow streets with overhanging balconies, festooned with vines and bright with scarlet geraniums, lead to the old church where the Spanish princess, Maria Teresa, was married by proxy to Louis XIV. Behind one of the huge pillars the "Great Monarch" hid himself during the ceremony, in order to catch a glimpse of his future queen. Beyond stands the ruined castle which the Emperor Charles built for his mother, Crazy Jane of the nursery rhyme. Its courtyard is lined with fragrant wall flowers, and a large sign states in English that this place is for sale cheap. From Fuenterrabia, past Pasages, the port from which Lafayette sailed for America, one arrives in half an hour at San Sebastian, on the Bay of Biscay, the Newport of Spain. Its people have given it the pet name of "The little silver cup." The queen regent has a summer palace above the beach, and every day in summer at eleven o'clock the two princesses and the little Alfonso XIII.—the only child born a king since Christ, as the Spaniards are fond of saying—are driven down to the beach by the royal mules. A gay little Moorish bathing house is reserved for them. The child king shows all his dimples when he is saluted, and pulls off his Tam to his subjects, who are fond of the boy, much as they dislike his Austrian mother.

From San Sebastian we took the stage along the coast, in order to see something of the Basque provinces. The Basques are a Celtic people, who have never been conquered, not even in the days when Augustus Cæsar drove them back farther and farther, until they took refuge in their mountain fastnesses. About the time that the barons of England were exacting King John's signature to the Magna Charta these sturdy Basques met under the oak tree whose sapling grandchild stands to-day to commemorate the occasion, and there offered their allegiance to Alfonso the Good, of Castile, on condition that he should grant them certain rights. These rights, which

are still kept sacred to them, allow them a degree of self-government; and the three Basque provinces are famous for greater freedom from taxation, better roads, and better schools than can be found elsewhere in Spain. We were in the heart of the Basque country, and for the Fourth of July had reached Zarauz, where on all sides one hears the guttural Basque,—a language which seems to be made up of j's and z's. We went down to the breakfast table at our little country inn, and there we found the three guests, a German, an Englishman, and a Spaniard, discussing the news. To our discomfort we learned that the Yankee fleet had been entirely destroyed off Santiago. Later in the day news came that two American ships had saved themselves by running away, and our spirits rose in the thought that perhaps there were another version to the story. Three days later we found that there was but one other version. A little blue-eyed Spanish girl asked me, "Why is Cuba on the map put so near to the United States if it belongs to Spain?" What could I say in defense of map-makers?

The diligence carried us along the coast through a village whose thirteenth century bell tower reminded one of Italy; and through another, where was born the man who first circumnavigated the globe; and through a third, which could show Druidical stones in an ancient chapel; and so on and on for miles along the macadam road, which hardly found room for itself between the steep Cantabrian Mountains and the dashing blue waves of the Bay of Biscay, until finally Bilbao, with its red hills of iron looming before us, reminded us that we must abandon our coaching days and turn inland to Burgos.

We entered this Gothic city, which has seen little change for centuries, through a gate surmounted by statues of famous old judges, who, like the judges of Troy, used to administer justice seated on the wall over the gate. When once through the gate almost the first street recalled the name of the Cid Campeador, a mediæval demigod, around whom has clustered as much of poetry and romance as around our King Arthur. In the city hall the Cid's ashes are still exhibited, and high on the cathedral walls is fastened the chest which he gave to the monks as surety for a loan for one of his wars against "the heathen Moors." Upon his return, laden with spoils, he opened it and laughed in their faces to see the monks' consternation at finding it filled with stones instead of gold and jewels.

Among the famous citizens of Burgos was Santa Teresa. Not long ago a priest in a sermon against Protestantism cited, as a proof of the rottenness of that sect, that in all the centuries since Luther it had not been able to produce one single saint. Spain is full of them. As every third citizen of Burgos is a priest, and most of the remainder wear the red and blue uniform of the infantry, or the blue and silver of the cavalry, the streets are brilliant; and the irregular old market place, under whose arches all the world promenades, is of constant interest. We walked through the market place, and arrived by chance at the famous Carthusian monastery just at the hour when the poor were to be fed. Each beggar is required to bring a spoon, his only credential. There were old men and bright-eyed boys crowding around the monk, who in long white robe did his best to serve the hot soup without scalding any of the too eager children. Those who enter this order vow to never look at a woman, so we had some difficulty in getting answers to our questions from the back of our monk's tonsured head. We immediately resolved to return at four the next day, brandishing new pewter spoons; but we found that woman, *radix malorum!* was never fed in that holy place.

The crowning feature of Burgos is, of course, its Gothic cathedral, built on the lines of Cologne Cathedral, but much elaborated. We happened once to be there on Palm Sunday, when the brilliant red robes of the altar boys, the gold and white of the priests and choristers, the lighted candles, and the waving, yellow palms made even those gray aisles glow. The cloisters are pure early Gothic. Owing to the fact that most of the buildings in the city are churches or convents, there are not enough dwelling houses. So the upper part of the cathedral has been converted into tenements, whose only entrance is through the cloisters; hence the occupants, mostly beggars, have to stow themselves away every night in their cathedral home before the ancient, carved doors to the cloisters are closed.

From Burgos we rode across the great barren plateau that occupies the center of Spain to the Escorial,—that wonderful building, containing a palace, church, library, seminary, and royal pantheon, which Philip II. planned and made as cold and forbidding as his own character. We were admitted to the gaudily frescoed library by an Augustinian monk. The books were arranged with their backs to the wall, so that only the gilt edges showed; and it is said that no one knows exactly what the collection contains. For

that matter, the best Spanish library in the world is the Ticknor collection in the Boston Public Library. The church is interesting, with its marble pillars so large that each contains an altar. Behind the high altar are stored the relics which it was Philip's hobby to collect to the number of twenty thousand or so. Chicken bones are said to be numbered in this choice array. Under the church are the pantheons of the kings. In that under the high altar, which is made of jasper and marble, only kings and mothers of kings are buried. There the heavy sarcophagi of the rulers since the time of the Emperor Charles are arranged in tiers and labelled. But two remain unoccupied,—those prepared for the present queen regent and her son, Alfonso XIII. And there are those among the republicans of Spain who say that this is a sign that the republic is at hand. After rousing our astonishment at the vast size of the Escorial and at its art treasures, the guide was pleased to show us the rooms that Philip II. built for himself in the palace while he was monarch of the whole peninsula, as well as of the Netherlands, most of South America, the Philippines, and other islands of the East. They were cells whitewashed, brick-floored, and almost wholly bare of furniture. In one of these, lying so that he could face the high altar of the church, he died, after planting the seeds of Spain's ruin.

From his gloomy rooms we went down through the sunny garden to the House of the Prince,—an exquisite playhouse built for a little prince who was enamoured of bullfighting, and wanted a miniature bull ring. He consented, however, to be pleased when his father built him this little marble house, and had it decorated with the works of Rubens, da Vinci, and Ribera. As we left we met a long line of *seminaristas* in flowing black robes, who were being taken out for their afternoon promenade.

From the Escorial it is but two hours to Madrid, the capital, built exactly in the geographical center of Spain,—a city uninteresting as it is un-Spanish. The absence of other attractions is, however, counterbalanced by the picture gallery, where the array of Velasquez's paintings is not equaled in the world, and where Murillos, Van Dycks, Rubenses and Raphaels may well entice one across the ocean. Madrid, the modern continental city, affords the best possible foil to Toledo, the archbishopric, which is to Spain what Canterbury is to England. But while Canterbury shows the continuous development of England through the peaceful centuries, Toledo bears the marks of the long

wars between Mohammedan and Christian, the persecution of the Jews, the *auto-de-fes* of the Reformation and the civil wars of the succeeding centuries.

In Cordova one begins to realize the greatness of Spain during the Roman empire. Saguntum and Numantia in the north, and the beautiful Roman statues recently excavated near Burgos, had reminded us from time to time of Rome in Spain; but the massive Roman bridge in Cordova, apparently as strong now as ever, is a constant reminder of how thoroughly the ancients did what they undertook. My English neighbor at the pension asked me if we had many Roman remains in America, and I regretted that we had nothing so enduring. Seneca was born in Cordova, and Trajan was a Spaniard. The star of Cordova, however, is the great mosque, built at the height of the Moors' power, and while their art was still pure. The forest of marble columns of many colors stretches away as far as the eye can see. The Chapel of the Koran, richly encrusted in red, blue, and gold, and decorated with Arabic inscriptions, is unlike anything else in the occident. In the open courtyard, under the orange trees, lounged beggars of all sizes. At the station black-eyed girls with clay water bottles on their heads ran along under our car windows, crying: "Water! living water! One cent a glass! Come and buy!"

From Cordova we went to Seville. "He who has not seen Seville has not seen a marvel." We walked through the little white streets to the cathedral, the third of the great cathedrals of Spain. This is so tremendous that it is compared with St. Peter's in Rome. It is there that Columbus's remains have this month been laid, since our Government gave the Spaniards permission to take them back across the ocean from Havana. In Seville, too, is the Alcazar, which rivals the Alhambra in its elaborate decoration and rich coloring. Every house in the city is built around a courtyard open to the sky, and in these the family life centres in summer. Here the piano, sofas, cushions, and plants make pretty, bower-like places, a glimpse of which gives the best idea of a Spanish home that a foreigner is likely to get. The outside windows of the houses are barred, almost like prison windows, and behind these the señorita receives her gentlemen friends. If a suitor is approved by the stern father he comes in the evening, and may be seen standing for hours talking through the bars. This function is called "eating iron." If he is not approved by the father, he eats his iron at one or two o'clock in the morning, when said parent is expected to be soundly sleeping.

Space will allow hardly a mention of Cadiz. The youth who remembers when he "was a student at Cadiz" has little of which to be proud, for the college there is of a low standard, and it is audibly whispered that the examinations may be passed by any one with the aid of a small bribe. At Cadiz we visited the fortifications just after they had been put into repair to await the arrival of the American squadron. A pop-gun could have thrown them down. As we stood upon the walls, facing the Atlantic, we saw a transport enter the bay with troops returning from Havana and Porto Rico. In those days every train was crowded with *repatriados*, many compartments being turned into impromptu hospitals. As we stopped at one village after another the people would all flock out to see if any of their boys had returned, or to bring water, or wine, or fruit to the soldiers, worn out by fevers and long exposure. Often they died on the train, close to the home toward which they had traveled so far. Sometimes the cars were full of gay soldiers singing, and at one station half a dozen of them, laughing, threw up their caps and shouted, "Now, thanks to the Yankees, we don't have to serve the king!" One gallant Spaniard said to me: "You don't jingo, do you? Ladies can't be Yankees."

From Cadiz, through miles of century-plant hedges, it is a day's journey to Granada, to Americans the most familiar spot in Spain. The word Granada means pomegranate, and our balconies, up in the Alhambra itself, looked out upon trees heavy with the bursting red fruit. Beyond were rows of cypresses, and on the horizon the snowy Sierra Nevadas. The city of Granada is interesting, with its curious old shops, and corner stands of quaint pottery, and its picturesque gypsy quarter among the prickly cactus. But after all the only thing one thinks of in Granada is the Alhambra, standing, like a citadel, high above the city and the "gold-giving river Darro." We entered through the Gate of Justice, upon whose inner arch is carved a gigantic key, and upon the outermost arch a hand. Legend says that when the hand reaches down and grasps the key the walls of the Alhambra will fall. Beyond lies the Court of the Cisterns, looking across the valley to the gypsies' caves, and through that we reached the Court of the Lions, so familiar to every one in numerous pictures. Our first night there was the eve of St. Michael, and, to celebrate, a procession marched through the Alhambra grounds. The Bengal lights and the torches of the marchers, as the line wound about under the tall trees, the

swaying statue of the Virgin, who proved almost too heavy for the young men who carried her, and the full moon over all, made it easy to imagine that the day of the Alhambra's glory was not past four centuries ago.

When we left Granada the hotel proprietors requested us to ask all our countrymen to come to Spain, to see its beauties and to patronize the empty hotels and closing curiosity shops. This pathetic message was little needed, for we who have felt the charm of old Spain, the Spain of the Romans and the Moors, and the great Spain of the Renaissance, must desire a like experience for our countrymen. It was with some regret that we bade farewell to Granada, the land of those who speak the

"Soft, meandering Spanish tongue;
Speech half asleep or song half awake,"

and traveled southward to Gibraltar, called by Richard Harding Davis the most interesting place on the Mediterranean; whence we sailed out between the Pillars of Hercules, and passed the Azores to New York.

SUSAN D. HUNTINGTON, '94.

MORRIS ROSENFELD'S "SNOGS FROM THE GHETTO."*

"Aus meinen groszen Schmerzen,
Mach' ich die Kleine Lieder."—*Heine.*

MORRIS ROSENFELD was born in 1862, in a small village of Poland. There his ancestors had been fishermen. He had the usual education given to poor Hebrew boys. Ultimately he became well read in both English and German. He went to England to escape military service, and there learned the tailors' trade. Later he tried diamond grinding in Holland, and finally went to America, where for several years in New York sweat shops he struggled to get a living. His health gave out; he became unequal to such a life, and earned scant means by writing for Yiddish penny-a-liner. To what extent he has developed Yudeo-German versification those who are familiar with Yiddish will have to judge for themselves.†

A word about this Yiddish, or Yudeo-German, will not come amiss. Yiddish includes a whole group of dialects spoken by the German Jews

* Copeland & Day. Boston: 1898.

† The facts here mentioned are taken from the introduction to the "Songs."

in Russia, Austria, and Roumania. Just such dialects you may hear on Rivington Street in New York, or near St. Mary's Street in Philadelphia. Some of the Hebrew words incorporated in the dialects are not intelligible to the ordinary reader of German, but, on the whole, Yiddish is quite as intelligible to a German as Scotch-English to an American.

To obviate these linguistic difficulties, Mr. Leo Werner, instructor in the Slavic languages at Harvard University, has given us an excellent and sympathetic prose translation of these beautiful songs; and to this modest little volume he has appended a glossary. We cannot do better, in considering the history of Yiddish as literature, than to read Mr. Werner's introduction.

The poems fall into three divisions,—the Songs of Labor, National Songs, and Miscellaneous Verse. In this consideration of Morris Rosenfeld's work we are chiefly concerned with the first and last. In these we find so many phases of the life and of the misery existing in the world's large cities, so much of what we see and dimly realize as a part of the pulse of such great cities as London and New York. But even those for whom the problem of the unprivileged classes has no interest, will, I think, be amply rewarded in considering these songs simply as a lyric manifestation in literature, though the verse beat itself out in the despised dialect of the German Jews.

Now for the manner of the verse. It has the lyric qualities of Heine, the lyric qualities of Burns; yet it is not strictly comparable with either. As in the lyrics of these two great poets, the verse never falters, but sings and sings, whether about the Sweat Shop, the Pale Operator, Despair, or the Nightingale and the Laborer, the Flowers in Autumn, and Liberty. How much we lose in reading simply the English prose of these perfect little lyrics only the readers of the Yiddish may know. Convinced that even a poor English verse rendering is, in the end, more satisfactory, I have been emboldened to do some into verse myself. How accurate and close I have been in my endeavors those who read the Yiddish must judge. Though of necessity I have not always held literally to the words of the poems, yet it is true that I have striven, so far as in me lay, to render again the spirit of these lyrics. The reader of the poems in Yiddish will quickly see how immense is the loss in undialectical English verse. The

Jewish-English is so hideous a jargon that the verse would only be made ludicrous, even though, from a literary point of view, it ought to be rendered into dialect again.

The first two stanzas in the first poem, "In the Sweat Shop," give us the keynote of the whole book,—the hopelessness of labor. We realize keenly in this how far away from actual practice is the theory of Adam Smith,—"Labor is Wealth." Labor is only too like to be the misery of the nations these days:—

In the shop the machines roar wildly,
I forget in the noise that I breathe;
I am lost in the terrible tumult,
And, machine-like, my breasts now heave.
Morn, noon, and night I am working,
Working all day without end.
"For what and for whom!" I am asking.
A machine may not think to amend.

No feelings, no thought, no reason:—
This unending labor kills all,
The noblest, the loveliest, the richest,
And the deepest, the highest—all fall.
The seconds, the minutes, the hours
Like sails in a gale fly past;
I labor as if to o'ertake them,—
'Tis in vain I labor so fast.

This is the heartsick note of labor, but there are cheerier verses. For sweet, human touch there are many lines in the songs,—the love of a lover for his sweetheart, the love of a father for his child. Yet they are pathetic, all singing through tears, through the hopelessness of life. There is a pathetic little poem entitled "Mein Yüngele." It begins,—

Ich hab' a kleinen Yüngele,
A Sühnele gar fein!
Weun ich derseh 'ihm, dacht sich mir
Die zauze welt is' mein.

I 'ave a little youngster,
  A little man so fine,
And when I stands beside 'im
  I feels the world is mine.

It's never, almost never,
  I sees 'im when 'e plays;
I find 'im always sleepin',
  For I works through all the days.

Yes, workin' takes me early out,
  And brings me late at 'ome;
My flesh and blood is strange to me,
  My baby's face unknown.

In sorrow I gets back at night,
  Tired out with work and gloom;
My little woman tells me how
  The youngster rides the broom.

. . . . . .

Or, again, this poem of a "Garden of the Dead: a Dream," gives us a sense of the tragedy of a life when, however hard a man may work, there is no joy, not even that joy in the work, which is the best. For such the outlook on life, and the tyrannical and inhuman powers created by man himself, can seem but a vast and shifting desert of sands, where most men struggle in vain to get a footing on its shifting plains, and where flowers never bloom except in dreams.

The night was so still, and the moon shone bright,
  The stars were twinkling unnumbered,
The Angel of Dreams then bore me through life,
  And these were his words as I slumbered:—

"In an old graveyard with its scattered stones,
  And its buried sorrows and joys,
Are resting in sleep both the good and the bad
  Whom the Tyrant Death destroys."

An old willow dreams and rocks in its sleep,
In the arm of the sighing wind;
Heartbroken I stand and I hear no words,
For the dead no words may find.

. . . . . .

And the wind blows softly over the hills,
And the leaves swing to and fro;
"Peace to you all in your silent graves;
Yes, peace o'er your graves shall blow."

Trembling I stand while the Angel speaks:—
"Ah, look before and behind,
And behold two graves with their silent dead!
What question awakes in thy mind?

"Dost thou know, O man! why flowers grow there,
While here are but rocks and but sand?"
So the Angel of Dreams will question thee,
But thou man shall not understand.

"Here under this mound, strewn over with flowers,
Lies one who tortured the meek,
And flayed in his might all joy from the poor,
And killed little ones and the weak.

"He lived on the blood of the workingman,
And made of the poor his slaves,
And waxed in his wealth both strong and great,
As happens to many knaves.

. . . . . .

"But the flowers belong to the mound over there,
To the laborer's bare little grave;
They grow from his marrow, they grow from his blood,
From the tears he shed when a slave.

"And the wind blows softly over the graves,
And whispers these words in the air,
'The flowers are stolen, yes, every one;
They belong to the grave that is bare.'"

. . . . . .

And in fear I 'woke, with an aching heart,
And the words still beat in my mind,
"Not only the flowers are taken from thee,
But all, yes all, thou shalt find."

But for sheer poetic conception and lyric expression, I think Mr. Rosenfeld is unexcelled in his little poem called "Was is' die Welt?" Here we have the exquisite thought of an Eastern poet, mingled with the soul-sadness of the Hebrew, the oppressed survivor of a great race.

And were the wide world but a sleeping room,
Our life but a passing dream,
Then would I hope that my hurrying days
Like sleeping thoughts might seem.

Ah, yes! they should be of freedom and joy,
Like dreams the mighty see,
And I would think on sunny days,
Nor my dreams bring tears to me.

. . . . . .

And were the world but a garden sweet,
Where lovely roses grow,
Then would I pace in that lovely place,
Nor a rich man say me "No."

Finally, Yiddish literature is so generally unknown among educated people, that none but the student of Yiddish can assign this book of songs its place among the Yudeo-German literature. I know nothing of the Slavic dialects, and so am content to take Mr. Werner's word on the merit of Mr. Rosenfeld as a writer of Yiddish verse, "This poetry has . . . received its highest perfection in America by the consummate art of Mr. Morris Rosenfeld." There is a matter, however, about which I may express my own opinion,—the verse form of the poems. Again I say that it is with Heine and Burns I rank Mr. Rosenfeld as a lyric poet. Some of his verse, as, for example, the "Beggar Family," would not bear comparison with the worst of Heine's verse, nor do I believe that Rosenfeld's verse in Yiddish will live as long as the poems of Burns and Heine. It cannot become a cosmopolitan possession in literature. The reason for this is obvious,—the

kind and limitations of its dialect prevent. But in lyric sweetness, in the beat of the verse as it sings, it is consummate, it is unexcelled. Let us take Mr. Rosenfeld's own words as our final estimate of the songs:—

"Sein himmel-süsze Stunme
Wie venister Gingold fliezt,
Un' wecht die Kalte Steiner,
Die Steppe weit un' wüst."

JEANNETTE A. MARKS, '99.

A NEMESIS ACTION.

NANCY sat on the landing of the back steps, with her thin legs hanging listlessly over the side. "There isn't anything to do," she remarked plaintively.

Ned went on juggling, his head bent back. "Look here, look here!" he cried hastily, not turning his head. For an instant three bean bags were in the air at once. "I told you I could do it," he said to Nancy, flinging the bags on the step.

Nancy looked at him apathetically as he rubbed the perspiration from his forehead with his sleeve. "H'm! anybody could do it if he practiced a little," she remarked.

"Why don't you, then? You know you couldn't."

"It's too much bother," returned Nancy. "No fun. Anyway, I don't see why we can't go to the pantomime. Everybody's going."

The boy made a grimace. "No use talking about it. Come on 'round to the front and find Jim."

Nan looked at him frowning. Then she jumped down. "Oh, well! come on," she said. "I'll beat you to the front steps," and started on a run.

At the corner of the house Nan stopped suddenly. The boy almost knocked her over, as he came to a standstill at her shoulder. A black figure was coming up the path.

"Goodness!" the girl cried. "Here comes a caller. And there are all our old things on the front steps. Won't mamma be mad, though!"

The boy whistled. "I bet it's the minister, too," he said.

The slight, stooped figure came up the path, swinging his umbrella lightly. Poking aside with it a shiny man's coat and a red felt cap, which lay on the lower stair, he stepped gingerly over the pieces of colored crockery on the one above.

A look of despair settled on the faces that watched him around the corner. "It *is* Dr. Jameson. Now we'll have to go in and see him. Get cleaned up and shake hands with him."

"Yes," echoed Nan. "'This is my oldest son, Edwin, Dr. Jameson.' You'll have to go first."

Ned kicked his toe gloomily against the house. Already he felt himself sidling into the parlor, with hot blushes. He saw himself shaking hands stiffly and stumbling over the rug.

"You'll have to go, too," he said. "And he'll ask if you are mother's little helper."

Nan assented miserably. They had been presented to their mother's guests before. "Perhaps he'll even ask if I am like mother or father," she thought. "I hate ministers," she said; "always poking around. I'm not going in."

Ned opened his eyes. "But she'll send for you," he said.

"I don't care. I'm going over by the river."

Ned put on his cap. "Come on, then. Hurry!"

They ran back of the house to the fence. As their hands let go the top rail, somewhere within the house a door slammed. They ran along, crouching low behind the fence for some distance. Then they made for the river bank.

"Did you hear anyone call, Ned?" Nan asked, as they settled down at the top of the steep slope.

"Nope. Did you?"

"I don't think so. I suppose Bridget is hunting for us now." She sat in silence for awhile, filliping pebbles down the bank. Ned crawled along till his head lay over the edge of the slope.

"Bet you can't throw to the river," he said, looking lazily down the bank. The next moment he drew back, pulling Nan down by her skirts, as she stood up to cast the stone. "See here!" he whispered. The two crept cautiously to the bank of the slope. Following the outstretched finger

of the boy, Nancy saw below them a woman sitting on a log. Her back was toward the children; she seemed pensive, looking at the water. Ned picked up a small stone, and raising himself silently, threw it toward the woman. It fell behind her with a sharp click. She looked around hesitatingly, and the boy and girl ducked their heads, shaken with glee. In a moment a slow, intermittent shower of stones rang about the woman. Finally she started up, looking in a bewildered fashion from left to right, and peering up at the river bank, where the afternoon sun fell on the tall grass waving lazily in the breeze. Nan had sunk back, her apron stuffed into her mouth. Ned, with hands clapped over his lips, lay flat, kicking the ground with his heels in a paroxysm of silent laughter. Presently he sobered. "Don't you spoil it all by giggling, Nan," he whispered, with severity. He wriggled along till he could look over the bank. The woman had resumed her old position. In answer to his signal Nan cunningly made her way on hands and feet to his side. "Watch me this time," whispered Ned. Choosing a larger stone than before he threw it with all his might. It fell in the water with a splash. The woman, starting up nervously, dropped her eyeglasses on the shore. The children saw her shaking her head over them.

At six o'clock Ned and Nancy came quietly in the backdoor from a game of hopscotch. Bridget was making toast over the hot coals.

"Is supper most ready, Bridget?" Ned asked, amiably.

"It will be on the table in ten minutes," Bridget answered, with good nature.

Nan was swinging the door of the back stairs to and fro. "I say, did anyone come to see me this afternoon?" she asked.

Bridget shook her head. "But your mother was looking everywhere for you," she added, turning on Nan with the toaster in her hand.

Nan smiled weakly at her. "Was she?" she said, and went up the stairs.

They looked uncommonly neat when they came to supper. They were about to slip quietly into their seats, when they became conscious of a stranger at the table. Their mother introduced them.

"This is my oldest boy, Edwin, Mrs. Gaskill," she said; "and this is Nancy."

Mrs. Gaskill smiled at them, and said, "How do you do, my dears!" During supper she openly patronized Ned. "Do you go to school, Edwin?" she queried.

"Yes'm," Ned mumbled, his eyes on his plate. "Grammar."

"Ah, yes! And does Nancy go too?"

Nancy said "Yes'm."

"How the child grows!" Mrs. Gaskill went on to her friend. "She must be a great help to you, Agnes. "You're mother's only daughter, aren't you?" she said, smiling kindly at Nan.

Nan blushed and stirred uneasily in her chair. She dreaded to look up to find Ned winking and mocking her misery. When she did glance around at him she was bewildered by his manner. Ned's face was utterly serious, and his eyes, instead of remaining fixed on the food, as was their custom, kept glancing off at Mrs. Gaskill. Catching Nan's stare, he winked back at her knowingly; when unobserved he made strange gestures, bending his right arm back. Nancy was puzzling over them, when a word of Mrs. Gaskill fell on her ear.

"I thought I would take the children to the pantomime to-night, Agnes," she was saying; "but I fear you will have to put up with my company here, instead. I broke my glasses just before I came here. I was startled and dropped them on some stones. Yes; I can scarcely see without them; so I fear we must stay quietly at home to-night," she said, turning to the children, kindly.

"What a shame to have broken them!" cried their mother. "But it will be nice to have a long talk with you."

Nancy grew hot with a miserable conviction. She glanced furtively at Mrs. Gaskill. Then she turned toward Ned. He was sullenly biting his bread, with his eyes fixed on the tablecloth.

After supper Nan followed the boy close through the hall to the porch. She stood on the edge of the step, spinning her hat on the twisted elastic. Suddenly Ned turned on her. "It's all your fault!"

Nan looked at him resentfully. "'Tisn't either," she said.

"Yes it is, and you know it, Nan Jackson!" He looked toward the window where Mrs. Gaskill was sitting. "Mean old thing!" he muttered, and made a face at her.

Nan watched him with satisfaction; she stuck out her tongue at the profile that rocked to and fro at the window. "She needn't have said she meant to take us to the pantomime when she wasn't going to. I hate old women!" she burst out.

Ned looked at her gloomily. "You'll be one yourself if you live long enough." He flung his cap onto the ground with an impatient gesture. "There ain't nothing to do this evening; all the fellows are at the show." He stalked into the house after a book.

In the quiet of the summer evening the two sat at opposite ends of the front steps and read. When the print grew indistinct in the faint light Nan clapped her book to. Ned, with the printed page close to his eyes, never moved. Nancy walked slowly into the house, stopping awkwardly at the threshold of the sitting room to say good night. Mrs. Gaskill wished her good night, peering up at her with short-sighted eyes. As Nan turned away she heard her say to her mother, "You have such nice children, Agnes; so quiet and well-mannered." Nan knew her mother's faint remonstrance came from lips smiling with gratification.

S., '99.

THE PORTRAITS BY JOHN S. SARGENT EXHIBITED AT COPLEY HALL.

Boston has a right to be proud of her art interests when she can point at one time to an exhibition of the landscapes of Claude Monet at the St. Botolph Club, to another of Boutet de Monvel's work at the Museum of Fine Arts, and to a third of John S. Sargent's at Copley Hall. It is, perhaps, a fortunate arrangement for her art lovers that the close of the St. Botolph Club exhibition has ushered in the one at Copley Hall, for the lorgnettes and opera glasses need readjustment in passing from Claude Monet's landscapes to John Sargent's portraits. Claude Monet the world acknowledges as a genius,—he is a Frenchman; John Sargent the world, including the *Boston Transcript*, pronounces a master,—and he is an American. We have reason, then, to hold our heads a little higher as we enter Copley Hall than propriety allowed at the St. Botolph Club. Perhaps if we meet there none but Americans we might be allowed to whisper, "Truly ye come of The Blood,"

putting into our voice as many capital letters as Rudyard Kipling could command for his "Song of the English." For Mr. Sargent's father was a Boston physician and his mother a Philadelphia woman, although his home has always been across the ocean.

The name of John S. Sargent has been so often linked with Boston through his work in the Public Library, that an exhibition of his painting could hardly have found elsewhere in America a more ready welcome and appreciation. Bostonians, too, predict the value of the decorative work yet to be done in the Library by Mr. Sargent with the same confident enthusiasm with which they accepted the frieze of the Prophets and the lunette and ceiling above. The Museum of Fine Arts displays a work by Mr. Sargent in still another style. This is the picture representing a Spanish dancer, known under the name of "El Jaleo." Mr. Henry James characterizes it as "that singular work, which has found a somewhat incongruous home in Boston."

The greater part of the exhibition at Copley Hall is taken up, not by *genre* subjects or pictures with decorative treatment, but by the portraits which have won for Mr. Sargent his greatest renown. So many and so varied are the personalities the artist has given us, that we shall have to pass by some who have become our firm friends on short acquaintance, and mention only a few that have attracted universal attention. Technically, Mr. Sargent has unlimited resources; he is "draughtsman, colorist, brushman,—in fact, almost everything in art that can be cultivated." At the same time his natural abilities are such as to make the artist a revealer of human character.

The naturalness of composition, which is the most striking characteristic of the exhibited pictures, is wonderfully illustrated in the portraits of men. That of Mr. Werthheimer has excited most comment. This cool, calculating business man stands with a cigar held lightly in his fingers, ready to discuss any new scheme for money-making, and confident in his power to know a good thing when he sees it. Mr. Sargent, here as elsewhere, "counts it crime to let a truth slip" in his portrayal of character. We are well nigh tempted to quarrel with such almost brutal truth, and count it wrong to let such truth exist on canvas. We feel relief in turning to the presentation of quite another type—the hale old Englishman, Mr. Penrose. He is seated

in an armchair, his head thrown back, and his hands clasped. I found it as impossible to help overhearing the remark of a Boston woman in front of this picture as to forget it afterwards. Her comment was, "That old man looks as if he had peppermint sticks in his pocket for his grandchildren." The catalogue designates him as the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects. The same Bostonian enlightened me about the portrait of Henry St. John Smith, exhibited now for the first time. The face was nervous and troubled. My friend said,—this time consulting the Catalogue for her information,—"Oh, I see that the portrait of this man is owned by his wife! I guess he is, too."

The portraits of women had, for me, at least, more attractive personalities than those of the men; and at the same time they showed as high a degree of technical skill. The best traits of their character were the most prominent. Womanliness, refinement, and culture were evident in each face, however homely or commonplace the features were. Mrs. Meyer has the most prominent position in the exhibition, and well deserves it. She is not alone on the canvas. Her children—a son and daughter—lean over the back of her sofa, with looks shy, but interested. In the face of the mother there is, to my mind, a promise of the power of a brilliant conversationalist, perhaps to the exclusion of deeper thought. The mingling of the intellectual and social is found in the face of Lady Agnew, sweetly earnest and winning, against the background of pale blue. Womanliness in its maturity is almost idealized in the portrait opposite Mrs. Meyer. Here mother and son stand side by side. The way in which the mother's arm has crept about the boy's neck, the way their hands clasp, is an object lesson to teach the true relation of the model mother to the enterprising young American.

Next to this picture is one of Mrs. St. Gaudens and her son, meant to be a portrait of the son alone, but developed under Mr. Sargent's brush, and quite without the mother's knowledge, into a charming double composition. Such are a few of Mr. Sargent's portraits of women, but even such a hasty review would be incomplete without mention of a portrait better known to us than the others through its reproduction in the Copley prints and the many exhibitions at which it has figured. I refer to the portrait of Ada Rehan, a queenly figure in white satin, remarkable, it seems to me, as being the only woman in the collection that could stand before such a background

of tapestry, and have her individuality enhanced rather than absorbed by it. The personality and ruling passion of the man or woman of experience are not far to seek in the face. It is when the portrait of a child is attempted that the artist finds his keen perception and insight tested. Children's moods are not so complex as their elders, to be sure, but how much more fleeting! Mr. Sargent gives us three inhabitants of girl-baby-land: the romping, blue-eyed type, with the clean white dress rumpled in the approved fashion, the little half self-conscious maiden among the hydrangeas, and the dignified and Honorable Lady Lister.

The boys are all older, of the delightful fort-building, bone-breaking age. Caspar, who meets us at the door, has only folded his hands for a moment. His sun-burned face and twinkling eyes predict another frolic with the wind along the beach as soon as the sitting is over. Caspar finds an American brother and accomplice in mischief in the boy in the sailor suit standing beside his mother,—the picture previously referred to. But still more attractive to me is the face of the boy Homer St. Gaudens. His attitude has both the grace and the unconscious carelessness of a boy. The story his mother is reading to him brings to his face a thoughtful look. It is the face of the son of an artist, sensitive, delicate, with imaginative, intense eyes.

With all these living personalities about us, we cannot hesitate to call John Sargent a master in portrait painting. Of him we can say what applies to few others,—that he has carried out in his art what he tried to do. Confining himself in the scope of his art, Mr. Sargent has made himself eminent in his field. Neglecting in no degree the language of the artist, the magnificent feeling for values and textures, he has gone beyond technique to the thought to be expressed by this language, to the personalities of the subjects of his art-work. Henry James says that the "highest result in art is achieved when to the element of quick perception a certain faculty of lingering reflection is added," and further describes this latter term as "the quality in the light of which the artist sees deep into his subject, undergoes it, absorbs it, discovers in it new things that were not on the surface, becomes patient with it, and, in short, elevates and humanizes the technical problem." Mr. Sargent has attained this "highest result" in his portraiture.

ELIZA NEWKIRK, 1900.

THE REGENERATION OF MISS LIZZIE.

ALL Carterets had a wholesome fear of Miss Lizzie Cross. Whenever she appeared on the street, the men who had been sitting out in front of the hotel office at once rose to their feet and looked for a convenient corner to disappear around. Miss Lizzie had an old-maidish way of stopping and telling any man upon whom her eye chanced to light that she had just been past his house and had seen his wife out in the garden planting the beans, or else, she had been in to see the sick baby, and had found his wife looking "plumb worn out." Such tactless remarks had some decades ago destroyed Miss Lizzie's popularity among the men of Carterets.

To the women of the town her meager form took all the proportions of an avenging Nemesis. Whenever one of them had sat up late at night pressing and turning her last year's best dress, and polishing her old straw hat with intent to deceive her neighbors, she was sure to meet Miss Lizzie the first time she appeared in her refurbished finery. Miss Lizzie would stop her, and, after staring at her with admiration, gasp:—

"Well, Maria, you do beat all! You've had that dress three years, and it looks better now than it ever did before. And them roses in your hat, too! They look a sight better on you now than they did last year."

Even when Miss Lizzie kept within the doors of her grim old stone house, Carterets still felt her watchful eye. The passer-by was pursued by the creak of a window sash pushed up. If he were a stranger in Carterets and looked back, he would see a topknot of very black curls hastily jerked in. There was one bad boy who told a story of the black hair's catching on the window and hanging there. It was, however, remembered in connection with this boy that on the previous circus day Miss Lizzie had swept him off the top of her stone wall, using effectively both her eloquence and her broom.

For fifty years Miss Lizzie had lived alone in her weather-grimed fortress. She would not tolerate even a dog or a cat as housemate. Every day she rustled in and out clad in her stiff black silk, made full to show Carterets that she had no occasion to "skimp." Yet she never took with her a smile nor brought back the memory of an affectionate word. Even the children stood in awe of her. When she passed, little girls thought of holes

in their aprons and tangles in their curls. Little boys who were hardy enough to run along the top of her stone wall had bad dreams the night after.

One day there came to Carterets a young man selling Bibles. One could scarcely call it worldly wise in him to bring such wares to such a place. Everybody had a family Bible lying undisturbed on the parlor table. The town, therefore, treated him with marked coolness. When he went a step farther in his rashness and began to distribute Bibles in "Guinea," the negro quarter, Carterets did the only fitting thing,—it dropped him. Never yet had its citizens allowed a stranger to assume the attitude of missionary toward them. They could take care of their own negroes; no outside interference was wanted. They snubbed the presumptuous young man in public, and talked about him in private. Subjects for conversation were not numerous in Carterets, and one could not be wasted.

Perhaps it was just as well for Charlie Thurman's comfort that the popular indignation against him was tempered by surprise. For the first time in fifty years Miss Lizzie had nothing to say about the subject which was absorbing the whole town. There was doubt that she knew all about it. The first time Thurman appeared on the street, Miss Lizzie's window went up. Shortly afterwards Miss Lizzie herself walked briskly up town. Carterets was right in thinking that she learned something that morning. The town would certainly have been nonplussed if it had seen the effect of the newly gathered information on her clock-work habits. She sat up as late as ten o'clock that evening. When she arose to go to bed her face had grown even more hard and crabbed.

How long Miss Lizzie would have kept up her silence can never be told. Her discreet plans, whatever they may have been, were entirely upset. One day, after Thurman had been in town a week or two, she had an encounter with him which satisfied her neighbors. The men in the hotel office slapped their knees and chuckled when they heard of it. It happened that as she went mincing up the street with a dignity becoming her silk dress and best jet bonnet, she met the young Bible seller walking along holding the hand of a little negro girl. Miss Lizzie, with her nose considerably higher than Thurman's head, would have passed them, but the boy, apparently in a fit of temporary insanity, stopped her.

"Miss Cross," he said, taking off his cap, "won't you buy a Bible for this poor little child?"

Miss Lizzie stared and opened her mouth several times before words came. Then she gasped slowly, "Young man, did respectable white folks raise you?"

Thurman grew very red, and a hurt look came into his eyes. "I hope so," he said quietly. "I think you knew my grandfather when he was young."

Miss Lizzie gave him a queer look and muttered, "Humph." Then whisking around she said: "No, I won't buy any of your Bibles. Not for any nigger in the State of Kentucky, not if I know what I'm doing." And away she went down the street, the jet in her bonnet shaking as if she had an ague.

"To think," she said a few minutes later, as she sat bristling in one of Carterets' "parlors," "to think of that meddlin' upstart askin' me such a thing. The idea of me buyin' a Bible for any little darkey so stupid its hair grows in at both ends."

While Miss Lizzie was delighting the long-bottled curiosity of Carterets in regard to her opinion of the "meddlin' upstart," poor Thurman sat in his hot, stuffy back room at the hotel, feeling tired and miserable indeed. His meeting with Miss Lizzie had been a last straw. His head ached, and he was homesick. The August heat had been insufferable, and missionary work among the negro cabins was neither pleasant nor healthful work at such a time of the year. He wondered if he would have strength enough to go back to the theological seminary next term, even supposing he had the money. He stumbled to the bed and fell into a tossing, feverish sleep, haunted by dreams of angry old women in shaking jet bonnets.

Next morning Carterets knew that the young Bible seller lay unconscious with fever. "Out in all sorts of weather, he couldn't expect anything else," said Miss Lizzie's informant. But Miss Lizzie said nothing. She turned away into the house, and going to an old, claw-legged cabinet took out a package of letters. She read them all through carefully, then sat a long time looking out the window.

A few hours later Carterets was treated to a rare and edifying sight. First Miss Lizzie bustled down town to the doctor's office. There was a

long consultation. Then presently down the street came a lumbering old family carriage, one such as the great plantation owners used to travel in half a century ago, when they went to spend the winter in New Orleans. This battered, faded equipage drew up in front of the hotel. Into it the "meddlin' upstart" of a Bible seller was lifted, to be lifted out again at the door of the house where for fifty years Miss Lizzie Cross had lived alone.

After two weeks of delirium Thurman awoke to consciousness and the smell of lavender and dried rose leaves. He was lying in an old ark of a bed with four tall posts and a black, carved canopy overhead. A grim old face that tried to be kindly was bending over him, and a harsh voice which strove pathetically to be soothing was saying: "There, there, Charlie, be good and go back to sleep. You'll soon be well."

Then, as he feebly closed his eyes, Miss Lizzie turned away and sniffed under her breath: "I could endure him if he didn't look so much like his grandmother. I never could abide that woman. I can't now, even if——" after a pause, "even if everybody is dead but me."

'99.

SLIP SHEETS.

I. THROUGH A CHILD'S WINDOW.

THE child's mother told him all about the frost spirits who hold their fairy festivals on winter nights; who turn the outer world a sparkling white, make every twig and leaf put on a glittering dress, in honor of their coming. But, best of all, he loved to hear of the knights whose snowy plumes leave bright traces on everything they touch in passing. When they come to share the fun, they hang their spears and whips on tree and corner. Then, when the light of day breaks up their carnival too soon, they sometimes hasten off and leave behind their crystal treasures. For the frost folk cannot bear a ray from the sun, and vanish with the dawn.

Once the child saw the frost knights return. Three days before, the wind had blown in its own wild way through the brown oaks and the evergreens and the bare branches of the white birch, whirling and wreathing the snow about the child's house. The second day brought warm sunshine and

silence, save for the sound of drops steadily pattering on the window sill. Then it grew colder, until toward night the big people shrugged their shoulders and said, "To-night the frost people will hold high carnival." The child went often from his play to look out of the window, and sighed when it grew dark to think that he could watch no longer. When morning came with the bright sun, he jumped eagerly from his little bed and ran toward the window. There they were! Sharp spears of perfect form, and two long, slender whips, marvelously wrought and bending in graceful lashes at the end. They reached from window top almost to sill.

He danced joyously on his bare toes, and was just calling his dear mother to come to see the frost king's most precious—when there came a flash! All at once he saw waving of snowy plumes, caught gleam of crystal helmets, and glimpse of dazzling faces; all so bright, and strange, and new that he put his two hands before his eyes. He heard the cracking of fairy whips, the sound of hoofs on the ground below. Before he could open his eyes again they were gone, spears, whips, and all. He caught his breath, reached up, chin just on sill, and peeped cautiously out. Nothing was to be seen save the evergreen tree sparkling in the sunshine; nothing to be heard save the ice-coated birch branches rattling in the gentle wind. The child tiptoed in to his mother, whispering: "They came, they came; I saw them! The king must have sent them back again." His mother smiled. Even she did not wholly understand.

LUCY WRIGHT, 1900.

II. FELIX FAURE'S RETURN FROM RUSSIA.

THE news of President Faure's death brings back most vividly to the minds of a number of Americans who were in Paris during the early fall of 1897, a certain memorable day,—the day of his return from the diplomatic visit to Russia. It was an occasion to stir the emotional heart of the French nation to its very depths, and the excited, turbulent rejoicing of the welcome to its president, made Paris, for one day, such a scene of mad gayety and splendor as can never be forgotten by those who were in the city. The tumult of preparation, lasting until the late afternoon, the illumi-

nations and merry-making of the night, bore all along on the wave of reckless enthusiasm. So infectious was the mad spirit of patriotism, that for the moment *Vive la France* came almost as spontaneously to the lips of Americans as of French.

The scene from the windows of Cook's Office at about four in the afternoon of the day of the president's arrival can hardly be described. The Place de l'Opéra was one seething mass of humanity. Occasionally a reckless omnibus, weighed down by a load of sightseers, forced its perilous way through the multitude. Directly opposite stood the great opera house, in front of which was erected the stand from which the president would address the people. Over the stand swarmed the workmen who were draping and placing chairs for the president's host of attendants. A president! To the American mind it was the preparation for a monarch. Above the platform was a great canopy of crimson velvet and golden fringes. From the floor of the stand was draped more crimson velvet, and there were dozens of gilded chairs surrounding one great throne-like chair, which was to be occupied by the president. Every building on the Place de l'Opéra was covered with the flags of France and Russia, and more flags and thousands of lanterns hung across the great square. The streets stretching away on every side were a chaos of waving banners and surging crowds.

As the hour drew near for the president's arrival the deafening tumult increased; and when, at last, the music of the procession was heard approaching, the enthusiasm found vent in its wildest pitch. How the president reached the stand few could tell, nor, probably, did any hear what he said as he stood addressing the crowd; but the mad shouts of *Vive la France! Vive la Russe!* grew almost frightful in their intensity. In the midst of the turbulence a fearful noise sent a thrill through every soul. Some one had thrown a bomb on the steps of the Madeleine, a block away, and who could tell what were the consequences? But the president was safe, and in a moment the uproar was as great as ever, the people about the stand leaving the police and the crowd near the Madeleine to attend to the new excitement. How grateful must Félix Faure have been when his message from the Czar to the people of France was delivered, and he could escape from the uncertain safety of the great square to the surer honors of the banquet!

The sight-seers were almost as grateful for their lives, perhaps, as they fought their way to their hotels for a rest before the excitement of the evening.

By eight o'clock Paris was ablaze. The Champs Elysées glowed with millions of lanterns, stretching from tree to tree along the great drive, and crossing overhead in bright festoons. The Place de la Concorde was a scene of marvelous beauty. Every great building was outlined against the black sky in rows of electric lights, and on the front of each sparkled the great letters "R. F.," surrounded by a wreath of laurel leaves. The Louvre stood out wonderful and immense, with every line traced in brilliant light. The boulevards on every side were dazzling. The city was like a fallen star.

The noise of the evening, if merrier than the excited clamor of the afternoon, was none the less intense. Strangers in the city understood that night what "gay Paris" was. Everywhere there was music, lively, clashing music, and the sound of laughter. Here and there groups of jugglers and "strong men" were surrounded by uproarious crowds of men, women, and children. The Place de l'Opéra and portions of the wide avenues were cleared of carriages, and merry couples were dancing on the smooth, clean asphalt to the sound of gay music. The cafés were resplendent with lights and crowded with people, who sat at their little tables on the sidewalks and drank and sang, or listened to the band, not minding the jostling crowd that surged by them. Life in Paris that night was one great festival.

It was a strange contrast to those who drove by the president's own home on the way to their hotels at midnight to see it dark and still when the merrymaking was at its height. The banquets were over, and merciful friends had left the tired man to find relief from the terrible strain of the day; but the noise of the streets must have penetrated even to his remote room, and the report of the bomb on the steps of the Madeleine must have rung in his ears.

Poor Félix Faure! His hard lot has fallen to another, and Paris will not build a throne and make merry for him again. But to many a person in America his name will always bring back all the wonderful interest of that day—the memory of the surging crowds, the wild, hoarse shouts, and the great gold-and-crimson stage.

SARAH GRAHAM TOMKINS, 1902.

III. IN CATHAY.

TO MY OLD AMAH.

Let me be thy child again,
Lead me to the lily pond;
Let me watch the goldfish play,
Let me see the bamboo sway,
In Cathay.

Take me to the temple gate,
Let us worship at the shrine;
You are Buddha, I will play,
Tell the priest to go away
From Cathay.

Reach that pomegranate red,
That one swinging on the bough;
Quick, oh quick, make no delay!
Yellow dragons near us stray
In Cathay.

Rock me in thy dusky arms,
Shield me from the "Evil Eye."
Press my cheek to thine, and say,
Sleep, my sweet, sleep, sleep till day
In Cathay.

R. C.

THE SPECTATOR.

On the morning of the twenty-third of February the Spectator, to her own great surprise, found herself present at a nine o'clock. She slipped into an unobtrusive seat and took precautions to avoid attracting attention. She wished to sit quietly, and enjoy the retrospect of her holiday without interruption. But outside circumstances were distracting. She found herself peering at the figure on the platform from different angles, speculating on it as possible material for a Sargent portrait. Finally she leaned back and

half closed her eyes to get a color effect. Then, disregarding the fact that the device of the dream has been sadly overworked, she went to sleep.

She seemed to stand by the East Lodge. A staring sign affixed to the wall read, "All The Modern Conveniences Attached." A trolley car came by, evidently headed for College Hall.

"How strange!" she thought, as she climbed in.

She read the advertisements while the motorman waited for the cars from Simpson and the Barn to pass. A large placard announced, "No fare will be collected from the students."

"I think I dream," she said.

As she neared College Hall, from force of habit the conviction came upon her that she was five minutes late for recitation. She scrambled out of the car and hurried toward the door.

"Where are you going?" asked an unlocated voice.

"Lecture room 1. I'm late."

"Why don't you take one of the outside elevators. The nearest is around the corner of the Browning Room."

The Spectator followed advice, and found herself before a sort of bay-window projection which ran up the height of the building. The crowd around the door was polite, and only two layers deep. She made her way in at first trial. The elevator went up swiftly, landing her at the fourth floor in perhaps three minutes.

"This cannot be Wellesley," she thought.

She ran toward the class room. Just as she stood outside the door the voice of the lecturer floated over the transom, "All those who desire may cut."

"How very strange," thought the Spectator. "That surely must be some one I don't know."

As she paused, considering what she should do with her time, she heard the noise of a crowd coming and going. She turned, and saw them pressing about a cabinet and thrusting bulky-looking papers into a pigeonhole.

"Forensics," she said to herself. "But I didn't know the cabinet was on the fourth floor."

"O no," said the same voice which had directed her to the elevators, "not forensics; contributions to the Magazine."

"I'll pinch myself," muttered the Spectator. "I think I'd better wake up."

"Don't look so bewildered," said the voice. "If you are going over to the hill come with us."

A crowd surrounded the Spectator. She ran down the steps with them. "Hurry," said one, "or we'll have to wait five minutes for the next car."

"Do the trolleys go up on the hill, too?" she asked.

"Trolleys!" some one repeated, scornfully. "We are going to shoot the chute."

In a moment they were crowding into a car, then whizzing across the campus and up Art Building hill. "Cars are open for observation in the summer and heated by friction in the winter," said the voice. The stimulus of the ride was marked, and the Spectator's brain was working rapidly. Yet her mind seemed to be grasping after some intangible thought, which always just escaped her. She felt as if she were trying to recall a forgotten name.

"I know," she cried, as in a burst of light. "I've been trying to think how they did all this without trespassing on spots sacred in the memory of the alumnæ."

The crowd surrounded the Spectator again. "Come," they said; "you keep the carriage waiting."

"The carriage?"

"Yes. If you aren't going down with us don't stay out here on the porch; you'll take cold."

She looked about her in amazement. The hill was brilliantly lighted; long lines of carriages were passing in front of the cottage doors. The porches were crowded with figures, some in gay evening dresses, some in dark coats. Everyone was pressing toward the carriages. She turned to look at some one who came out of the door just behind her.

"How familiar she looks," thought the Spectator. "O yes, I know. That gown is from the Mrs. Charles Meyer portrait. I'll ask her where she is going."

"Don't you know?" cried out the crowd. "To the Barn! To the junior dance!"

"Now," shouted back the Spectator, "I know I am dreaming!"

She pulled herself up with a jerk and looked out the window. She was still sleepy enough to see impressionistic pink and purple trees. In a few moments she realized that the recitation was going forward with that dash and spirit peculiar to the day following a holiday. With the return of consciousness came the regret for what she had missed, and it has never left her since.

Now the moral of this story is, Let some one write a Free Press article demanding a suspension of recitations for twenty-four hours after every holiday.

EDITORIAL.

How shall a battered old board rejoice in the strength of that which succeeds it? With what cheer does the Old Year greet the New? How shall we, who know the joys and sorrows of an editor, conduct to our swivel chair and our rolling top desk, those care-free juniors who are so ready to fill our place? Or how expound to them the solemn rites of sacrifice and asceticism in which they must take part with an austere and unfaltering zeal? They know not to what they are chosen, and the class that chose them understands even less. And, indeed, those things which shall become a part of their experience, not even their forerunners can explain. We may say that vigilance, and judgment, and courtesy must not be caught napping; that their courage and honest thought must be unfailing; that downright hard labor is the incessant portion of the editor. These things are true, but they do not suggest the whole truth. No words can suggest that; experience alone can reveal it. But the jolly juniors cry, "If the editorial task is so laborious, what boots it? Do you indeed congratulate us or no?" And to this cry there is but one faithful and joyous answer: We do congratulate you from our hearts for the privilege of the experience which is to be yours.

For if the labor is incessant, the joy in the doing is yet more abiding. Even though your achievement be very far from what you to-day expect with confident eagerness, your reward will be richer than you think. We who reluctantly yield to your new authority may speak with no uncertain voice of the practical value of editorial responsibility. And beyond the new knowledge of magazine making, which comes with the duties of the office, is the sense of a closer relationship with the great college which so many of us accept as unquestioningly as the air we breathe. If every girl in college could edit the college paper for a year, there would spring up among us a new spirit of eager interest and co-operation in the administration of student affairs. The members of the new Magazine board will find this consciousness of vital relationship with Alma Mater increasing with their increasing familiarity with the many phases of college life; and in this memorable experience, as well as in the more practical results of continual

drill and self-discipline demanded by executive responsibility, they will find compensation for their labor.

We have labored and we have had our reward; our editorial life is no more,—peace to its paper ashes! Therefore, O 1900, we, about to die, salute you with glad hope for your prosperity and joy. We bequeath to you our official properties, and our cloak of care. Guard well the properties, wear the cloak, and follow us, that you may surpass us.

FREE PRESS.

I.

A WORD of thanks for the fourth floor elevator bulletin expresses the thought of many of us who are grateful for this aid in our attempts at keeping abreast of current literary and art matters. Few of us care to have our success in this line taken as a measure of our interest, and so we appreciate the bulletin's selections that fit into our spare moments as well as its suggestions for our wider reading. This latest evidence of public spirit from a member of the faculty adds to our already large debt to her for many like favors in the past.

A. M. L.

II.

HAIL to the Free Press, the *vox populi*. Of course this is a protest, for "the people" are acknowledged kickers. We, the athletic minority, wish to remonstrate against this pernicious appropriation of our 4.15 periods. Perhaps it is not generally known that this time has been regularly set aside for recreation and fresh air. It is the only time during the day when elective gymnasium classes may meet the physical director; when our less hardy sisters may hie to the village for a paper of pins. At this period only, during the spring and autumn months, may the golfist ply her stick, the rower her oar, the basket ball fiend her ball. Despite these truths the time is now used for class appointments in a large number of our courses, a gymnasium class has but recently been thrown over from the fact that the majority of its members would in the future be called to class at

4.15. Other periods of the day and night we willingly, nay, cheerfully, devote to study to the class room. Perhaps we should give this time, too, if we felt we could accomplish anything indoors between four and five o'clock save sleep, or a badly written, lecture-interrupted letter. We have a vague sensation, as we stifle a yawn and gaze out the window, that we are gaining little and losing much. And is it worth while? Don't we need just this one period a day for the outdoor life, the muscular welfare?

M. C. P.

III.

SEVERAL times lately when I have gone into the chapel just before the doors were closed, either on a Sunday morning or on a concert or lecture evening, my spirit has rebelled, and I have longed to raise my voice in protest. Why will the people who enter first persist in ensconcing themselves upon the end seats, to the great discomfort of those who are obliged to crawl over them in order to reach the inside chairs? The space between the rows is at all times uncomfortably small, but how much more so when three or four people are appropriating most of it to their own use. Then, I have often seen a single chair vacant somewhere in the center of the chapel, while a girl who goes in alone may be compelled to sit way back or on the side, because no seat that she can reach is available. Surely it is not pleasant to have several people crowd in front of you, and I know from sad experience that the act of crowding by is a very uncomfortable one. Therefore, since it would contribute to the comfort, to say nothing of the good temper of both parties, shall we not obligingly fill the inside seats first, and leave those on the outside to our friends who arrive later?

S., '99.

IV.

WHEN we see a freshman rush into the elevator with no regard for the cap and gown just behind her, we cannot help thinking of our own guileless freshman days, when we would miss many elevators and go into German late rather than step ahead of a senior. When a crowd of freshmen coming over to the main building from the hill after a 9.55 appointment takes up

all the walk, and compels the upper-class girls, who are unfortunate enough to have their next appointment in the Art Building, to step aside (and this happens day after day), we wonder if the times have changed so much since we as freshmen looked up to senior and junior alike. This little protest does not mean that we plead for the wholesale bowing-down to cap and gown which characterizes some colleges; that is neither desirable nor wholesome. But we do wish to suggest that there is a question of courtesy from freshmen to upper-class girls, as well as from upper-class girls to freshmen.

'99.

V.

IT is needless to say that we gladly and cheerfully submit to a ten-o'clock rule; but when it comes to a nine-o'clock rule, we would raise just a word of objection. I refer to the custom of closing the Art Library at nine o'clock every night instead of at nine thirty, as in the case of the principal library. Thus the girls who find occasion to work in the Art Library, as well as those who are referred to certain history and economic books, often feel that they have only become fairly settled by nine o'clock, when, alas and alack! the lights are turned out and the inhospitable doors are closed in their very presence. Many hard-working students would rise in a body to give a vote of thanks if allowed the privilege of using the Art Library during the regular library hours; *i. e.*, until 9.30 P. M.

'00.

VI.

THE vesper service of February 26th, which was so thoroughly enjoyed by us all, brought to mind the good old-fashioned vespers of our freshman year. Then, at least twice a month, we could be sure that the pleasantest of the College services would not be invaded by harrowing tales of suffering humanity. The writers do not wish to disparage in any way the "monthly" missionary meetings, but they feel that the restful evening service of music should not be cast aside for the meetings of any one organization. The meetings of the classes and societies are not allowed to interfere with the College service, and we can see no reason why the Missionary Committee of the Christian Association should be shown such marked partiality. The

former plan of having missionary meetings after the regular evening service, and of giving those not wishing to remain a chance to leave the chapel, seems to us much the more just.

SEVERAL MEMBERS OF '99.

VII.

I SHOULD like to express my thanks for the beautiful music we had at vespers, February 26. It is so long since we have had vespers regularly that the hour spent listening to the organ was especially delightful. That Sunday service is so refreshing that I am always sorry when its place is taken by a missionary talk. Although I am interested in foreign missions, I always feel sorry to have them or anything else interfere with our College vespers. I wish that we might have the vesper service regularly each Sunday, regardless of any other meetings that may be considered necessary.

R.

THE BOOKS WE READ.

The Forest Lovers: A Romance, by Maurice Hewlett. New York, The Macmillan Co.

In these days of psychology and realism, when a novel is either overburdened with character analysis, or is filled with the unlovely commonplaces of life, it is a relief to turn to the cool freshness and unconventionality of a story like this one of Maurice Hewlett. The opening immediately takes us back to the "Faerie Queene." We see the gentle knight a-pricking o'er the plain, and we follow him with the abandonment of a child to a new fairy tale, as he makes his way into Morgraunt, the dark, mysterious, whispering forest, where Love and Death peer at him from behind the boles of close-growing trees, whose tops shut out the sun. When once we have entered the shade of this enchanted green-wood, the world, with its noisy realities and insistence upon facts and probabilities, is left behind. Witchcraft is easily believable; the letting of blood a thing to be deplored, perhaps, but still inevitable in the service of one's lady; and love and chivalry are natural as breathing. Here the reader, to quote the author, with a slight change of tense, "will know something of Morgraunt Forest and the Countess Isabel;

the Abbot of Holy Thorn will posture and scheme (with you behind the arras); you will wander with Isoult and will know why she was called La Desirous, with Prosper le Gai, and will understand how a man may fall in love with his own wife." And not until we have seen our knight safely through the last adventure, and the spell which Morgraunt laid upon us is to some degree removed, can we consider in cold blood the elements which go to make up the interest of the book.

The author has succeeded to a remarkable degree in getting the mediæval atmosphere and setting. This atmosphere is not that artificial kind of thing gained by the introduction here and there of an archaic word, and the oft-recurring insistence upon coats of mail and damsels' distresses. It is intangible, indescribable, but nevertheless genuine and pervasive. The style adds to the book's charm. It is clear and quaintly suggestive. The terms of expression now and then remind one of Malory, but there is no conscious imitation of the "Morte d'Arthur." The characters are sufficiently distinguished to hold the reader's attention, apart from the stirring adventures through which they pass. There is, moreover, character development, an unusual thing in a romance of this kind, but it is worked out so naturally and inevitably that the reader resents an attempt on the part of the critic at analysis of method. The whole thing happened so just because it must. Why trouble with speculations as to its probability or artistic defects?

If we must be seriously critical we might say that the book is, perhaps, a little overcrowded with adventures. Once in a while the love of the mysterious tempts the author to be a trifle vague in his dark hints at happenings behind the scenes. On the whole, however, the book is one of the most satisfactory and convincing medieval romances that we have read.

M. B. M.

The Story of a Play, by William Dean Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York and London, 1898.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Howells did not write his "Story of a Play" for an American public. The nervous strain in our active life is already sufficiently great. If our novelists take to writing books to worry us, where shall we look for relief? We expect from them soothing relaxation or distracting excitement. We certainly have no desire for books which

from cover to cover keep one with a wrinkle between the eyebrows and a look of anxiety in the eyes. In producing just such an effect, the "Story of a Play" is a triumph of skill. We read it through without emotion, without excitement, without any feeling except plain American worry. One book of the kind from an artist like Mr. Howells is acceptable, but let us hope that we shall never live to see the founding of a school of such fiction.

Even after the immediate illusion of reading is left behind, and we think the book over from a critical point of view, the evil genius which it has raised pursues us. We are annoyed and uncertain. We decide first that character interest is subservient to plot, change to the view that plot is subservient to character, make up our minds that there is really no character study, change again and are doubtful if there is a plot. Finally, for peace sake, we agree that there is a plot, although it is only a series of incidents connected with the writing of a play, and that there is character presentation, although we are left to formulate the characters from our own deductions much as we do in every-day life. We follow the play from the first rough sketch which its young author gives to the actor who is to "create a part" in it, through changes in essential and in detail, in plot and in stage setting. We see it recast and rewritten, divided into two plays, united again in one, while the feeling grows that in the end it never will be written. Before we finish with it we wish that it never had been. The only satisfaction it ever affords is wonder at the variety of ways in which it contrives to worry us, before it reaches the heaven of all good American plays—a two hundred nights' run in New York.

The persons who are mainly responsible for the tangle which surrounds the play in question are the author and his wife, who incidentally are spending their honeymoon, an actress, with smouldering eyes, and a young actor, who is vividly clean, and has innocent-looking dimples. The chief office of these people is to worry each other to death. On the whole the poor author has rather the worst of it. The kindly aid and criticism of his wife and the actor, their fertility of invention, not to mention their dislike for each other, delay the completing of the play till the middle of the book. From that point on the jealousies, private and professional, of the actor, the actress, and the wife, combine to make life equally miserable for the author of the

play and the reader of its "Story." We pity Maxwell because he had no one to impress on him the wisdom of the old adage about a young man's marrying "not yet." We certainly wish he had written his play first. Our most fervent hope, however, when we close the book, is that we may never be under the necessity of living with such people. Louise feels herself socially superior to her husband, is unreasonable, and even peevish. About Maxwell there is still something unpleasantly suggestive of the reporter. The actress is as repellant as she can be in the small attention devoted to her, while Godolphin, the actor, in small matters is theatrical, in larger ones alarmingly uncertain. The great difficulty with them all seems to be that no one is quite honest with any one else.

When we have worried through to the end of the story, we find ourselves with at least two shattered illusions, one in regard to the pleasures of authorship, the other about the character of a honeymoon. Two morals are also attached to the tale. The first and most important is, never write a play; the second, it is better to be the unwedded daughter of a Bostonian, on Beacon Street, than the wife of a genius in a New York flat. The more we think over this last novel of Mr. Howells, the more evident it becomes that he has here given us some very clever character work. The combined influences of temperament and circumstance are ineffaceably stamped upon each individual of his creation. We think, however, that he has misnamed his book. He should have made apologies to the drama, and called it "Much Ado About Nothing."

K.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

MANY of the scientific and philosophical societies have elected their presidents for the coming year. Prof. John Dewey, of the University of Chicago, has been elected president of the American Psychological Association. Prof. B. K. Emerson, of Amherst, has become president of the American Geological Society. The president of the American Society of Naturalists is Prof. G. W. Farlow, of Harvard; of the American Mathematical Society, Prof. R. S. Woodward, of Columbia University. The Cambridge Philosophical Society has made Mr. J. Larmor its president.

The University of Chicago has received recently two valuable gifts of land, valued at $169,000. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has received $4,000 for scholarship purpose, and a fund of $20,000, whose interest is to be used in the payment of salaries. At Princeton Charles Scribner has established a fellowship in English, with an annual income of $500.

Yale and Columbia have received valuable gifts which are not in the shape of money. Dr. Thomas Egleston, emeritus professor of Mineralogy and Metallurgy in Columbia University, has presented to that University his library and mineralogical collection; the one of which is especially rich in serials, while the other contains five thousand valuable specimens. To Yale University, Mr. Alfred L. Ripley, of Andover, Mass., has given five hundred volumes of German books to be a nucleus of a seminary library in German.

One of the best-equipped mechanical buildings in the South has just been completed at the University of Tennessee. It provides for all departments of iron and wood working, pattern making and founding, the testing of material; it has complete electrical equipment. In short, the University of Tennessee has an excellent laboratory for the thorough study of mechanical and electrical engineering. In the North a new building is to be built for the department of Engineering at Yale. The $17,500 of the H. L. Pierce bequest is to be used for its erection.

At the present time two of our universities, at least, have representatives abroad in the interests of science. The University of Pennsylvania has sent another expedition to Babylon under the charge of Professor Helprecht. A firman from the Turkish government has been obtained for the purpose. The Zoological department of Stanford University has two representatives, Robert Snodgrass and Edmund Heller, in the Galapagos Islands, to spend a year in studying the fauna of the Islands, and to make a collection for the University. The expenses of the expedition are met by Mr. Timothy Hopkins, of Menlo Park, who before has paid the expense of similar expeditions.

With the increasing use, for building purposes, of steel and terra cotta, by which the architect is enabled to carry his structure twenty or thirty stories high, a new type of architectural construction has been developed. With this construction many new problems present themselves, which require for their solution both the training of the engineer and the experience

of the architect. To meet these requirements, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will offer next term a new course in Architectural Engineering. Lectures and problems on the principles of Applied Mechanics, and lectures in the Theory of Structure, will give the student preparation for practical problems in Structural Design, which will form the important feature of the course.

The Supreme Court of the State, while deciding that Yale University continue to be free of taxation in the City of New Haven, nevertheless declared that the commercial policy pursued in the renting of dormitory rooms was destructive of the purposes and spirit of the college, which was primarily founded for the education of poor students. It is a fact that ten or fifteen years ago, room rent was about $1.50 a week; there were a few more expensive rooms renting as high as $3 a week. Now more than half the four hundred and fifty college rooms rent for more than $5 per week. The lowest rooms at Yale are three in the old brick row, which are annually disposed of to some poor young men for 75 cents a week. The most expensive are eighteen which rent for $10 a week. To-day there is not a little talk of the danger to Yale democracy.

Year by year the college seems to become a more visible bond of union to its alumni. At Cape Town, South Africa, a Princeton Alumni Association has been formed. The formation of a Harvard Club in the capital of Japan, beyond being an evidence of the vitality of a college's influence, is an indication of the intimate relation between Japan and the United States. At the organization of the club there were twenty-four Harvard men present, twelve Japanese and twelve Americans.

EXCHANGES.

Of all the magazines reviewed, none can equal the *Yale Literary Magazine* in the excellence of its matter. It contains four essays of high merit. Of these, "George Meredith and his Philosophical Novel," the *Yale Lit.* prize essay, and "Pater and the Renaissance," are the most worthy of note. The *Smith Monthly* also publishes a prize essay which is attractive, "The Use of Soliloquy in Shakespeare's Dramas." It also contains a story well constructed and brisk in action, "Miss Biddle of Bryn Mawr." The verse of the month is without great merit.

COLLEGE NOTES.

At the Barn Swallow Meeting, January 28, a series of tableaux was given representing titles of books. Of these, "Soldiers of Fortune" received especial applause. The final tableau was a scene from Hobson's life, where one of the "Soldiers of Fortune" appeared, transformed by a bit of burnt cork into the hero.

Jan. 30.—In the evening, Mr. Gardiner, of Harvard, spoke before the higher classes in English upon "The Influence of Tyndale's Translation of the Bible on English Prose Style."

On February 4 came a delightful interruption in the thought and work of mid-year days. On the invitation of the Wagner Club, Madame Gadski, who, as we know so well, was singing in the German Opera in Boston at that time, came to visit Wellesley. Madame Gadski came in the afternoon; visited the points of interest about College; was entertained at Wood by the officers of the Wagner Club; and, in the evening, consented to sing a few songs in the chapel. The programme included two of Elizabeth's songs from "Tannhäuser," one or two German folk-songs, and "Swanee River." Madame Gadski was, of course, greeted with enthusiastic applause, followed, at the Centre, by ringing cheers. There were hearty cheers, too, for the Wagner club and the German department, through whom this pleasure came to the College.

Feb. 5.—The Rev. Bordon P. Bonne, of Boston University, preached in the morning. In the evening Mrs. De Forest, of Japan, spoke upon Japanese schools.

A pleasant social event during the examination period was the Shakespeare tea, given in the Society's new house, on the afternoon of February 6.

Feb. 10.—Examinations closed, and a welcome holiday came on Saturday. A large proportion of the College took advantage of this opportunity to leave Wellesley. The great snowstorm of the twelfth prolonged the holiday, many students being unable to return until the middle of the week.

On the evening of Saint Valentine's day the juniors of Society Zeta Alpha gave their Colonial dance, which had been postponed on account of the great storm.

Feb. 15.—The members of the faculty at Stone Hall received in the Stone Hall parlor from four to six.

Feb. 16.—In the place of the regular Thursday evening meeting, a meeting was held at which addresses were made by a teacher and by two graduates from Hampton Institute.

Feb. 17.—In the evening Prof. E. C. Sanford, of Clark University, spoke before the Philosophy Club and its guests on "Some Practical Aspects of Psychology." At the Stone Hall parlor on the same evening a meeting was held under the auspices of the Somerset Y's in commemoration of Frances Willard.

Feb. 18.—The juniors of Society Tau Zeta Epsilon gave a dance in the barn.

Feb. 19.—The Rev. William V. Kelley preached at the usual hour.

Feb. 20.—On the anniversary of Mr. Durant's birthday the Rev. C. Cuthbert Hall made an address before a large audience on "The Reasonableness of a Christian College."

Feb. 22.—The annual Glee Club concert was received, as always, with enthusiasm. The programme this year included several charming new numbers.

PART I.

1. Glee Club.
   - *a.* The College Beautiful.
   - *b.* Rock-a-bye . . . . Neidlinger.
   - *c.* The Hat of Green . . . R. Schumann.
2. Mandolin Club.
   - March, The Prince of India . . Van L. Farrand.
3. Harp Solo.
   - Song without Words . . . Dubez.

   Miss Gordon Walker.
4. Glee Club.
   - *a.* The Dying Flower . . . Augusto Rotoli.

     Arranged for Wellesley Glee Club.
   - *b.* The Thinkers' Chorus . . R. de Koven.

     Music from Robin Hood.
5. Mandolin Club.
   - Spring Song . . . . . Mendelssohn.

     Arranged by W. Barnwell.

PART II.

1. Mandolin Club.
   Manuela Portuguese . . . Reiter.
2. Glee Club.
   a. In Primrose Lane . . . J. C. Macy.
   b. Picardie . . . . . G. L. Osgood.
   c. Fourth Floor, South Side . . Mary Alice Knox.
3. Mandolin Club.
   Spanish Waltzes—La Susana . . George Rosey.
4. Glee Club.
   a. The King's Roses . . . J. W. Parson Price.
   b. A Tale with a Moral . . . Caroline M. Fuller.

Feb. 24.—The class of 1900 elected the following members to positions on the Magazine board: Geraldine Gordon, Editor in Chief; Lucy Wright, Associate Editor; Mina Poor and Eliza Newkirk, Literary Editors.

Feb. 25.—In the afternoon Fräulein Margarethe Müller lectured in the chapel on "The Drama of Hauptmann." In the evening, at Barn Swallows, Julia Hill, '99, took the part of Almira Pease in "Almira Pease's Album."

Feb. 26.—The Rev. H. P. Dewey, of Concord, N. H., preached at the usual hour.

Feb. 27.—At 7.30, in the chapel, Miss Ruth Putnam lectured on "Medieval Holland."

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

March 2.—4.15 P. M. Lecture, Miss Ruth Putnam.

March 3.—4.15 P. M. Lecture, Miss Putnam.

March 4.—3.20 P. M. Lecture, Miss Putnam. 7.30 P. M. Lecture, Mr. Chapman.

March 5.—11.00 A. M. Sermon, The Rev. George Bullen.

March 11.—7.30 P. M. Address, The Rev. T. H. Pattison, D.D.

March 12.—11.00 A. M. Sermon, Dr. Pattison.

March 18.—4.15 P. M. Lecture, The Rev. G. Stanley Lee.
March 25.—Lecture, Miss De Graffenried.
March 26.—11.00 A. M. Sermon, The Rev. Arthur Little, D.D.
March 27.—7.30 P. M. Lecture, Miss De Graffenried.

SOCIETY NOTES.

At a regular meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon, held February 25, the subject for the evening was "The Work of Holman Hunt." The following programme was presented:—

I. Hunt's Early Work . . . . . Miss Elliott.
Pictures studied.
"Hark."
Jewish Fruit Seller.
Rienzi.
II. Music . . Misses Burt, Hubbs, Elliott, and Cobb.
III. Hunt's Later Work . . . . . Miss White.
Pictures studied.
The Light of the World.
The Shadow of the Cross.
The Finding in the Temple.
IV. Hunt's Relation to the Other Pre-Raphaelites, Miss Phillips.
V. Current Topics: American Art Exhibits of the Winter of '99 . . . . . Miss Norcross.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Shakespeare House, February 25. The following programme was presented:—

I. Shakespeare Heroes . . . . Clara Blettner.
II. Paper. Place of Woman in the Elizabethan Drama . . . . . Alice Knox.
III. Paper. Shakespeare's Women in Contrast to the Women of the Minor Drama . . . . . Grace Frazee.

IV. Dramatic Representation, Massinger, "New Way to Pay Old Debts," Act IV., Scene 3.

Margaret	Mary Gilson.
Allworth	Hilda Meisenbach.
Sir Giles Overreach	Joanna Oliver.

V. Dramatic Representation, Shakespeare, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II., Scene 1.

Mrs. Page	Sue Hall.
Mrs. Ford	Anna Blackmer.
Page	Ethel Burnette.
Ford	Alice Cromack.
Pistol	Corinne Wagner.
Nym	Joanna Oliver.
Shallow	Catharine Dwight.
Host	Grace Frazee.

VI. Dramatic Representation, Jonson, "The New Inn," Act II., Scene 1.

Lady Frampul	Joanna Oliver.
Prudence	Elinor Conlon.
Host	Edith Lehman.
Frank	Louise Williams,
Trundle	Mary Pringle.

Miss Mary Davis, 1901, was received into the Society. Miss Katharine Fuller, 1900, Miss Bigelow, and Miss Morrill were present at the meeting.

The regular monthly programme meeting of the Alpha Kappa Chi was held in Elocution Hall, Saturday evening, February 18. Miss Fletcher gave a talk on Rome.

There was an initiation meeting of Alpha Kappa Chi, Saturday evening, January 28. Carrie Brown and Alice Perry, both of 1901, were initiated.

A regular meeting of Phi Sigma was held on Saturday, January 28. The following programme was presented:—

I.	The Early History of the Holy Grail .	Miss Coolidge.
II.	Traces of Attic Influence in the Holy Grail	Miss Reeve.
III.	The Legend of the Holy Grail: a recapitulation	Miss Mooar.

Miss Ely was present at the meeting.

At a regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha, held February 10, papers on the following New England historians were read:—

I.	Prescott and Bancroft	Miss Ella Mason.
II.	Parkman	Miss Booth.
III.	Motley	Miss Wheeler.
Current Topic:	Recent Troubles in the Philippines	Miss Ball.

At a meeting of Zeta Alpha, on Saturday evening, February 25, the following programme was given:—

I.	James Russell Lowell as an Essayist .	Dr. Roberts.
II.	Thomas Wentworth Higginson . .	Miss Cady.
III.	Edward Everett Hale	Miss Hume.
Current Topic:	The French President . .	Miss Warren.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, '80, has returned to her former home in Rockford, Ill. Her address is 1336 Harlem Avenue.

Grace B. Dodge, '86, is spending the year traveling in Italy, Greece, and Egypt.

Mary Taylor Blauvelt, '89, is at the head of the Department of History at Rockford College, Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. Grace Brackett Lewis, '90, is now in Shanghai, China, where Mr. Lewis is Secretary of the Shanghai Y. M. C. A.

Maud R. Keller, '92, is Dean of the Women's Department of the Michigan Agricultural College.

Anna L. Winegar, '92, who has been living in Paris for the past three or four years, has joined Prof. Katharine Lee Bates in Spain.

Marion E. Bradbury, '93, is teaching in the New Haven (Conn.) High School.

Kate Andrews, '93, is studying at the University of Chicago.

On Saturday, Feb. 11, 1899, Mrs. Junius Hill gave a "Valentine Party" to '93, at her home on Mt. Ida, Newton.

In recording last month the presence of Mary Keyt Isham, '94, at the University of Chicago, we failed to note that Miss Isham received the degree of M.A. from the University of Cincinnati last year.

Anna K. Peterson, '94, is teaching again this year at Emerson, Nebraska.

Louise Pope, '94, and Caroline Fitz Randolph, '94, are traveling in Mexico.

Ruby Bridgman, '94, is teaching Latin in the Hyde Park (Mass.) High School.

Josephine Brooks, '95, is teaching French in the Northampton (Mass.) High School.

Mary Roberts, '95, is studying Art in Paris.

Lilian Rice Smith is teaching Mathematics in the Rockford (Ill.) High School.

Lucy C. Mott, '96, is teaching in the Buffalo Seminary, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mary E. Haskell, '97, is teaching English in the Newton (Mass.) High School.

Blanche Currier, '97, is teaching in the Methuen (Mass.) High School.

Harriet Viola Evans is teaching in Rochester, N. Y.

Lillian West, formerly '98, has a position as organist in one of the Malden churches. She is studying music in Boston.

Catherine R. Bisbee, '98, has been elected corresponding secretary of the New Hampshire Branch of the W. B. F. M.

Grace I. Post, '98, is teaching English and Science in Sioux Falls College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Edna Patterson, '98, is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.

Anne L. Bixby, '98, is spending the year in England.

Anne K. Miller, formerly 1900, is teaching in the Newton (N. J.) High School.

We clip from the *Chautauquan* the following paragraph in reference to Miss Clara Cummings, Sp. '75–76: "Miss Clara E. Cummings, Associate Professor of Botany in Wellesley College, has for years made a special study of flowerless plants, and has, with Prof. A. B. Seymour, of Harvard University, prepared 'Decades of North American Lichens,' and with Prof. Thomas A. Williams, Washington, D. C., 'North American Lichens.' Professor Cummings has arranged a list of mosses and moss-like plants—the liverworts—entitled, 'Catalogue of Musci and Hepaticæ of North America, North of Mexico,' also arranged and revised lists of mosses and lichens for the 'Flora of Middlesex County, Massachusetts,' and written on cryptogamous plants for other publications. She is one of the editors of *The Plant World*."

The Philadelphia Wellesley Club met at three o'clock, on the 28th day of January, at 1410 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Mrs. Louise McCoy North of New York coming as the guest of the club. After social greetings and the transaction of the current business, a charming talk was given by Mrs. North on the present status of Wellesley. Chocolate was served at half after four. Those present were: Mrs. Harriet Pierce Sanborn, Miss Marie

Tuck, Dr. Ruth Lathrop, Miss Isabel Darlington, Miss Elizabeth Braley, Miss Katherine Dill, Miss Anna Palen, Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, Miss Mary Swift Wright, Miss Harriet Blake, Miss Roxana Vivian, Miss Edith La Rue Jones, Miss M. Lilian Jones, Miss Jennie Ritner Beale, Miss Ruth P. Hume, Miss Frances Pinkham, Miss Jessie Munger, Mrs. Harriet Powe Lynch, Miss Henrietta C. Leypoldt, Mrs. Katherine Weaver Williams, Miss Elizabeth Munhall, Miss Rachel Sweatman, and Miss Cora Everett formerly of the Wellesley faculty.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE Class of '91 desires to express its sense of bereavement in the loss of its former honorary member, the Rev. Dr. Charles Seymour Robinson, who died at his New York home, Feb. 1, 1899.

Dr. Robinson was graduated from Williams College in 1849, and, after teaching in Holyoke, Mass., became principal of the Washington Academy in Cambridge, New York. He received his theological education at Union and Princeton theological seminaries, spending one year at the former and two years at the latter seminary. His earliest pastorates were the Park Church in Troy and the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn. After organizing, in Paris, the American Chapel into a church, and remaining for some time as the pastor of this church, he returned to America to become pastor of the Eleventh Presbyterian Church, New York. He later accepted a call to the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church, and afterwards went to the New York Presbyterian Church. This last pulpit he resigned a year ago. His liberality toward the several churches with which he was connected was especially noteworthy.

Dr. Robinson was also the compiler of some popular church song books: "Songs of the Church," "Songs for the Sanctuary," "Spiritual Songs," "Laudes Domini," and the "New Laudes Domini."

In 1889 he took an active interest in Wellesley and gave to the college, in the name of the Class of '91, a scholarship. This scholarship is known as the Emmelar Scholarship. Not only by this gift, but also by his constant sympathy with the aims and with the work of Wellesley, he showed himself always a true friend to the college and to his own class.

MARRIAGES.

TERWILLIGER–TONE.—In Bergen, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1898, Miss Florence Tone, '93, to Mr. Bert H. Terwilliger. At home Ellenville, N. Y.

DEATHS.

In Oak Park, Ill., Feb. 19, Mrs. Hiram Judson Straight, mother of Maude W. Straight, '92, and Bertha K. Straight, '97.

In Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 27, 1899, Mrs. Lilian Drake Whitlock, Sp., '86–87.

In Ellenville, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1898, Mr. Thomas H. Count, father of Clar Count, '93.

In Shreveport, La., Jan. 12, 1899, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Newman, mother of Caroline Newman, '93.

In Atchison, Kan., Jan. 22, 1899, Mr. Parker, father of Joanna Parker, '96.

In New York, Alice M. Mahl, formerly '97.

In the death of Alice Mary Mahl Wellesley has lost one of her stanch friends, and '97 one of its most loyal former members. Although she was in college only until Easter of her sophomore year, her interest in all belonging to Wellesley never wavered through her long illness.

Her quiet habits and tastes led her to make few intimate friends, but those who knew her best can never forget the sterling worth of her character, her wonderful fund of general information, and her keen appreciation of the best in everything and everybody: it was typical of her patient cheerfulness that even in her last weeks of intense suffering she was hopefully making plans to be carried out as soon as she should be "a little stronger."

'97.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII. WELLESLEY, APRIL 15, 1899. No. 7.

EDITOR IN CHIEF.
MARY GERALDINE GORDON, 1900.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
LUCY WRIGHT, 1900.

MANAGING EDITORS.
MAUDE EMILIE McCLARY, '99.
LOUISE EDGELL BALDWIN, '99.

LITERARY EDITORS.
HELEN MARIAN KELSEY, '95.
ELIZA NEWKIRK, 1900.
NINA F. POOR, 1900.
MARY C. SMITH, 1901.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the Student Body.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Mary Geraldine Gordon, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Lucy Wright, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Helen M. Kelsey, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Maude Emilie McClary, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications should be sent to Miss Louise Baldwin, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Terms, $1.75 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Payment should be made by money order.

AN OLD MEMORY BOOK.

THEY were not called memory books then, but commonplace books. In lieu of dance programmes and blue prints the books contained gatherings of favorite poems, passages of prose, lists of books to read, the owner's attempts in Latin verse or English song, together with similar contributions from his friends. In short, they form a kind of history of the owners' reading; as it were, memory books of the literary life.

This one belonged to a college lad,—a student in the English Cambridge,—some three centuries ago. His name we know from the book itself, wherein he has written it many times, and in various styles of writing, with much flourishing, Robert Mills. Sometimes he writes it "Robertus Mylls," and nearly always he proudly appends "Cantab." He does not, however, give a date anywhere, so it is only by finding from other sources the dates of the poems which he quotes that we are able to fix the time of compilation at the years adjacent to 1590. More concerning Robert Mills's identity we

do not know, except that in one place he signs himself of Stamford, which is a little ancient town near the English Boston, and famous as the home of the first English newspaper,—two facts which certainly indicate a literary atmosphere. But he, like many a greater poet, lives only in his book.

The volume rests now in the archives of the Bodleian, treasured because in its pages are the only sources of some of the most precious of Elizabethan lyrics. Editors of the work of Sidney, Raleigh, Dyer, and Breton must have recourse to it. Its text readings are respectfully considered. It is referred to in footnotes of bulky volumes of "Complete Works." It is catalogued under the grave title of "Rawlinson MSS. Poetic, 85," with never a hint of its writer's name or work. It is a quarto of thick handmade paper, the pages being about the size of a blue book. Evidently the owner began it with painstaking and deliberation, for he ruled each page with a marginal red line. At the end of each selection he wrote with curly flourishes "*finis*." Then followed the name of the author, if he knew it; if not, "Incertus Author." His own verses and those of his college friends, together with blotted and crossed-out scraps, are in the latter half, so it would seem that the book became less formal and more intimate to him as it progressed.

The first poem is entitled, "Verses made by the quene when she was supposed to be in love with Mountague," and is signed "Elizabeth regina." The portrait of Elizabeth as she was in old age, the sharp, proud, sad face which even the obsequious hand of the painter dared not soften, comes to one's mind when one reads the first line, "When I was fayre and younge and favor graced me." The poem has a pretty rhythmical refrain:—

> "Goe, goe, goe, seek some other wher,
> Importune me no more."

Farther on in the book we find two of Elizabeth's Latin orations, one which was given before Cambridge students at the time of some visit there, the other on a similar occasion in Oxford. The titles are given, "Oratio Illustrissima reginae Elizabethae apud Cantabrigiensis," and "Oratio serena Elizabethae reginae Academia Oxoniensis habita." One wonders why the Oxford oration was "serena." Was Robert Mills poking sly fun at the more staid character of the sister university?

Other famous names in the book are those of Sir Walter Raleigh, Edmund Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, Nicholas Breton, Lord Oxford, Sir Edward Dyer, Fulke Greville, the Earl of Essex. These were men prominent in what might be called the court school of Elizabethan poetry,—young poets of noble birth who wrote for their own circle only, whose works circulated in manuscript, and were, as a rule, printed posthumously. It is quite certain that Robert Mills compiled his book while the greater number of these poets were yet living. The question arises, then, how did he, who was still a lad in college, procure these poems? Had he some friend in that circle of poets, some one who copied each poem directly from the author's manuscript as it went about, and sent the copy down to Cambridge? or did these poets send their verses to some old college friend, some don who favored the young student with a sight of them?

Among the more famous poems for which this is the chief source, is the winsome love ballad by Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the few of his poems now extant, which begins :—

"As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?"

Another, and perhaps better known, is the oft-quoted poem by Sir Edward Dyer :—

"My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

"Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies;
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring."

A dainty song from George Peele's lost drama, "The Hunting of Cupid," is found in this manuscript, and is often reprinted in anthologies of the best English lyrics. It begins:—

"What thing is love? For well I wot love is a thing.
It is a prick, it is a sting,
It is a pretty, pretty thing.
It is a fire, it is a coal
Whose flames creep in at every hole,
And as my wit doth best devise,
Love's dwelling is in ladies' eyes."

There is but one poem of Spenser's, the graceful eighth sonnet of the Amoretti. Sidney, his friend, has, however, the lion's share of the book. Oddly enough none of his poems here given are from the sonnets of the Astrophel and Stella sequence; but three of the exquisite songs which have always been printed with the sequence are given, the fourth, eighth, and tenth. Except for these, the taste of the young university scholar shown in his selections from Sidney's poetry is not admirable. He chooses chiefly those elaborate pseudo-classic and humanist productions which are now a part of the Arcadia, stiff pastorals, sestinas, "carmina phaleuciake," poems which the world would willingly let die.

The poems by the most omnipresent and productive of Elizabethan writers, "Incertus Author," are numerous. Many of them later found their way into print in some of the famous miscellanies which were published in the first decade of the seventeenth century, "England's Helicon," "Davison's Poetical Rhapsody," and "England's Parnassus." Others were afterward identified as the work of well-known poets. Still others have never been printed. They are not very much worth it, to be sure, but perhaps the Magazine may graciously make space for one here, and give to it, after its three centuries of oblivion, a little chance of life:—

"The drery daye when I muste take my leave,
Packing from whence depart I never maye,
Methinks I see, and do full well perceyve
That cruell care of me will make his praye.
And thou, my heart, which couldest with hope aspyre,
For thy delyghte to leade my lyfe in woe,

See how the ende of thy false ioyes desyre,
From thee bereft, thy home thou must forgoe.
But goe thy waye and thy sweet harmes endure,
And of my woe, thoughe absence make my playnte,
Thou mayste therby att lengthe perhaps procure
By iust remorse, her hardned harte to faynt—
Yet love her styll, although she love not thee,
For none of myne nor others thou shalt be."

The productions of Robert Mills himself show an academic atmosphere. The inflexible arbiters of classical prosody are ever present with him. He knows not

"Where the verse, like a piper a-Maying
Comes playing,
And the rhyme is as gay as a dancer
In answer."

He has copied into his book a long poem, perhaps composed for a prize contest, entitled, "The Inventions of the 9 Muses," which relates what happened "when Phœbus Daphnis long had wooed." Another long poem in a similar manner is a translation from Ovid done into ungainly hexameters. Even in the more personal poems his education in elegant Latinity is evident. His theme is friendship. One such in Latin is addressed, "R. M. ad amicum J. F.," and it warmly proclaims in its closing lines,—

"Cum mea (mi Finnet) mors vitae tempora finit,
Cessabo Pylades, non prius esse tuus Robertus."

He has an English poem to the same friend, which he labels "Carmen Hexam," and another one in Latin which begins touchingly, "Finnet, amice, vale," and which is, as an appended note informs us, "An ultima vale to Sir ———, wrytte one the back syde of the Shepherd's Kalender at the departure from Cambridge by Robert Mills." An English farewell to the same friend begins,—

"Farewell, good harte, though place us part."

Then a new friend enters, a certain Jacobus Reshoulde, who writes a two-page "Carmina Saphica" to "amico suo R. M." This friend is, however, so aspiring in poesy as to break away from classic models, and write "an

eccho song in imitation of Sr P. Sidney's eccho going before page 6." In which friendship the rift came we do not know, but soon we find Robert writing to

"A feygned faythless and ungratefull friend."

Poor Robert.

But he has other strings to his lyre. One gay little epigram tells us, "Late suppers and wine I did forbear." A long production, in hexameters, to be sure, relates the adventures of a party of students in a boating expedition up the river,—adventures ending in an upset. He has also a "songe in praise of peace," and some Latin "verses made upon Dr. Parrye the traitor," which show a laudable interest in national events.

He did not write poetry about love, unless, perchance, some of the unsigned poems are his, but the poems which he selects from other writers turn, in the greater part, upon that theme. He rescues this collection of his favorite poems from too cloying sweetness by including some spicy epigrams upon the frailties of womankind. A tender side of his nature is shown by the inclusion of a long and really touching elegy on the death of Sidney, an anonymous poem much in the manner of Spenser.

Some critic has said that the characteristics of a period of literature may be best ascertained by a consideration of the works of minor writers, since the masters of any period, by the very greatness of their genius, transcend local limits and become universal. Even the verse of a schoolboy is significant as showing the conservative academic traditions in literary matters, against which the new conceptions must make way. This view of minor poetry is perhaps sufficient excuse for this study of the work of Robert Mills, Cantab.

MARY BOWEN.

THE MERCIFUL INJUSTICE.

THE dreary, rolling prairie stretched on every side. Its only verdure was the meager, colorless grass, and the dead, brown prairie cactus. The soil was dry and hard. The monotonous sameness of successive draws was unbroken. In the winter the blizzard rushed across them, filling them with snow and burying the homeless range stock in cold graves. Then the hot

chinook swept them dry, laying bare here and there a lonely carcass. The woman stood near the door of the ranch house. Her eyes looked yearningly for some break in the lifeless expanse; but there was no expectancy in her face. Years ago it had died out. No cheerful tidings, no good news had ever come across the pathless stretch to her. She was leaning against the weather-beaten water barrel with its rusty iron bands, and her faded brown calico was in gloomy harmony. Over her the old, unpainted house cast its shadow. The prairie crept to her very feet. Not even a rude fence shut it out and enclosed a sacred space. There was no struggling grass, no attempted flower plot, no child's mud-pie bakery or stone fort between her and this unending, barren world. She felt a dismal solitude close around her.

Her weary face looked out with despairing hopelessness. It was not a weak face, only one worn out with fruitless efforts. There was a defiant poise of the head that might have been held erect with becoming, self-respecting pride. The mouth, once set with firm purpose, was marked with bitter lines. The eyes were very bright, but their glow told only of the determination of the vanquished not to yield. The veins stood out in her hands, closed, with causeless tightness, over the bucket she had lifted from the barrel.

Why did the woman not look up? The stars were very brilliant. The stars are brightest on the prairie, and that night the moon glowed full in its clear, dark, unmarred setting. Had she raised her eyes, the splendor of the heavens must have sunk into her soul; but something chained her eyes to the gloom below, and the glowing moon, the twinkling stars, the clear sky only lit up the joyless scene. The woman lifted the bucket in her hand, and, with a quick step, went into the house.

It was not a comfortless house by the standard of ranch houses; yet it brought no peace to the woman. For, as she prepared the evening meal, her eyes and thoughts were on a listless figure seated by the hearth. With bitter, questioning longing she watched him. There was yearning love in her face, but when she spoke her voice was harsh and rasping.

"Hank," she demanded, "ain't you going to look for that steer?"

The boy looked up petulantly, and pushed back his chair so that the tilted front legs dropped expressively.

"No, I ain't," he retorted, and rose sluggishly.

He dragged his slovenly figure across the floor, and felt for his pipe and tobacco on the shelf. Hank was restless in the inertia of his own inactivity. He shuffled back to his seat and began filling his pipe. His clothes were carelessly put on. His trousers bagged above his boots. He wore no coat, and his trousers were held up by a belt. He gave one side of this garment an ineffectual pull and settled back. His weak mouth had never closed more tightly than was necessary to hold a pipe. His eyes had never opened wide enough to see the sorrow, the despair, the disappointed love in those that looked at him.

When the woman spoke again the voice was very low, and a tremor was in the tone. The boy's ear was not acute enough to hear it.

"Hank," she pleaded, "you ain't going to be like your pa, are you?"

"I ain't going after that steer," he replied, indifferent to everything but that he was being disturbed. He leaned forward to pull off his boots, letting them drop with a thud and lie where they fell.

The woman closed her lips tightly in helpless misery. The boy's father had died in prison, and the boy could not feel the disgrace. With fear, the woman watched for the development of crime in the sloth and inactivity of her son. She had no hope against the inevitable.

. . . . . .

It was a night too dark for shadows. Ten horsemen had lost their way. It was not strange; even the oldest "rancher" or the most acute cowboy could not keep the prairie road on a night like this. The wind beat in their faces. The very instincts of the animals failed. Indeed, the horses were strange on the prairie. Often, in their search, the travelers crossed the dimly marked road unawares. The clouds drooped low with heavy blackness. The wind hurled its cold breath against them with blinding fierceness. The men rose in their stirrups and bent eagerly forward, but they could see nothing. The prairie was as void of directions as the open sea. The men knew not which way they went; still they galloped on. Suddenly they saw a figure, and stopped to inquire, eagerly. But it was only a boy, lost, alone, and horseless. The leader of the gang was a man with clearly marked, prominent features, and dark, reckless eyes. In rough good-fellowship with friends and enemies he went through the world.

"Do you want to ride?" he questioned the boy. "Here is a horse."

The boy was tired; his life was purposeless alike in end and detail. Without questioning he mounted the eleventh horse. They galloped on, and one more life was added to their common fate.

They quickened their speed. Did they wish only to reach the round-up camp? They looked anxiously in every direction. Were they trying only to catch a glimpse of the camp fire? Their ears were strained at every sound. Was it only to discover the whereabouts of comrades? It was round-up time, and a band of cowboys returning from a far-off village was nothing unusual. Suddenly they rein in their horses, and the animals plunge back and are still for a moment. Against the dark sky darker objects are seen moving toward them.

"We are chased!" cried the leader, and the spurs are buried deep in each horse's flank.

The end is a merciless story of crime punished by crime.

At the foothills of a dark range of mountains there is a certain lonely gulch. We call it Hangman's Gulch, and all who treasure the traditions of these Black Hills have cut a piece from a certain large pine, whose long, gaunt arm stretches over a rocky ledge. We call it Hangman's Tree. It is old now, but it was in the vigor of its growth that night. Its dark needles barely stirred in the sequestered retreat. The shrubs groaned low as they were crushed under the feet of a band of rough, strong men that hurried over them with their bound and struggling prisoners. The moon peeped out from behind a cloud; dimly it lit up the scene below. The moving spirit of the revenging band was a short, brutal man. It was he that tied the stout rope to the outstretched arm and surveyed the prisoners with exultant pleasure. He leaned forward and laid his thick, short-fingered hand on the boy's shoulder.

"The youngest first," he said, with grim humor.

The boy shrank back, his weak mouth ready to cry, his stupid eyes wild with terror, his sluggish form weak with fear. One straightforward word, one independent look might have saved him; but he was capable only of cringing pleading. The leader of the captured band looked up. He had been busy planning means of escape. Now his rough, ready sympathy was aroused, and made him oblivious to all else.

"Don't touch that kid," he commanded, angrily, with an oath. "He didn't know whose nag he was on."

The other thieves eagerly joined in the protest. There was a moment's pause. The moon shone brighter behind a filmy cloud. The criminals pleaded unselfishly for the innocent life. A look of hope came into the boy's sullen face. The hearts of the fierce administrators of justice half yielded; but the brutal man peered into the boy's face. A glance of recognition came into his own. The man knew only the pleasure of power. He laughed derisively.

"If he didn't steal my horses, his father did," he said. "Better rid the country of such."

Then,—they tied the rope around the boy's neck and pushed him from the rocky ledge.

. . . . . .

The woman stood by the ranch house and the prairie closed her in. She looked across the rolling stretch, but the anxious, yearning look was gone from her eyes. The rumor had come to her that her son had been hung with the horse thieves, and she had uttered no moan. Years ago the news had reached her of another death, and she had only raised her head defiantly and hid her sorrow from the world. No one should see her mourning for the criminal. To-day a letter, signed by "One of the Hangmen," had brought her an unlooked-for solace. Then the mother had sobbed as any mother would for her innocent son. For the first time her neighbors had found her a woman like themselves, weak under sorrow.

That night she stood by the water barrel. The water was low and she seemed unable to reach it. She made no effort, but dropped on her knees and her arms were folded loosely on the edge of the barrel. Her head lay restfully against them and the hot tears fell fast. She pressed her eyes on the calico sleeve and looked up. The calmness of the quiet night soothed her. Her whole body relaxed. The dry, cold air fanned her careworn face. She looked up and felt the bright stars, the mellow moon, and the clear sky look down in ministering sympathy, and the peaceful isolation of the prairie filled her soul. She smiled sadly. The woman was thinking of the baby boy she had held in her arms so long ago. She was only a woman, and she sobbed because her arms were empty.

MATILDA WOODS, 1901.

THE DREYFUS INCIDENT.

WHEN the French Cabinet voted, on Sept. 26, 1898, for a reinvestigation of the evidence in the Dreyfus case, to be conducted by the criminal section of the highest court of appeal in France, the Court of Cassation, the outside world experienced a decided relief, and put the affair out of mind. In taking this step it seemed that the Cabinet was voicing the demands of the best of France for justice, and that this demand must surely obtain satisfaction. Since September events have occurred which show that the desired solution is still in the future. The case has been taken from the criminal section of the Court of Cassation, and has been placed in the hands of the entire court. The old conflict, then, between adherents of simple justice and of partisanship, between the prestige of the army and the prestige of the civil government, has been again opened. The affair is still one of pressing interest, though expression of opinion is useless until the decision of the court is known. While we are waiting, then, to see what conclusion will be reached by the Court of Cassation, it might be well to understand just what the whole affair means to France; why the trial of an individual of comparatively little importance to the world should have acquired such a tremendous significance.

It is not my purpose to attempt to make clear the complication of details that have gathered around the Dreyfus story. That has been well done by the magazines and newspapers within the last year. A summary of the principal facts, then, will be sufficient. Captain Alfred Dreyfus, an Alsatian Jew, was the first of his race to hold the high position of assistant in the Second Bureau of the General Staff of the French army. The function of this bureau is to collect information concerning foreign armies. In the year 1894 a "bordereau," a secret document, was received by the chief of the Bureau, containing valuable revelations concerning France, and supposedly addressed to a foreign nation. Captain Dreyfus was charged with the treason of having written this "bordereau." He was tried by court martial, was convicted, and sentenced to military disgrace and life imprisonment. The evidence upon which Dreyfus was convicted consisted in the fact that the handwriting of the "bordereau" resembled his own, and in his possession of various documents, the purport of which pointed at him

as the criminal. One of these documents was never seen, and not known to be in existence by the convicted man, nor by his counsel. Obviously this is the slimsiest of evidence. So it seemed, at least, to those men who, after the affair became public, interested themselves in examining the circumstances. The work of such men, Colonel Picquart, Senator Scheurer-Kestner, Zola, and the members of the family of Captain Dreyfus, together with the efforts of the sensational press, brought the matter before the public, arousing interest abroad as well as the deepest agitation in France.

This agitation soon assumed such proportions that the matter became one of national import. The question as to whether or not justice had been done meant the questioning of the honor of the army officials, and of the right of their judgment to hold supremacy. Such a question is of deepest moment to the French people, for reasons which we shall discuss later. The enlarging of the matter in this way, then, and the perseverance of those interested, led to a long train of complicated incidents. In January of 1895, President Casimir-Périer resigned his office, and M. Faure was elected President of France. Throughout the administration of M. Faure the Dreyfus incident has been uppermost in the minds of the French people.

In the year 1897 a charge of having written the "bordereau" was brought against Major Esterhazy by Colonel Picquart, Matthieu Dreyfus, a brother of Alfred, and others. In January of 1898 Major Esterhazy was tried by a court martial, for which he had applied in order to clear himself, and was acquitted. Zola immediately took up the cause of Dreyfus with the statement that Esterhazy had been acquitted "by order"; that is to say, by prearrangement. For this Zola was prosecuted, and then began in February the long affair of the Zola trials. In the meantime a memorial, signed by prominent men for a revision of the case, had been presented to the Chamber of Deputies. M. Méline, opposed to any idea of revision, settled the difficulty for himself by resigning in June of 1898. A new cabinet was immediately formed, with M. Brisson as Prime Minister. During the summer new evidence was brought forward by Cavaignac, Minister of War, proving the guilt of Dreyfus. This evidence was found upon examination to be forged by Captain Henry. Upon the disclosure of the forgery Captain Henry committed suicide. In September M. Cavaignac resigned his ministry, and was succeeded, first by General Zurlinden, and again by General

Chanoine. Soon after, the Cabinet voted for a revision of the Dreyfus case by the Court of Cassation. M. Brisson, in November, feeling himself unsupported by popular opinion in this step, resigned, and the Cabinet followed suit. Again a new Cabinet was elected, with M. Dupuy at its head. The Court of Cassation began its work by ordering a supplementary inquiry into the circumstances, to be conducted by a committee of the Criminal Section. The work was progressing quietly, guarded by secrecy from the intrusion of public curiosity, when a new incident changed the course of affairs. M. Beaurepaire, in January, 1899, resigned his seat in the Court to slander his associates publicly. He especially directed his remarks against Judge Loew, president of the Court, because of partiality toward Dreyfus. Through the instigations of M. Beaurepaire the question of transferring the handling of revision from the criminal section, supposedly partial, to the whole Court, was referred to a committee in the Chamber of Deputies, and finally voted by the Chamber of Deputies, and lastly by the Senate in February. In the Court of Cassation, then, the whole matter rests. Its final decision will conclude the Dreyfus incident.

Inseparably bound up with this story are many minor "affairs," which have complicated the whole to an alarming degree. Some of them have a purely sensational, sentimental origin; most of them have arisen either from violent opposition to Dreyfus or from sincerest interest in his behalf; while all are interesting as showing how the French nation has regarded the matter. The parts played by Colonel Picquart, by Zola, by Madame Dreyfus, have contributed most directly to the course of affairs. It was through the private investigations of Colonel Picquart, who was chief of the Bureau of Secret Intelligence of the army, that suspicion was directed against Major Esterhazy. Because of this and subsequent attacks, particularly the exposing of flaws in certain documents bearing on the case, Colonel Picquart lost his position, and was finally brought before a court martial. This court martial was interrupted by order of the Court of Cassation, where Colonel Picquart will be tried, much to the relief of his friends. Zola's more sensational, but not less persevering, efforts brought for him also disgrace and punishment. He is in voluntary exile, waiting an opportunity to return to Paris, and to ask for another trial from the Court of Cassation, as his sentence gives him the right to do. Madame Dreyfus presents the most pitiful,

personal side of a case which long ago lost for the world its connection with a personality. Her attempts to gain just treatment for her husband have been untiring, though not always known to the public. For her sake alone we could wish a satisfactory settlement. Others of greater and lesser note have associated themselves publicly either for or against Dreyfus,—members of the senate, of the army, men of professional life, and private citizens. Of them all, these three appear conspicuously self-sacrificing and heroic.

As has been suggested, the press and the people have not been slow to interest themselves in the Dreyfus case. The result has been that theatrical display of street riots, newspaper quarrels, manifestos and plots against the government, which has seemed to us so alarming. At times this excitement may have been dangerous to the welfare of the republic, but eventually it purported little. The religious feeling against the Jews is strong and ineradicable in the French mind. This fact has been made much of by the press, led by fanatics such as Déroulède and Drumont, who have carried on a sort of yellow journalism much like that which stirred up for us the Cuban war. The discontented, as ever, were on hand to use this opportunity to upset the world: the Duke of Orleans has issued a manifesto hinting at a restoration of the Bourbons, and the heir of the Bonapartes has threatened a third Empire. Even men of scholarship and intelligence have acted insanely. M. Brunetière headed the formation of a new league a short time ago. Its principles were too vague to be understood, though it was primarily opposed to revision of the Dreyfus case. The government has lately taken steps to suppress this and other leagues of like nature. All this is simply manifestation of excitement in the peculiarly French way, and means little more than that.

More serious than riots, and leagues, and threats, however, is the danger to France which the whole matter connected with the sentence of Dreyfus suggests. The real questions to be decided are two. One has been effectually answered. The army has tremendous influence with the French people, because of their own love of splendor and martial glory, and their own wish to be dominated. Can its influence be so great that in time of peace it can pass sentence on insufficient evidence where a civil law would not pass such a sentence, and that it can subsequently interfere in its own behalf when its honor is in question? If the power of the army can be so

great, of what use is civil law, of what use is the French Republic? If the power of the army was to have dominated France, overthrowing the republic and setting up a more despotic government of its own, its time had come with the death of President Faure, in February of this year. At that moment the army might, if it had so chosen, have seized the opportunity for a revolution. The fact that a revolution did not ensue, that M. Loubet was quietly elected President of the French Republic by a majority in the two chambers, goes far to prove that the republic is still safe and sound. M. Loubet, moreover, though wishing not to ally himself with either revisionists or anti-revisionists, is an advocate of justice in any case,—a fact which gives still greater confidence.

The second question is, however, yet unanswered, and for the consequences of an answer we can be only hopeful. We have seen that the religious sentiment against the Jews is violent in the extreme. Because of this sentiment, and that for the honor of the French army, the opinions of even thoughtful men are strongly tinctured with the rabidness of partisanship. It was this partisanship which advised the taking of the revision of the Dreyfus case from the criminal section of the Court of Cassation. In the criminal section were men known to be in favor of Dreyfus. It was thought that in throwing the matter open to the whole court the anti-Dreyfus element would have greater chances of support. In the same spirit the whole affair has been treated throughout its course. It is, indeed, this rankling and sentimentalism which prevented a just settlement when the case was first opened to discussion three or four years ago. Very few in number have been those who were interested simply to see justice done. Colonel Picquart, Zola, and others who were among that number were forced to make personal sacrifices in order to express such interest. On the other hand, the number of those who have been interested for party reasons is almost unlimited. It is just this partisanship, then, in a matter which should be judged with absolute impartiality and lack of prejudice, which seems to us a real menace to France. The serious question suggests itself as to whether in the French Republic the personal right of the individual to justice is subordinate to the dictates of party factions. This is the problem which the decision of the Court of Cassation is to solve. This is the true significance of the Dreyfus incident.

GRACE PHEMISTER, '99.

O SLUMBEROUS SPRING.

O slumberous spring, with thy deep-fringing fern,
And border run with violet and cress,
From which no bird of paradise need spurn
To drink, for fear of mocking daintiness.
O elfin moon, still musing of the time
Of sleepy vigils, when young Porphyro
Thro' secret door led trembling Madeline
To fulfilled vision and sweet end of woe.
O golden sun of languorous afternoons,
When, midst the purple shadows, fleeting forms
Awaked and danced to shepherds' plaintive tunes,
Forgetful of the days of winter storms.
O sun, O moon, O spring, thy spirits lie
Hid in the tender depths of my love's eye.

R. C.

THE GERANIUM FLOWER.

Against the one faint light of this dull room
It gleams, with warm, refulgent color filled;
A power from far-off summer suns distilled,
To wake again in glory of new bloom.
'Tis not a rose, set round with ray-shot gloom
Of leaves and brambles. No; a coarser flower,
A garden growth, not of the ladye's bower;
A common plant, tinged with no Old World doom.
Yet in its chalice glows a spirit, fed
With something of the warmth and breadth of heaven;
A pure, full calm, a gentle radiance shed
From out a soul to light and fragrance given.
O thou geranium flower, to me thou art
Friendship's strong sweetness brooding o'er my heart.

R. C.

THE CAP'N'S LOVE.

"I TELL ye what it is, Nathan,—it stands to reason that I got a right to her, don't it? Don't it, Nathan?"

The Cap'n looked up from his whittling and waited for a reply.

"Yes, yes," answered old Nathan, absent-mindedly; then he went on to himself: "If I could have it five foot six, that would allow a half an inch; but a six-footer would be such a han'some one."

Cap'n Peter sighed impatiently. He felt like answering sharply; but a sixty years' companionship favors intimate acquaintance, and no one knew better than the Cap'n that Nathan was not intentionally irritating. It was only his way; he had always been a little absent-minded. The Cap'n never used any stronger adjective to estimate his brother's peculiarity. It was the old excuse their mother had made long ago, when he used to run home from school with impatient tales of Nathan's stupidity and forgetfulness. Ever since then, each new proof of the elder brother's childishness was to Peter only a part of his natural absent-mindedness.

Generally the Cap'n was content to talk on in uninterrupted monologue. But now, in a question of real moment, it did seem as if even Nathan might express an opinion. Then, too, a little approval on the brother's part would have made easier Peter's justification of his own act. The fact was, the Cap'n was accusing himself of selfishness, and he longed to hear a disinterested argument for the defense.

Each of the old brothers had a pet scheme on foot, and there was only one pocketbook out of which to realize either. There had to be one choice and one sacrifice, and Peter felt that perhaps he, as self-constituted arbiter of the question and minister of the pocketbook, had used his influence with partiality in deciding for himself. It was this unexpressed thought that made him anxious that Nathan should declare the justice and wisdom of his choice.

"Ye see, I earned all the money, every speck of it. Didn't I?"

Nathan crooned away to himself unnoticing.

"And the best part of it is," went on Cap'n Peter, desperately, "she'll be a good investment. She'll draw trade. She can set,—I told you I got one that could set, didn't I, Nathan? I thought 'twould be better. She can

set in the front winder summers, where folks can see the styles; and winters I can practice doin' up her hair, and get my hand in for the summer trade. It'll be a good thing," he continued, encouraged by his own remarks. "She'll be along soon, I guess. There she is now,—there she is, Nathan!" he added, excitedly, and hurried toward the gate.

The express wagon was toiling slowly up the hill, making a special trip for this errand. Arriving at the house, the expressman pulled up with as much of a flourish as he could get in, in view of his horse's persistent assumption that each gateway was the signal for a halt. He got down from his high seat, and hauled out the package with some puffing, demanding with the liberty of an employee who has a life position and knows it, "What you got here, Cap'n Peter? Ain't been havin' any of your ancestors dug up and transplanted, have ye?"

This was a joke; but if he had not known, as did all B——, that the Brown brothers were absolutely ancestorless,—save that they could make the conventional boast of having buried a mother and father in the village churchyard,—he would never have dared ask such a pertinent question. For the long box was most solemnly suggestive of a coffin.

But Cap'n Peter passed over the trivial remark, and got his burden into the house, assisted by the familiar expressman, who lingered, naturally enough, to see it opened. His curiosity satisfied, he climbed into his wagon and rattled away to the store to retail a description of the latest express package in B——.

"It beats all," he told his listeners, "how cracked the Cap'n is on this hair-combin' business. I should say he was jest about as absent-minded as his brother, in a different way. He's gone and bought one of them great wax dolls that you see in the city in the winders. Why, she's big as a woman. The box she came in was a regular coffin. I got a fair joke off on the Cap'n about that. She's got yeller hair, like the Perkins girl,—only twice as much. And you orter see her clothes! They're fine—all kinder shiny an' red. I asked the Cap'n if he thought she'd pay her board, but he's so tickled he can't sense nothin'. He's goin' to set her up in the winder for a advertisement of the business. But I'll bet he'd get just as much trade without her as with her."

This last may have been true, for Cap'n Peter's hair-dressing propen-

sities were well known to the summer visitors, and brought him in many half and quarter dollars. He had not long used his "knack" as a source of income,—only, in fact, since rheumatism had called him in from the sea. But it was no fad with him,—it had grown up with the rest of his character. All feminine B—— knew that "ever sence he had been knee-high to a grasshopper, he had had a hankering to pug up folks' hairs." There was no smooth and glossy head in the village that had not felt the touch of the Cap'n's horny fingers, and whose owner had not been convinced, as a result, that she had the best head of hair in town.

The expressman certainly did not overrate the Cap'n's trade, but what he failed to get at was the real *raison-d'etre* of the wax woman. She was not a mere advertisement; she was the embodiment of an ideal. Early in the Cap'n's career some words of a chance customer had taken fast hold of his fancy, and it had become the dream of his life to possess a "figger," whose presence would give a professional air to the house during the summer season, and whose abundant hair should afford endless opportunities for the exercise of genius through the long winter evenings.

And now she had come to him. There she sat, stiff and shiny, in one of the two haircloth chairs, close by the front window. Her yellow hair gleamed in the twilight. Her blue eyes shone steadily upon the Cap'n, who sat opposite her, happily doing nothing. With a perfectly contented and beatific look upon his mild, old face, he lingered in the fading light, feasting his eyes upon his first realization of a vision.

He sat long in his chair, even after the darkness hid all but the quiet outlines of her figure. At length he arose with a long sigh, and took a light to go up to bed. Nathan had disappeared long ago. Cap'n Peter began to feel a regret that Nathan did not sympathize with him in this. The feeling grew as he lay awake thinking. He felt impatient with Nathan. Then the old habit of making excuses for the weaker brother came to him. Perhaps Nathan was unhappy. Perhaps the sight of his brother's satisfied desire made his own vain wishes hard to bear. There was no reason to suppose, just because Nathan had not the strength of mind of his brother, that he couldn't want the things he cared for just as much. The fact that his heart's desire was a coffin instead of a "figger," would not necessarily weaken the longing for it.

The Cap'n attempted no justification of himself now. He seemed to see his mother's face before him, as it had looked once in his childhood when he had refused to give up his potato at dinner for Nathan to make a match-legged horse of.

"Peter," she had whispered brightly, with a strange darkening of her beautiful eyes, "here is a good chance. You and I will always play we are fairy godmothers, and can give little brother anything he wants."

The Cap'n's thoughts were so fully in the past that he lay listening, his eyes wide in the darkness, as if to spoken words. The voice in his mind was so loud and the silence in his ears so intense, that a real sound struck upon his strained nerves with the acuteness of pain. He started up in bed. There it sounded again—a muffled hammering. He could sleep no longer. The gray morning light was beginning to creep into the chamber. He would get up and play the old game. In fact, he had played it so long and so well that it came more easily to him than any other. Nathan should have his coffin if the "figger" could be exchanged.

He went slowly down stairs and took a last look at her quiet form, growing more distinct with every added minute of morning. Then he stepped resolutely down into the cellar to fetch the box. He stopped,—started. Old Nathan hammered away at the box, crooning to himself. He looked up at the Cap'n. "See, Peter," he began in his high, old voice, "I ain't never goin' to forgit what you've done for me. I've got it labeled, and now, Peter, I'm happy."

Tears ran down both the old brothers' cheeks as they stood gazing at Nathan's work. He had found an old doorplate of their father's marked "N. Brown," and had fastened it neatly to the lid of the box. Nathan's old childish face was aglow with happiness.

"I knew you meant it for a surprise, Peter," he confessed, shamefacedly, "but I felt 'twas comin'. I been lookin' around for it every day now. I couldn't help knowin' that you'd get it for me, could I, Peter?" he asked, anxiously. "But you did surprise me, though. I was tee-*totaly* surprised to see you'd got your figger too."

N. F. P., '00.

SLIP SHEETS.

I. A LOST SYMPATHY.

As I entered the Common my glance, in its moody seeking along the slushy path, fell upon a large rubber shoe heavily planted on the only dry spot on the walk, while close beside it a small rivulet spurted merrily against the slender butt of a wooden leg that served as its ill-assorted mate. That wooden leg I knew. My glance shot upward confidently from the grimy shaft to the gayly spreading bloom of red toy balloons above the man's head. The wrinkled old face under all that brightness was smiling benignly upon a small person, whose tiny gloved hands were about to reach the coveted stick with its balloon at the other end. Here, at last, was the customer who, I had almost come to believe, had never before existed for my old fellow of the balloons. The child looked pleadingly into her mother's face. This richly dressed mother held a bulky purse in her hand. "No," she said pitilessly, and dragged the protesting child away. The man's face fell. He turned away, giving me the dejected nod that had come to be our daily greeting. I, too, was disappointed, and growled invectives against the rich and thoughtless, as I continued my wet, slippery climb to the State House.

There was some confusion in the office when I went to my desk. The Russian nihilist and philanthropist was delivering one of his harangues for the associated charities, and against the long pension list. The empty sleeve that had procured him his position soon after our Civil War, flopped excitedly in company with his right arm.

"I know all about these cursed frauds," he reiterated. "There's that old wooden-legged rascal down on the Common. He never saw action. He deserted. He gets twelve dollars a month from the Government, and doubles it every night as a card sharper. He cheated the French Government in the same way. He had to get out of that country, and after he'd stayed in Germany as long as he dared, he went over to London. To evade British law he came over here to let the United States Government support him. And we do it. And now he stumps up and down the Common with a lot of gewgaws, while he keeps his eye open for lads that he can work

his card game on. I've dug him out half a dozen times. I can show you where he'll try his cursed tricks to-night."

So the tirade continued. "The Dutchman's hard at it this morning," said my neighbor. I said nothing, but growled invectives against sentimental sympathizers like myself.

G. L. C.

II. KIPLING AS THE POET OF STEAM.

The poetic possibilities of steam had been unrealized until Kipling turned the world's eyes that way. We had grown so accustomed to our giant servants of forge and railroad that we scarcely thought of them at all as connected with aught of romance. Indeed, if any thought under that head entered our minds, it was generally an impatient comparison of the bustling, clamorous present with the peaceful, steamless past. But now, through one man's agency, a change has begun to take place. Looking with his keener eyes instead of our own obscure vision, we see that these black, smoking monsters of mechanism are not the dull, prosaic masses we deemed them, but wonderful creations of the human mind and muscle,—fit subjects for any greatest poet.

This change in sentiment Kipling has wrought not so much by what he has actually written on the subject, as by the world of thought he has opened up by suggestion. In only one poem, indeed,—"McAndrew's Hymn,"—has he definitely taken steam as his subject, but throughout his writings are to be found references to his ideas regarding it; ".007" and "The Ship That Found Herself" bear decidedly on the subject, and are, if by no means to be called "prose poems," at least the evident work of a poet. Who else could contrive to breathe into those great engines, which the stupidity of common sense informs us are only complicated masses of iron and steel, such breathing, vigorous life? And if in these tales he suggests an idea of the tremendous force expressed in every beat and throb of the half-sentient creatures, he is able, also, in those delicate verses, "The Miracles," to hint as well at the infinite lyrical possibilities of the subject.

It is in "McAndrew's Hymn," however, that Kipling chiefly shows himself as the exponent of the poetry of steam. The fervor of his dour Scots engineer, whose engines and ethics are so inextricably intermingled, is

sufficient to convert the least steam-minded soul. We feel with him the awful charm of his "purrin' dynamos." In the very words and rhythm of the hymn we hear his "orchestra sublime,"—the ponderous beat and sob of the great metal forms, the clang, the murmur, and the roar with which they chant their sturdy creed, learned of mill, and forge, and try-pit, "Law, Order, Duty and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline," and with McAndrew, "whiles we wonder if a soul was gied them in the blows." But after all, even this seems less an attempt at treatment of the subject than a sketch of the material awaiting that poet for whom McAndrews prays:—

"Lord, send a man like Bobbie Burns to sing the song of steam!"

Perhaps the poet of steam is yet to come, or perhaps Kipling himself is destined to work more completely on that theme. At least he has succeeded in feeling and making the world feel the poetry in what was hitherto deemed but the barest prose. It seems at least possible that a man of such insight should continue the task of making the blind world see in its midst the King Romance, whom each succeeding age has mourned as lost.

BESSIE W. MANWARING, 1902.

THE SPECTATOR.

WE are beginning to expect, as our certain right, a repetition in Wellesley of the play given each year by the Delta Upsilon Fraternity of Harvard. We had the opportunity of enjoying last year their very successful presentation of Dekkar's rollicking old comedy, "The Shoemaker's Holiday." This year the play given by them was a tragi-comedy by Heywood and Rowley, "Fortune by Land and Sea." Elizabethan revivals are always interesting, and those undertaken by the Delta Upsilon Society are sure to be especially worth while, since no expenditure of thought or time or money is spared in the effort to make their presentations in every detail as accurately Elizabethan as possible. Heywood's play of blood and thunder gives little opportunity for the dashing spirit and fun which breaks out at every turn in the "Shoemaker's Holiday." But the Harvard men were equal to the demands of the heavier play. Strangely enough, however, the Clown wore a conventional jester's costume, but, in spite of his long-eared

cap, he was still Heywood's serious-minded altruist, and no clown at all. The lack of scenery, made necessary by the inadequate stage of the Town-hall, gave to the setting of the play a genuinely Elizabethan character. The presentation which the Harvard men gave is, we believe, the first revival which this old play has had since the days of Heywood himself. It is so seldom that any of these early English dramas see the light of day on the stage nowadays, that a revival of this sort is hailed with eager delight by every lover of our early English literature. With the hearty congratulations which the Spectator extends to the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, we would express, also, our sincere gratitude to the society for the opportunity which it has given us of seeing here at Wellesley this last successful revival of one of the representative early Elizabethan plays.

Has the world any further need of poetry? This futile question which, in one form or another, is continually popping up in the literary journals, has just been answered again in the affirmative, and this time emphatically and positively enough to settle it for some time to come. During the anxious days when Rudyard Kipling lay ill in New York, the whole English-speaking world awaited each new tiding of his battle against death with a fear and sympathy that could have been born only of the deepest personal interest. Messages from all parts of the world, and from people in all ranks of life, from the German Emperor to the humble, unknown "admirer," poured in upon Mrs. Kipling. In many churches special prayers were offered for the sick man's recovery. He, whose life was so suddenly found to be such a dear possession to hundreds of men and women, whose death would have come as such a genuinely personal loss, is a poet and a story-teller whose youth is not yet past. Mr. Kipling's strongest hold upon the public heart is his poem "The Recessional." By that one poem alone he is probably more widely known than by all the rest of his work together. It is because we have vital need of more such poetry as that, though we may not realize our need, that we watched by Kipling's bedside last month, appalled with fear at the thought of his death. For the "Recessional" is but an earnest of more that is yet to be, and we could not reconcile ourselves to the thought of giving up forever the hope and confidence which we have in Mr. Kipling's future.

EDITORIALS.

I.

To come into possession of one's heritage before the death of the legator is certainly an unusual experience. Yet this is practically what happens each year when the junior class finds itself in active possession of the senior bequest of editorial responsibility before the going of the seniors themselves. The out-going Magazine board, from the depths of vast experience, utters a few sibylline words of warning and prophecy; then, of a sudden, the hitherto care-free junior class finds that the mantle of power has been dropped upon its own inexperienced shoulders. There is nothing for the new board to do under these circumstances but to try to assume the flowing robe with as little awkwardness as possible, and to pray in secret that the time may speedily come when it shall not feel like a stranger and an interloper in the sanctum sanctorum. This, at least, is the belief of one junior board. So, having pushed back the heavy, rolling top of the Magazine desk, and having swung around two or three times in the swivel chair by way of getting acquainted with it, being still a little dizzy from this unwonted exercise, we, who have never before pluralized our first person, venture, timidly enough, to extend to the gentle reader of the Magazine our yet un-ink-stained hand.

II.

On the morning of the 8th of March, at the regular chapel service, Dr. McKenzie announced the election by the trustees of Miss Caroline Hazard to the Presidency of the College. A short open letter, containing a brief sketch of Miss Hazard, has been issued to members of the alumnæ. We feel that a *résumé* of this letter, though it may be little more than a repetition of the facts contained in Dr. McKenzie's announcement, will, however, not be without interest here.

Miss Hazard, who is to assume her office at the close of the present year, is peculiarly well qualified for the position which she has accepted only with great reluctance and after much hesitation. She is a member of the well-known Hazard family which has for years been prominent in New

England. Her grandfather, Rowland G. Hazard, was a wealthy woolen manufacturer of Peace Dale, and a writer on philosophical and economic subjects. These writings Miss Hazard has collected and edited. Miss Hazard is, herself, the author of "Thomas Hazard, Son of Robert, called 'College Tom,' a Study of Life in Narragansett in the Eighteenth Century, by his Grandson's Granddaughter." The book is drawn largely from old family papers and village records, and "with all its antiquarian minuteness, is a genuine contribution to vital history." Miss Hazard has written also a volume of Narragansett Ballads, and a number of religious sonnets.

Miss Hazard is a woman of wide culture, whose mind has been trained broadly in intellectual pursuits. She is not, strictly speaking, college bred; she studied in Providence under the tuition of the late Professor Diman, whose memoirs she wrote; and she has lived always in a college atmosphere, her father being a member of the Corporation of Brown University. Miss Hazard will bring to her office as President of the College unusual executive ability. Through long association with her father in the interests of the town of Peace Dale, which has grown up around the Hazard factories, she has had exceptional training in the management of administrative affairs.

We feel, indeed, that we are most fortunate in the choice which the trustees have made of Miss Hazard to fill the chair made vacant by the resignation of Mrs. Irvine, and, through THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, the students of the College extend to Miss Hazard their most cordial greetings.

III.

OUR pleasure in welcoming Miss Hazard to Wellesley is darkened, however, by the keen sense of regret which we feel at Mrs. Irvine's going. When, in 1894, after Miss Shafer's death, Mrs. Irvine was elected to the Presidency of the College, she accepted the office only with the understanding that she should retire as soon as conditions might warrant. During her administration she has devoted herself largely to the reorganization of the academic work of the College. To realize how well she has accomplished this difficult and important task, it needs only to compare the academic standing of Wellesley to-day with that of six or seven years ago. It is not strange that we who have entered Wellesley during the past few years

should forget that many things which we take so readily for granted have not always been as they are to-day. We can scarcely realize that the privilege of electing the greater part of one's course has not always been enjoyed; we, who have come since Ninety-nine's freshman year, forget that domestic work, with its demands upon time and energy and strength, was abolished only three years ago. If the credit system has not tended to raise the standard of scholarship demanded for a degree, it has at least determined what that standard shall be. These are only some of the more obvious changes which have taken place within recent years, but they go to show why it is that Mrs. Irvine's Presidency is of such deep significance in the development of the academic life of the College. At the conclusion of this important work of reorganization, Mrs. Irvine felt that the time had come when she might retire from the duties of her office. In accordance with her earnest desires, her resignation was finally accepted by the trustees. On another page we publish the resolutions which were recently adopted by the students of the College. They are the formal, impersonal expression of the deep, personal regret which each one of us feels at the loss which Mrs. Irvine's resignation from the Presidency brings to every member of the College.

IV.

In a meeting held in Boston in the latter part of March, the Wellesley Alumnæ Association pledged itself to raise the heavy debt of the College by the first of this coming June. The money is to be raised through the personal efforts of each alumna of the College. Such an action on the part of the Association speaks for itself, and cannot but arouse the sincerest enthusiasm in every one who has the interests of Wellesley at heart. The size of the debt makes the task seem almost too tremendous for successful accomplishment, but the alumnæ have undertaken it with a confidence and a determination which are in themselves an assurance of the triumphant fulfillment of the pledge which has been made. What with the recent generous bequests which the College has received, and the efforts of all her alumnæ in her behalf, Wellesley seems indeed to have entered at last upon her career of financial prosperity.

RESOLUTIONS.

In a mass meeting of the student body, held in the chapel, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, The President of Wellesley College has forced her resignation upon the Board of Trustees, be it

Resolved, That we, the students of Wellesley College, deeply regret the necessity for such action; and

Whereas, The College has enjoyed unusual prosperity during the past five years, be it

Resolved, That we, the students of Wellesley College, earnestly tender our thanks to our President for her unceasing devotion to the welfare of the College throughout her Presidency; and

Whereas, We are unable to express our gratitude and our regret in a more fitting way, be it

Resolved, That a copy of these inadequate resolutions be sent to our President; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in The Wellesley Magazine.

FREE PRESS.

I.

Ho, all ye wearers of heavy boots, and learn that there are times and seasons for all things, boots included! There were once some people who actually went to bed at nine o'clock, or thereabouts, and slept peacefully. But, alas! it soon reached the hour of 10.05, and at that unlucky moment, the corridor seemed to spring like magic into active life. Tramp, tramp, went a pair of heavy boots up the corridor! Thump, thump, thump, came another pair down the same! This pleasing diversion was kept up with ingenious variations for at least half an hour. Needless to say, the peaceful sleepers were awakened at the sound of those determined boot heels, and it was long before the effect of them wore away. Now, it is a glorious thing to be athletic! By all means let us be athletic, and by all means let

us wear good, sensible, athletic boots. But let us not, in consideration for possible headaches or other aches, practice our athletic stride, or wear our athletic foot-gear after ten.

C., 1900.

II.

THE spirit of scrupulous respect toward one's neighbors' property is one which, I think we should all agree, ought to be as jealously guarded here as in any other community. Yet the frequency with which umbrellas disappear from the racks, and other places of nominally safe deposit in the college buildings, suggests the thought that perhaps this spirit is not as strong among us as it should be.

It is supposed that none but college girls have access to these racks, and one hesitates a long time before assuming that a student plans deliberately to take another girl's umbrella and keep it. But if she takes it by mistake, or if she "borrows" it from the rack "just for a minute," why doesn't her natural instinct of honesty make her return it at once to the place whence it came, or, at least, prompt her to watch the bulletin for the inevitable "Lost!" sign which is sure to appear?

It seems to me that the very possibility of these disappearances occurring among us reflects a good deal upon the spirit of the community. The only way for us to remedy this is to make the public sentiment against it so strong that every girl in College shall share it.

C. C., 1900.

III.

WE wish to express our appreciation of the board-walk system which our Alma Mater provides for us in these oozy days of spring. From the single plank leading to the Art Building, which reminds us of the death penalty at sea or walking beams in the "gym.," to the large and sumptuous plank boulevard through the meadow, over which we may jaunt three abreast, it is all very comfortable and gratifying to our sense of convenience. But, like the insatiable Oliver, we are not yet content. Between a pleasing avenue conspicuously labelled "Blossom Street" and that point where the meadow plank walk emerges from the fields is a bottomless, miry marsh, its depths only partly filled by a legion of rubbers lost therein. Now is there

not some hero who would bridge this gulf for us poor rubberless ones? We should hail anything from a three-inch splinter to a three-foot plank with ceaseless and undying gratitude. M. C. P.

IV.

THERE have been many things this year for which Wellesley students have been glad to acknowledge gratitude to the august and mysterious Council, or to a single department of instruction, or to some one member of the faculty, for timely suggestions concerning student comforts and pleasures. Among these acknowledgments have been many scattered words of thanks to the Art Department for the new opportunities of enjoying paintings and photographs here at Wellesley and also in Boston. I am not sure that our appreciation has been made evident to those who have given us these advantages, so I want to express a little of what I have heard from many students who are especially grateful for the possibility of having good pictures on the walls of their own rooms. There may be a few members of the College who have not yet learned how easy it is to choose a framed photograph, and, on payment of five cents, gain the privilege of studying it in one's own room for a month. Most of us, however, understand that there is no excuse for bare walls nowadays, or for walls decorated solely with the faces of high-school classmates. If we care to know something about the best pictures, if we enjoy having beautiful things in our rooms, we may do so; and those of us who have already availed ourselves of this privilege are in no mind to lose it. We are sincerely grateful to those who have made possible a deeper familiarity with the greatest art in the world.

G. L. C.

V.

ONE member of the College would like to echo the appreciative words of last month's Free Press in regard to our Sunday evening music, and to suggest one special ground for gratitude. It would seem not to be generally understood that the College does not provide for the "extra" music, and that when the organist plays several selections it is on her part an act of purely gratuitous bounty. The task that she so kindly imposes on herself is surely no slight burden; in fact, with the increasing pressure of her work as teacher of organ and musical theory it is difficult to see how she can in-

definitely continue this addition to her cares. While she still grants us this favor let us be grateful for it, and until we are ready to endow our services, so that the organist may be relieved of some part of her work in the school of music, let us not begrudge her the comparative rest of the Sundays on which there is but little playing to be done.

A LISTENER.

VI.

IF it is within the province of this department, we would advise all college girls to gain possession of a copy of the little publication called *The Common*, for September, 1898. Though the first article, "The College Woman and the Family Claim," by Miss Jane Addams, was written rather primarily to the fathers and mothers of college-bred women, it is full of suggestiveness for us, also. Miss Addams put into words what most alumnæ, who are "at home" after college, so keenly feel,—the conflict between the home ideal for the daughter, and the human, social obligations which she has learned to acknowledge. It is a conflict that brings sorrow to both the parents and the girl, but is not in reality a conflict between the family and the outside world, but rather between the old ideal of a purely ornamental and home-centered womanhood and the newer sense that has come to women of their duties as "citizens of the world." Miss Addams by no means decries the claim of the family which, "as well as the State, we are all called upon to maintain as the highest institutions which the race has evolved for its safeguard and protection." But she suggests that what the college woman needs "is simple health-giving activity, which shall mean a response to all the claims which she so keenly feels, and which shall involve the use of all her faculties," and that "the family, like every other element of human life, is susceptible of progress," and that from epoch to epoch its tendencies and aspirations are enlarged, although its duties can never be abrogated and its obligations can never be canceled." To us who are still in college Miss Addams's comment upon the training there is of especial interest. She feels that while the highest and most kindly impulses are fostered during the four years at college, yet all that while we are taught to "bide our time" before we surrender ourselves to such impulses to action; so that the college woman finds that "during this so-called preparation her faculties have been trained solely for accumulation, and she has learned to

distrust utterly the most human impulses of her nature which would naturally have connected her with the humanity outside of her family and her own immediate social circle." These, with other suggestions, which we have not time to quote here, made the article well worth the reading.

1900.

BOOK NOTES.

Aylwin, by Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1899.

We heard much of the coming of "Aylwin," promised to the reading public some years ago, and we have heard much more of "Aylwin" since it has appeared this year. But criticisms are widely diverse, some welcoming the strange book and delighting in its picturesque background, its mysticism, and its philosophy; some condemning it as unreal and exaggerated. "Aylwin" has a theme,—the human need of a spiritual creed, the hopeless struggle of the materialist amidst the vicissitudes of love and death. It is the narrative alone which suggests this thought, for there is no subjective analysis. The hero's father, a mystic, asks as his dying wish that a relic of his early love, the Midnight Cross of the Gnostics, be buried with him, and pronounces a terrible curse on the family of him who desecrates his tomb. Winifred Wynne, the younger Aylwin's sweetheart, falls under this curse through her unworthy father. She becomes like a young animal, shy and untamed, yet bewitching in her unearthly beauty and abandon. From this time Henry Aylwin's one care is to search out the wild young creature who continually escapes him,—now in the Welsh hills, now as a street beggar, or as an artist's model in London. Aylwin is a materialist, but love and sorrow finally conquer his skepticism, and he replaces the cross on his father's breast. It is then that Sinfi, Winifred's gypsy foster sister, strong enough to master the curse, frees Aylwin's sweetheart from it by taking it upon herself.

The setting is picturesque—in particular the Welsh gypsy scenes. The strange life and signs of Sinfi and her brothers and sisters, their *dukkeripens*, *crwths*, and *mullos*, engage our interest as singular and fascinating pictures. All these fancies of the supernatural seem at home to us in the tents of the

strange "Romany" folk, while they fail to rouse our sympathies as a predominant factor in the life of an Englishman whose great-grandmother was a gypsy. It is a gypsy, too, whom we would choose as the foremost character in the book. Sinfi is uneducated; as the author expresses it, "She knew nothing of that traditional ignorance which for ages has taken the name of knowledge." And yet we find in Sinfi not only the magnificent strength and beauty of physique, but a loftiness of soul whose nobility and courage conquer her passion for the hero and give him Winifred again. Aylwin himself, the dreamy, lonely little boy, later the skeptic whom the power of great passion and grief tosses for years in the waves of superstition and hallucination, might be an interesting study, could one understand such a love for such a heroine as Winifred. A bit of realism in the book is the portrait of Rossetti, here the dreamy painter D'Arcy. Slight as is this sketch of the great man, it is valuable as coming from the pen of one who knew him well. Rossetti's fondness for animals and his view of humanity are expressed in a conversation with Aylwin: "Has it ever occurred to you how fascinating a beautiful young girl would be if she were as unconscious as a young animal?"

The narrative does not drag, but the tale is unreal and exaggerated. We cannot understand characters whose passions are not of this earth, nor can we feel the emotion that the author hopes to inspire in situations such as no human being ever experienced. The book might well be read for its charm of Welsh background, or for the character study of Sinfi. Otherwise we should not care to waste our moments on the perusal of a story which scarcely touches humanity—a story of the Marie-Corelli type.

M. C. S.

David Harum, by Edward Noyes Westcott. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1899.

It does not seem right that any part of our United States should not be represented in the patchwork of stories which is spreading over the land. When the New England States have such writers as Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett to stitch their "local color" into the gay story quilt, it is only natural that their neighbors in North New York State should not wish to stand out as a contrast. They have found in Mr. Westcott, at the close of his long life among them, a loyal representative and a faithful historian. In "David Harum" we feel that the author was "saturated with the local atmosphere,"

as well as keenly sensitive to his surroundings. The book is a life study,—the crown and completion of more than two score years of intimate acquaintance with New York State and its sturdy, honest country folk.

David Harum appears on the first page indulging in one of those provoking silences which we learn to look forward to as the signal that he will soon "git goin'" on one of his stories. The first of this series is an excellent sample,—the triumphant tale of how he "got the laugh on the deakin," which, he declares to his sister, "paid him fer bein' born into this vale o' tears." Mr. Westcott tantalizes us, after this choice bit of David's humor, by giving the story of a mediocre young man, John Lenox. He tells us a little about the happy-go-lucky life of this prodigal son abroad, and more about his hasty falling in love on shipboard, and his return home to find the fatted calf not forthcoming, and the parental estates at a low ebb. We may be excused if we pass over this period of John's life lightly until, as clerk to David Harum, he becomes a more important personage to us. Now we wonder if we misjudged him before. His polished and politic remarks seem none too short now, for they give David Harum the little stimulus needed to call forth his views on life in general and life in Homeville in particular.

The homely but rich philosophy of this country banker is as true as it is original. We remember his healthy optimism when he says, "Th's as much human nature in some folks as th' is in others, if not more." But most of his sayings are drawn from his intimate knowledge of horses,—an understanding probably deeper than that of "human nature." He speaks as an ex-farm hand, an ex-canal driver, and finally as an authority in the horse-trading business. His description of "The Lost Chord," as John Lenox sings it, is only one example of the many uses to which he puts his past and present experiences. He says of the music, "It's about a feller sittin' one day at the org'n an' not feelin' exac'ly right,—kind of tired an' out o' sorts, an' not knowin' jest where he was drivin' at,—jest joggin' 'long with a loose rein fer quite a piece, an' so on; an' then by an' by, strikin' right into his gait an' goin' on stronger 'n stronger, an' fin'ly finishin' up with an Amen that carries him quarter way round the track 'fore he c'n pull up."

Mr. Westcott, in the good old style, tells us a little about the "live-happy-ever-after" of John Lenox and his wife. The last sentence of the book reads, "I think that's all," but even with the sad certainty in mind

that David Harum is the only product we shall ever have from Mr. Westcott's pen, we cannot echo his thought, for we feel that the author's work will be appreciated and "David Harum" will live.

E. J. N.

The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. L. Dodgson), by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood. New York: The Century Company.

Mr. Collingwood has been very generous in his dedication of these memoirs of his uncle. He writes, "To the child friends of Lewis Carroll and to all who love his writings this book is dedicated." There will be few indeed who will feel themselves not included in the second classification. The first group may justly make us envious—the boys and girls who were able to call Mr. Dodgson a friend face to face. Our temptation is to look back at our first adventures with "Alice in Wonderland," and call ourselves from that standpoint "child friends of Lewis Carroll." Favored among the little girls of her generation was that real Alice to whom Mr. Dodgson told the story in the boat. There was no need of a "to-be-continued-in-our-next" to keep alive the interest from day to day. Yet Alice tells us that in the course of the story at times "Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, 'And that's all till next time,' or in the midst of telling a thrilling adventure would pretend to go fast asleep."

We are glad that Mr. George Macdonald persuaded Mr. Dodgson to publish this story, and that as sympathetic an artist as Mr. Tenniel was found to illustrate it. Mr. Dodgson's own attempts at drawing are highly amusing. He said of himself, "I love the effort to draw, but I entirely fail to please even my own eyes." We do not feel the same way toward the samples of Mr. Dodgson's skill given in his memoirs. The contemplative hippopotamus under the tree, representing (here the artist kindly gives the key to the interpretation) a "charming union of youth and innocence," is an artistic marvel in the hippopotamus line. Mr. Dodgson's picture of himself lecturing is no less wonderful in—well, quite another line. It is in the photographs Mr. Dodgson has taken that we feel his true artistic sense. It was a happy plan of Mr. Collingwood's to devote so many pages of the memoirs to reproductions of these photographs. Tennyson said that the picture of Alice Liddell as a beggar child was the most beautiful he had ever seen.

It is a temptation to linger on this side of Mr. Dodgson's character, and

forget the "Mathematical Lecturer of Christ Church, Oxford." It was not Mr. Collingwood's wish in planning the book to subordinate this important work of Mr. Dodgson's to his lighter vein of work. Some one has said, "Mr. Dodgson's specialty was mathematics; his passion, children." On almost every page of the memoirs we see the "specialty" and "passion" mixing with each other, until we cannot but admit and reverence the diversified genius of the man who could carry out to such perfection the facts and fancies which the ordinary mind find it almost impossible to reconcile. The most complete union of the loves for mathematics and children is found in Mr. Dodgson's puzzles, which he delights in sending to his little friends. The acrostic to Adelaide Paine may be more typical of Lewis Carroll than of the mathematician, but it is worth while repeating here. It was sent with a copy of "The Hunting of the Snark," and the following note: "My dear Adelaide,—Did you try if the letters at the beginning of the lines about Father William would spell anything? Sometimes it happens that you can spell out words that way, which is very curious." Here is the acrostic:—

Are you deaf, Father William? the young man said.
Did you hear what I told you just now?
Excuse me for shouting! Don't waggle your head
Like a blundering, sleepy old cow!
A little maid dwelling in Wallington Town
Is my friend, so I beg to remark:
Do you think she'd be pleased if a book were sent down
Entitled, "The Hunt of the Snark?"

Pack it up in brown paper! the old man cried,
And seal it with honey and dove.
I command you to do it! he added with pride;
Nor forget, my dear fellow, to send her beside
Easter greetings, and give her my love?

E. J. N.

The Magazine has received the following books:—

The World's Painters and Their Pictures, by Deristhe L. Hoyt. Ginn & Co., The Athenæum Press, Boston, 1899.

The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Mary E. Litchfield. Ginn & Co., The Athenæum Press, Boston, 1899.

Waldnovellen; six tales by Rudolf Baumbach. Edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1899.

Prinz Friedrich von Homburg, by Heinrich von Kleist. Edited by John Scholte Nollen, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., The Athenæum Press, Boston, 1899.

Sappho, by Franz Grillparzer. Edited by Chiles Clifton Ferrell. Ginn & Co., The Athenæum Press, Boston, 1899.

Metius, the Hollander, Inventor, and Discoverer, by H. R. Rogers. City Press Printing House, Buffalo, N. Y., 1899.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR'S decision to stay at Vassar is one of the most interesting events of the month in the college world. It is full of significance, not only to rejoicing Vassar, but to all of the women's colleges and their friends, for his acceptance or resignation involved more than the question whether Brown or Vassar should be fortunate enough to have Dr. Taylor as its president. These questions are best expressed by President Taylor himself, in his letter to the Brown trustees. We quote proudly:—

"I have been made to feel that the resignation of my duties here would be construed by most observers, despite my own honest protest, as an assertion that the type of work for which Vassar stands is of less importance than that of a college mainly devoted to men. . . . I have been persuaded, too, that in the present juncture, when new problems as to the very nature of woman's education are being raised, the presence of one who has long experience in the work, and knows its interests and its limitations, may be of grave importance. It has seemed to me, too, that there are far more men willing to give their best service to the education of men than there are who will give a like earnest service for woman's education. I have been convinced, also, that the position offered me would present no greater opportunity for usefulness than that I now hold. The chance of directly influencing the life of one's time through the young men of a great college is alluring; but indirectly, and in an increasing degree directly, the influence of the educated woman in the home, the school, the church, the state, and society, can hardly be accounted as holding second place."

Many of our colleges have considered, or are considering, the question

of giving up their individual organization of Christian association or union, to become members of the World's Student Christian Federation. Smith recently decided, by an almost unanimous vote, to keep their present organization and basis of membership. Their reasons, as given in the *Smith Monthly*, are sure to find sympathy in every college, whether that college decides to join the federation or not.

"The present basis of the Christian Union—'any member of the college will be welcomed to its fellowship who desires that the Christ-life may be deepened in herself as well as in the college'—seems more desirable for college work than the stricter basis of evangelical church membership.

"I. Because the former emphasizes the personal attitude of each student rather than the formal connection with any church.

"II. Because the former is broad enough to include all students who desire to co-operate in the religious work of the College, irrespective of denominational beliefs.

"III. Because we believe that the existing basis is more in accord with present religious thought, which tends toward increasing breadth and unity.

"IV. Because the Christian Union, which expresses the liberal spirit of this college, is thus better fitted to carry on the religious work of this college."

The spirit for co-operation between colleges and preparatory schools continues to increase. A conference was held at Columbia, not long ago, to consider plans for securing uniform entrance requirements and examinations in the principal American colleges. The hope is that there shall be a board to prescribe tests, and that a student passing these tests shall be eligible to enter any one of the co-operating institutions.

The Harvard faculty have recently decided that a candidate of sufficiently high standing in elementary English may be allowed to take a second examination to free him from freshman English. Further, high grade in English A will excuse from sophomore English, and in forensics, from the third forensic.

The academic relations between Radcliffe and Harvard adjust and readjust themselves. Is Radcliffe going to confer the degree Doctor of Philosophy, or will Harvard sometime confer it directly upon qualified Radcliffe candidates? President Eliot says in his report, the "rank of Radcliffe

College will not be satisfactorily fixed and recognized until it gives its own degree of Doctor of Philosophy with the same indorsement from the President of Harvard which Radcliffe A.B. and A.M. diplomas uniformly bear."

The financial prosperity of Washington University, St. Louis, is pleasant to hear. Recent gifts include a new campus; $100,000 for a library building; $100,000 for endowing the library on condition that $400,000 more be raised; $200,000 for a recitation building; $100,000 for a chemistry building; and $150,000 for an engineering and architectural building.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Vassar Miscellany* and the *Smith Monthly* for March contain several excellent, but not exactly cheerful, stories. The prize story of the *Miscellany*, "A Matter of Business," written with force, even with power, can hardly escape the criticism "over-wrought." "The Decree of Vishnu," in this same number, is suggestive, made up as it is of two pathetic studies in child-life, contrasting the superstition of the East and the West, and having as a connecting link the Indian belief in the transmigration of souls. There seems to be a psychological tendency in the well-written story of "A Convent Friendship," in the *Smith Monthly*. The stories of the *Brunonian*, the *Williams* and *Columbia Literary Magazines*, and the *Cornell Magazine*, on the other hand, while more spontaneous and cheerful, with college and love scrapes for themes, may, with one or two exceptions, be classed under the variously-to-be-interpreted epithet of "rather clever." There is much valuable material, however, in many of the literary studies of these magazines. The verse of this month varies more in theme than in quality. Here is a rare, good bit:—

THE PERFECT SONG.

"There was a longing in my soul to sing,
And round the earth I cast a wand'ring eye
For what was beautiful, most fit to lie
In the warm bosom of a song. The spring
Was new, and yet too old! Lo! flickering
Across my hand, a ray of sun did ply
A riddle: 'Why in vain do poets try
To drain the beauty from a beauteous thing?'

" And then 'twas gone. Methinks, if in a song
Were wove the glory of a tiny ray
Of noonday light, and nothing lost or marred,
The Perfect Lyric we have waited long
On earth to hear, were sung. Who'll be the bard
To catch a sunbeam in his roundelay?"

—*Harvard Advocate.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

March 2.—Miss Ruth Putnam lectured on "Leyden, a Typical Dutch City."

March 3.—Miss Putnam gave her third lecture on "Municipal Housekeeping."

March 4.—At 3.20 came Miss Putnam's final lecture, "Municipal Finance." In the evening Mr. Frank Chapman, the well-known ornithologist, gave a most interesting lecture, illustrated by the stereopticon, in the chapel. His subject was "Some of our Common Birds." After the lecture a reception was given to Mr. Chapman, in the Horsford parlor, by the members of the Zoology Club.

This same evening the Agora held its open meeting in the Barn. The Society entertained its friends with a rousing senate discussion of a motion to hold the Philippines. The speakers were:—

Senator Nelson	Miss Morse.
Senator McLaurin	Miss Davis.
Senator Mason	Miss Lauderbach.
Senator Wolcott	Miss Siebert.
Senator Caffrey	Miss Reeve.
Senator Platt	Miss Lucy Wright.
Senator White	Miss Phemister.
Senator Allen	Miss Brown.
Senator Gilman	Miss Towle.
Senator Clay	Miss Loop.

An informal vote, taken after the discussion, resulted in a large majority of those present in favor of the resolution.

March 5.—The Rev. George Bullen, of Newton Centre, preached at the usual hour.

March 6.—At 7.30, in the chapel, a delightful concert was given by Mr. Franz Kneisel, first violin of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Miss Mary Stowell.

March 8.—Dr. Mackenzie announced, at chapel, the election by the trustees of Miss Caroline Hazard, of Peace Dale, Rhode Island, as President of the College.

March 10.—At a meeting of the History and Economics Club Miss Orton, Miss Ellsworth, and Miss J. G. Clark read papers on the Nicaragua Canal.

March 11.—Dr. Pattison, of Albany, gave a delightful lecture on the "Style of the Bible." At 3.30 Miss Edith Howes, of Boston, spoke in behalf of the Consumers' League.

March 12.—Dr. Pattison preached in the chapel.

March 13.—The freshmen gave a dance in the Barn, from three to six, as a class social. In the evening, at a meeting of the Wagner Club, Professor Wenckebach lectured on the "Rheingold."

March 14.—At a meeting of the Science Club, Miss Edith Claypole talked to the club on "Visible Changes in Cell Activity."

March 15.—At 3.30, Mr. Samuel Dutton talked in the chapel on "Social Conditions in Home and School." In the evening, Mr. C. Howard Walker, of Boston, gave the first of his lectures on the "History of Ornament."

March 17.—Mr. Walker lectured in the chapel in the evening.

March 18.—"Conveniences of Immortality" was the subject of the very interesting lecture given by Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee in the chapel, at 3.20 P. M.

March 19.—The Rev. Glen Atkins, of Greenfield, preached in the morning. At the vesper service Miss Scudder spoke on the College Settlement.

March 20.—The Senior History, written by Miss Cook and Miss Sterns, was given in the Barn. In the evening came a song recital by Miss Alice Robbins Cole, Mr. Eliot Hubbard, and Mrs. S. B. Field, accompanist.

March 22.—Mr. Walker gave his third lecture in the chapel. In the afternoon the outgoing Ninety-nine Magazine board gave a very delightful reception in the Magazine office, in honor of the newly elected Nineteen Hundred board.

March 24.—At a meeting of the History and Economics Club, in the Stone Hall parlor, Mr. Herbert Allen spoke on "Social Conditions in Cuba." After Mr. Walker's final lecture, a reception was given him in the Horsford parlor by the members of the Art department.

March 25.—Miss De Graffenried lectured in the chapel on "Industrial Conditions in Belgium." The Barn Swallows' meeting, in the evening, was given over into the hands of the faculty, and one of the most amusing entertainments that the College has ever seen resulted. The faculty, dressed like little boys and girls, tooted their trumpets, beat their drums, and sounded their cuckoos in an enthusiastic rendering of Haydn's Kinder Symphony. Fraülein Wenckebach led the orchestra. The applause was so furious that the whole symphony had to be repeated.

March 26.—The Rev. Arthur Little, of Dorchester, held the morning services.

March 27.—Miss De Graffenried lectured in the chapel, at 7.30, on "Woman in Industry." In the afternoon the junior class entertained the freshmen in the Barn with the annual junior play. This year the play given was Mrs. Burton Harrison's clever adaptation from the Russian, "A Russian Honeymoon."

The cast of characters was as follows:—

Alexis Petrovitch	Marion Fiske.
Poleska	Pauline Nunnemacher.
Baroness Vladimir	Gordon Walker.
Ivan	Lucy Wright.
Micheline	Alice D. Knox.
Koulikoff Demetrovitch . . .	Alice E. Chase.
Osip	J. Edith Lance.

Guards, Peasants, Ladies, and Retainers.

March 29.—The spring vacation begins.

The interest in athletics at Wellesley has, up to this time, kept pace with the rise of the thermometer in the spring and summer weather. This year the Athletic Association is planning a day of white-heat enthusiasm while the mercury is still within the limits of propriety and comfort. Wellesley is to have a Field Day. Monday, May the twenty-ninth, is the date set for this athletic carnival. Already preparations have been set on foot, as a glance at the athletic bulletin board will show. That same interesting board also gives an idea of the events that are to be the leading features of the day. We cannot, in this our first attempt, count upon a show of as great skill as Vassar College commands on her annual Field Day. Reports come to us from that energetic college of 220-yard dashes and 300-yard relay races, which set our athletic pride aching. Our muscles will have cause to ache in much the same way as our pride when we carry out our plans for May. The lists posted on the bulletin board stand as a welcome to all to join in the competition. Over each event a head or captain has been placed to superintend the practicing of the candidates entered on her list. Any questions as to the several sports may be referred to them. A chief marshal with two assistant marshals have the general management of Field Day in hand. The time required for preliminary practice in the different sports ranges from two to four periods a week. This gives an opportunity for the very busy to join the ranks as well as the already athletic or athletically inclined. It has been thought best to make class honor the basis in giving the championship prize at the close of Field Day. The victories then will be twofold,—for the girl who wins and for the class she represents. This means, of course, that one member at least from each class must compete in every event. We invite every girl in college to help make Field Day a great success. Those who have fallen from athletic grace are given a second and heartier reception. Seniors, juniors, sophomores, and freshmen, here is your opportunity to uphold the honor of your class, and hasten the day when every hollow in the Wellesley grounds will be converted into a golf hole, every mound into a teeing ground, and every level stretch of land into a playstead. N.

The Athletic Association wishes to announce through the Magazine the very generous gift from the Hunnewell family to the Association. Through

Mr. Henry A. Hunnewell the Athletic Association received $100 for the purchase of an ice plane, to be used in keeping the ice on the lake in good condition for skating. Unfortunately, there has yet been no opportunity for making use of the plane, since it arrived at the time of the February blizzard, which, with its weight of snow, put an end to all hopes for further good skating this winter. The Association is already planning, however, for a long season of fine skating next year, made possible by this very generous gift from Mr. Hunnewell.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Agora held a regular meeting Saturday evening, February 25. The following programme was given :—

Impromptu Speeches.

The Stage Reached in the Senate Discussion over the Ratification of our Treaty .	Edith Wright.
The Samoan Difficulty	Elizabeth Towle.
The Investigations carried on in regard to our Army and Navy	Mabel Bishop.

The general subject for the evening was a study of our economic relations with other nations. Papers were given on :—

Our Commercial Relations with Foreign Nations	Anne Siebert.
History of the Tariff of the United States .	Ella Green.
Immigration and its Effect on the United States	Anna Cross.

A regular meeting of the Agora was held Saturday evening, March 18. The following programme was given :—

Impromptu Speeches.

The Present Condition of Cuba and the Relation of Gomez to our Government .	Florence Loop.
Present Situation in the Philippines . .	Elizabeth Towle.
Recent Elections in France	Mary Lauderbach.

The general subject for the evening was a study of the different currency systems. Papers were given on—

Our United States Banking System	Edith Wright.
The Baltimore System	Mary Barbour.
A Comparison of the Banking Systems in several European Countries	Mary Clark.
International Bimetallism	Frances Rousmaniere.

The regular monthly programme meeting of the Society Alpha Kappa Chi was held in Elocution Hall, Saturday evening, March 11. The following programme was rendered:—

The Study of Rome, continued.

The Roman House	Florence Bailey.
Furniture	Bessie Porter.
Wall Decoration	Bertha Batting.

There was an initiation meeting of the Society Alpha Kappa Chi, in Elocution Hall, Friday evening, March 24. Miss Alice Walton was initiated.

A regular meeting of Phi Sigma was held on Saturday evening, March 4. Miss Katharine S. Jones, '99, was initiated. The following programme was given:—

I.	Mother Gretchen tells Fairy Tales	Miss Tibbals.
II.	The Work of the Brothers Grimm in Connection with German Folklore	Miss Schoellkopf.
III.	Music—German Folk Songs	Miss Nunnemacher.
IV.	Various Versions of the Cinderella Story	Miss McFarland.
V.	German and English Folklore Compared	Miss Rockwell.

A regular meeting of Phi Sigma was held on Saturday evening, March 25. The following programme was given:—

1.	Folklore of Celtic Heathendom	Miss Hemingway.
2.	Legends of Celtic Christianity	Miss Putnam.

3. Music . . . . . Miss Abercrombie.
4. The Celtic Spirit in English Literature . Miss Ely.

Miss Stark, '95, and Miss Goldthwaite, '97, were present at the meeting.

At a regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha, held Saturday, March 18, the following programme was given:—

New England Novelists.

I. Hawthorne.

1. Hawthorne and his Friends . . Miss Reed.
2. The Scarlet Letter . . . Miss Breed.
3. A Study of the Short Stories of Hawthorne and of Poe . . Miss Wheeler.
4. Scene from "The House of Seven Gables"

Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon's Cent Shop.

Miss Hepzibah		Miss Cook.
Phœbe Pyncheon		Miss Sage.
Holgrave		Miss Dutch.
Uncle Venner		Miss Byington.
Small Boy	Customers	Miss Bayless.
Man		Miss Foote.
Woman		Miss Booth.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held on March 27. The following programme was presented:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . Miss Conlon.
II. Paper. The Stratford Grammar School, Miss Bowman.
III. Paper. Student Life in Chaucer and Shakespeare . . . . . Miss Cromack.
IV. Dramatic Representation. "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act IV., Scene 1.

Mistress Page	Miss Whitney.
Mistress Quickly	Miss Frazee.
Sir Hugh	Miss Dwight.
William	Miss Williams.

V. Dramatic Representation. "As You Like It," Act III., Scene 2.

Rosalind	Miss Oliver.
Celia	Miss Merrill.
Orlando	Miss Skinner.
Jacques	Miss Wagner.
Touchstone	Miss Gilson.
Corin	Miss Spink.

Miss Knox and Miss Kathryn Fuller were present at the meeting.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Mrs. Anna Stockbridge Tuttle, '80, president of the Alumnæ Association, and Mrs. Winifred Edgerton Merrill, '83, one of the alumnæ trustees, visited the College on Friday, March 24. Mrs. Tuttle and Mrs. Merrill are members of a joint committee of alumnæ and trustees, which has for its object the raising of the debt of the College and the establishment of an endowment fund; and the purpose of their visit was to lay before the faculty of the College the scheme of work adopted by the committee. The amount which the committee desires to raise is $200,000, and their hope is to do this by appealing through State sub-committees to all alumnæ and former students. Contributions will be received by Mr. Alpheus Hardy, treasurer of the College, who has consented to act as treasurer of the committee.

The friends of Mrs. Elizabeth McCleery Davis, '80, will be sorry to hear of the death of her daughter, Myra. Miss Davis, who was registered to enter Wellesley in September, 1900, was the first daughter of an alumna to apply for admission.

Miss Mary A. Winstan, '89, has a story, entitled "A Fairy Princess on Wheels," in a recent number of the *Christian Register*.

Lilian Corbett Barnes, '91, has returned from Hawaii. Her address is Pasadena, California.

The address of Mrs. Sarah Bixby Smith is 5508 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

We note the following items of interest in the circular of the Class of '96 :—

Augusta Blanchard is spending the winter in San Francisco.

Martha Bullis is keeping house for her father during the winter in a town near New Orleans, La.

Edith Butler continues her study of History and Literature at Radcliffe.

Ina Chipman is teaching at her home in Berwick, Nova Scotia. Her engagement to Mr. G. Wilds Smith, of Boston, is announced.

Marie Christie is teaching Latin, French, and Mathematics in the Chelsea (Mass.) High School.

Helen Cushing was graduated last year from the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. She is now in charge of the physical training at Howard Seminary.

Mrs. Louise Eginton Whitehouse is in Cuba with her husband, who is a lieutenant in the Army.

Evangeline Kendall has a position in *The Youth's Companion* office, in Boston.

The engagement is announced of Ethel E. Bach, '98, to Mr. Charles Warner, Jr., of Wilmington, Delaware.

Cards are out for the marriage of Anna J. Clute, Sp. '92–'93, to Mr. William Grant Brown.

The February meeting of the New York Wellesley Club consisted of a Musicale, arranged by Miss Suzanne Beals, chairman of the Musical Committee. The meeting was held Saturday the eighteenth, at the usual place, 40 West 72d Street; and although the afternoon was stormy, a comparatively large audience was present. The programme was as follows:—

1. Mandolin Selections . . . The Misses Andersen.
2. "Italy," Moszkowski, four hands, Miss Beals and Mrs. Pedersen.
3. Contralto Songs, "At Parting," Rogers; "Creole Love Song," Smith — Miss Kay Spencer.
4. "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," Saint-Saens . . . . . Miss Mary McGowan.
5. Piano Solo, "Liebertram," Liszt . Mrs. Pedersen.
6. Songs, "May Morning," Deuza; "Dream," Bartlett . . . Mrs. M. Stone.

7. Reading, Browning's "Toccate of Galuppi's" . . . . . Miss Beatrice Butler.
With appropriate piano accompaniment by Miss Beals.
8. Three Tone Poems for Piano, MacDowell . . . . . Mrs. Pedersen.

As the hour was late, the second half of the programme was omitted, and tea was served.

The March meeting of the New York Wellesley Club, held the 18th at 40 West Seventy-second Street, was one of literary criticism. Gilbert Parker and his works were discussed. Although Mr. Richard Hovey was unable to be present and conduct the discussion, the club members contributed criticisms and questions with so much zeal that the afternoon was far spent before tea was served. The meeting proved an unusually social one, due, perhaps, to the awakening of college comradeship by singing of the songs "Alma Mater" and "'Neath the Oaks" at the opening of the meeting.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT NOTES.

Denison House.

The boys in the sloyd clubs at Denison House are delighted with the new sloyd benches, one of which was given by the Wellesley Chapter of the College Settlements Association. A member of the Denison Dramatic Club, a carpenter and pattern maker by trade, has taken one of the sloyd clubs under his direction, and we are expecting model work from the members.

On February 28 the residents of Denison House were entertained at Wellesley, at an afternoon tea given for them by the officers of the College Settlement Chapter. Tea was served in the students' parlor, and the occasion was a most enjoyable one.

There was a union meeting of the boys' clubs on March 8, at which Dr. Lincoln gave a stereopticon lecture on extinct animals. Much interest was shown, both in the pictures and in the stories told about the animals.

At the Thursday evening party, March 9, the guests of the House were entertained by the Wellesley Mandolin Club; Miss Carlisle, Professor of Pedagogy, chaperoned the club.

On Wednesday afternoons the residents meet together for an hour of reading and discussion; it is hoped that these informal meetings will be continued throughout the spring. The book under discussion at present is Tolstoi's "Christian Teaching."

On March 20 Miss Scudder gave the last of her series of talks on the "Legends of the Holy Grail," before members of the Teachers' Club, at Denison House.

Among the guests entertained at the House during the past month are: Mr. MacDonald from England, who is interested in promoting the Peace Conference; Prof. Patrick Geddes, who has done so much toward reclaiming Edinburgh from the slums; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Professor Tyler of Dartmouth College, and Mrs. Tyler, Mr. Ticknor, and Mrs. Julia Marlowe Taber.

Miss Harriet Brown, Wellesley, '98, who has been spending a part of the winter at the settlement, returned to her home March 15.

MARRIAGES.

SPARROWE–STRONG.—In Colchester, Conn., Feb. 14, 1899, Miss Eleanor Mason Strong, formerly 1900, to Mr. Louis Edwards Sparrowe. At home, 21 West 65th Street, New York City.

BIRTHS.

In February, 1899, at Contoocook, N. H., a son, Samuel Fuller Dike, to Mrs. Katherine Fackenthal Lilliefors, '95.

DEATHS.

In Erie, Pa., March 5, 1899, Mrs. Lydia P. Wheeler, mother of Mary L. Wheeler, '88.

In Norristown, Pa., March 10, 1899, Judge Stinson, father of Mary Stinson Bean, '89.

In Pawtucket, R. I., March 20, 1899, Hon. Thomas P. Barnefield, father of Flora Barnefield, '95.

In South Natick, Mass., March 14, 1899, Eleanor B. Smith, 1900.

In Wellesley, Mass., March 18, 1899, Marion Sullivan, 1900.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has deemed it wise to call from us our classmate and friend, Eleanor Smith, we, the Class of 1900, in deep sorrow at the loss which has come to us, would record the following resolutions:—

That we, as a class and as individuals, mourn the loss of the classmate and friend who, in the years she has been with us, has called forth the admiration and respect of those who knew her by her earnest work and faithfulness to duty.

That while we grieve for the true and beautiful life taken from us, we will always carry in our memory the example of devotion to all that was highest and best in life which she set before us.

That we would express sincere sympathy for her family in the loss of one who was so true a daughter and sister.

That copies of these resolutions be sent to her family, published in THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, and recorded in the minutes of the class organization.

(Signed) HANNAH HUME.
ELIZABETH A. TOWLE.
ELIZA J. NEWKIRK.
ESTELLE SMITH.
MARY S. BARBOUR.

WHEREAS, An All-wise Providence has called to the higher life our friend and classmate, Marian Sullivan, we, the members of the Class of 1900, as an expression of our sorrow, do resolve

That we mourn the loss of one who, by her sweetness of life and devotion to duty, was an example and inspiration to all who knew her.

That, while we sorrow that the place she held in our college life must now be vacant, we will cherish the memory of her pure and unselfish character.

That we express our deep sympathy for her mother, bereft of one who was so great a help and comfort.

That copies of these resolutions be sent to her family, published in THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, and recorded in the minutes of the class organization.

(Signed) HANNAH HUME.
ELIZABETH A. TOWLE.
ELIZA J. NEWKIRK.
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The Wellesley Magazine

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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LITERARY EDITORS.
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THE GREEK SPIRIT IN SHELLEY AND BROWNING.

"Build me some spirit place no flesh shall find,
As Pheidias may inspire thee; slab on slab
Renew Athenai; quarry out the clouds;
Convert to gold yon west extravagance!
. . . . . .
Thunder and lighten thence a Hellas through
That shall be better and more beautiful!"

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY.

THE Greek spirit is a force better felt than defined. We are surer of our instinct in detecting it than of our skill in defining it. Dr. Ritchie's definition, though, is one of the most satisfactory: "Vigor of imagination combined with a firm hold on the reality of life." Apply this to any phase of classic life and thought, and it proves true. What we call the Greek

joy of life is the intense consciousness of the world about, and of one's own vitality. The Greek love of beauty, as expressed in their sculpture, is the vivid sense of the facts of form and contour, with an added glory of imaginative insight. From this same Greek constitution of mind arise other characteristics: profound interest in human life, desire for all-round development, and fatalism, the Greek recognition of the inexplicable mystery of the world's life.

Thus we lightly touch the Hellenic spirit. We really need nothing more profound in the way of description. After a last analysis, one feels that even if the features have been studied critically, yet the glory of the face is still elusive. We know the Greek spirit, and it is more beautiful and more mysterious than any category of its parts.

We believe that Hellenism survives, sometimes clearly, sometimes vaguely, in our literature. It is, of course, our inheritance, and could not be utterly absent from modern thought. But it coexists with many another tendency and influence that goes to make up modern thought. So it is often obscured or much changed. We have tried to find and note it in the works of two representative poets,—Shelley and Browning.

In Shelley we find one specific influence directly from the Greek; and this is a broad vein of Platonism. Plato, as we always say, was quite as much a poet as a philosopher. Through this very fact he has influenced countless lives, and almost all the poetry in the world. The platonic doctrines of love and beauty, in particular, thus live in literature. These theories, as set forth in the "Phædrus" and "Symposium," are the very pinnacle of his poetical attainment, and also, I believe, the keynote of his philosophy. They are familiar enough to everyone, and need hardly a word of comment.

The Phædrus sets forth the condition of the soul who, before birth, has seen the vision of eternal truth or beauty, for they are the same. When the soul comes to earth the heavenly vision is forgotten; but, through human loveliness in the person of a beloved one, the vision is recalled to the soul. The Symposium gives the complemental view. It speaks of the soul as first "loving one fair face, and passing from that to the love of all beauty, and finally to the vast sea of beauty, which is beauty absolute." Thus again the soul reaches through the human toward the divine. This

is Plato, the poet's view of the fullness of life, when the common human experience assumes the glory of the highest insight into divine truth. Thus he connects the emotional life of man with his own most philosophic aspiration.

In Shelley we find this doctrine clearly set forth. This is from the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty":—

> "Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
> With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
> Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
> . . . . To me who worships thee,
> And every form containing thee,
> Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
> To fear himself, and love all human kind."

This last line suggests the broader than personal interpretation of this doctrine. Plato had it at least implicitly, and Shelley develops it enthusiastically. The "Prometheus Unbound" illustrates this belief in love as a motive power in the world. When Prometheus is united to Asia, the love spirit, the Golden Age is restored to the earth. The new life is celebrated in chorus after chorus, from the Hours, from the earth, from the flesh-clothed spirits of the animal world, and the invisible spirits of the universe. This doctrine of love is the basis of Shelley's socialism, and can be traced directly, I think, to his acceptance of the dogma of Plato.

Platonism, then, is one Greek trait obvious in Shelley. But does the more general Greek spirit of the "fullness of life" appear?

The Greek viewed the material world as man's environment, and thus expressed it to himself in terms of humanity. The trees and streams had local geniuses; the powers of the sea and wind were personalities in the likeness of men. This is the natural bent of Shelley's imagination. Not only in poems like "Prometheus" and "Adonais," where he set out to produce Greek effects, but in this invocation we hear that personification,—

> "Oh, wild West Wind! thou breath of Autumn's being,—
> Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
> Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,—
> Wild Spirit which art moving everywhere,
> Destroyer and preserver,—hear, oh hear!"

And again he speaks almost unconsciously :—

> "I stood within the city disinterred,
> And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
> Of spirits passing through the streets."

But we can hardly speak of Shelley's Hellenism without referring also to his non-Hellenism. From the very Greek trait of personification he falls into a very un-Greek lapse. He leaves the world of realities and personifies the vaguest abstractions and the most Shelleyan fancies. So in the "Prometheus," along with simple and well-defined Greek characters, we have the mystical Demogorgon, the spirits of the wind, air, earth, and moon, and the phantom of Jupiter. In the "Adonais," Aphrodite and the original Greek shepherds are crowded into insignificance by

> . . . . "Desires and Adorations,
> Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
> Splendors and Glooms, and glimmering incarnations
> Of Hopes, and Fears, and twilight Fantasies,
> And Sorrow with her family of Sighs."

This is, indeed,

> "Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream,"

and nothing like that is really Greek. Clearness of picturing is lacking here; vigor of imagination has lost a little its grasp on actuality.

Shelley's sense of the mystery of the world is too much emphasized to be Hellenic. It is true one often hears of the childlike wonder of the Greeks; but it seems to me that their literature rather emphasizes the other side of it—their clear appreciation of the world as they found it. At any rate, their wonder never oppressed them. But notice where Shelley's view of the world led him :—

> "The awful shadow of some unseen Power
> Floats, though unseen, among us, visiting
> This various world with as inconstant wing
> As summer winds that creep from flower to flower."

This is love of nature, but it is very far removed from the clearness of Greek imagining. Compare these lines from the "Antigone" :—

"Upon thee the torches gleamed beneath the mount of the double crest, when the Corycian nymphs moved in chorus to Bacchus. The Castalian fount and the Nysaean hills, with their ivy-clad banks and green young foliage of many clustered grapes, did send thee forth with a hymn of heavenly music; meanwhile thou watchest over the paths of Thebes.

"Come, behold the chorus of fire-breathing stars as they gleam by night. O Son of Zeus, shine forth! And let thy followers in frenzied dances all night long pay worship to thee, the lord Iacchos!"

Shelley's interest in social life also suggests Greek civilization. Shelley believed that he got his conception of liberty from Greece. But the liberty of the Greek state, according to theory and history both, consisted in a most orderly constitution and a close relation of state and individual. Shelley, on the contrary, is strongly revolutionary. He favors not the individual in the state, as the Athenians did, but the individual *versus* the state, as anarchists do. This is an extreme statement of his feeling for liberty:—

"Kings shall turn pale! Almighty Fear,
The Fiend-god, when our charmed name he hears,
Shall fade like shadow from his thousand fanes,
While Truth, with Joy enthroned, o'er his lost empire reigns."

So this is another example of Shelley's taking a conception from the Greek,—in this case the value of the life of man,—and so extending it and permeating it with his non-personality that it loses its identity. Here it is the unrestraint of his natural love of liberty that changes the Greek element.

So far we have spoken of Greek tendencies of thought as influencing Shelley. Now notice his use of the Greek sense of beauty. We have already spoken of his personification of nature forces. The Greeks thought of nature chiefly as a background for human life, and so often spoke of it in sensuous terms. Shelley feels like a Greek in this sensational delight in nature:—

"And the wild odor of the forest flowers,
The music of the living grass and air,
The emerald light of leaf-entangled beams,
. . . . . drown the sense."

This much of Shelley's nature-love is Greek, but his brooding belief in the dominating nature spirit seems to me mystical.

We must study, too, Shelley's sense of artistic beauty. It is interesting to note here that he knew Greek literature well. All the years that he was doing his best work he was reading enthusiastically all the Greek classics.

He avowedly copied the Greek form; the elegy in "Adonais," the drama in "Prometheus" and "Hellas," the ode in several shorter poems. Whenever he thus copies Greek form, he succeeds up to a certain point, and then leaps the bounds of classic rules. These are always too close for the flights of his fancy. The "Adonais," half way through, is a stately Greek elegy; then it changes from a poet-shepherd's lament into a rhapsody of pantheism. It abandons the objective for the speculative.

The "Prometheus," in the same way, starts out on the plan of an Æschylean drama. But the trammels of tragic form become irksome. Soon we have choruses that echo after one another without a trace of Æschylus's manner; we see imaginative outlooks in quite the poet's own manner. In short, Shelley was not a Greek artist. He knew how to imitate the beauty of Greek form, but he had in his own nature too little of the spirit of *mẹden agan* to mould his own work in Grecian forms.

Owing to his lack of restraint, then, Shelley's work taken in large views is not artistically Greek; but in details, when the laws of form do not repress, we find most perfect examples of his communion with the Greek spirit of beauty. There is no more lovely reproduction in English literature than the interlude in the third act of "Prometheus," where Apollo and Oceanus meet. Here we have the clear forms and outlines of Greek vase paintings. It is too perfect to be broken, but the last words of Oceanus give the spirit:—

> "Thou must away;
> Thy steeds will pause at even,—till when, farewell.
> The loud deep calls me home even now, to feed it
> With azure calm out of the emerald urns
> That stand forever full beside my throne.
> Behold the Nereids under the green sea,—
> Their wavering limbs borne on the wind-like stream,
> Their white arms lifted o'er their streaming hair,
> With garlands pied, and starry sea-flower crowns.
> . . . . . .
> It is the unpastured sea hungering for calm.
> Peace, monster, I come now! Farewell."

Naturally, then, Shelley is a Greek inasmuch as his delight in life is genuine, and enthusiastic, and vivid. His realization of the life of earth, and air, and man, has about it something of the simplicity of the world's childhood. And artistically he loved and knew the genius of Greek beauty well enough to give us splendid illustrations of it. But he was Shelley much more than he was a Greek, and, therefore, a dreamer and an idealist rather than a student of facts. He lacked the moderation and control which represents to us the Greek sense of form.

In turning to Browning, the first point we note is the difference between his classic scholarship and Shelley's. Shelley had an easy reading knowledge of Greek without accurate knowledge, while Browning knew it with minute accuracy and exactness. He was familiar with Athenian life even to the games they played, and he knew the language even to the scholastic discussions on Greek particles. But this very fact seems to me to prefigure the use he made of Greek material in his work. He studied it as a phase of life, and it is from this attitude that he embodies it in his poetry. No greater contrast could be imagined than between Keats, who knew no Greek at first hand, and Browning, who was master of it: the former a very Greek of the Greeks; the latter an outsider, a modern, looking at an Athenian picture.

For Browning is a product, as well as a maker of nineteenth-century thought, and thus he is given pre-eminently to character analysis, and through it to the study of human problems and thought. I suppose this is true of all the literature of our day, as it is the outcome of our phase of civilization. This fact fixes at once a great gulf between Browning and the Greek, and makes it obvious at the outset that the part of Hellenism in his poetry must be small.

It is well known that Browning had an early enthusiasm for Shelley. Mr. Gosse, in the "Personalia," tells how Browning's mother hunted from store to store for the works of that obscure poet to give her son. In "Pauline," in an earnest tribute to Shelley, he says that from Shelley he first received his enthusiasm for men and liberty. Probably, too, as the poem at least implies, Shelley's ideal of love in the universe influenced Browning at this time.

We have seen that these two motifs in Shelley can be traced, the one to

the Greek political ideal, the other to Plato's mystically beautiful conception. But as much as Shelley moulded and changed by the stamp of his own personality what he got from the Greek, did Browning develop and transform what he got from Shelley. The vague Shelleyan aspirations and unrest of "Pauline" very early take shape in a subtle and many-sided view of life that is not Shelleyan nor Hellenic, nor anything in the world but Browning. It is fanciful to trace any Hellenism in Browning to this source, for whatever he got was speedily changed within his own mind. But there is one definite fact to base our inquiry on, and that is that there is a large amount of Greek material in Browning.

An exquisite Greek nature setting is first noticeable. Rhodes is described in Pindar's phrase as the "island bride of Helios," the peaceful, rosy island where the exiles from enslaved Athens betake themselves. The splendor of external life we feel in Balaustion's sail toward Rhodes. Another most beautiful example of this appreciation is in the first lines of "Cleon":—

> . . . . "From the sprinkled isles,
> Lily on lily that o'erlace the sea
> And laugh their pride when the light wave lisps 'Greece.'"

We note, too, that Browning has a deep interest in the human life of the Greek times. The manners and atmosphere are touched with wonderful accuracy and force. His theme, too, is some phase of that life. In "Aristophanes' Apology" the theme is the relation of the two poets Aristophanes and Euripides, and of the kinds of art they represent. A great part of the Apology is taken directly from Aristophanes' "Frogs." Just here Browning's character study comes in evidence. The Apology is really a scrutiny of the human Aristophanes and Euripides, and of the lady Balaustion.

So in "Cleon," the setting is rich and true, but the theme is taken from an analytic nineteenth century standpoint. Browning is chiefly interested in the thoughts of Cleon, that subtle-minded, life-sated philosopher. I do not mean that these poems are not dramatic, for they are splendidly realistic. But their chief charm is in this union of Greek color and setting with our own way of regarding life. To illustrate once again. Browning gives, in the "Balaustion," a fairly accurate translation of Euripides' "Alkes-

tis." But, as if the temptation were irresistible, he scatters through the poem short interludes, describing the changes in Admetus' character through that painful experience:—

> "Then Admetus spoke:
> Turned on the comfort with no tears this time;
> He was beginning to be like his wife.

Browning's favorite phase of Greek life is the decadent period, when the classic vigor had passed, and the critical tendency had come in. Cleon lived in the time that Paul was preaching, and Balaustion after political Athens had fallen. I think we have already found the reason for this: that decadent age was, like our own, full of analysis and character study.

In the studies of Greek myths we find the same tone. The Numpholeptos deals with the old story of the *amours* of mortal men with wood nymphs half divine. Theokritos uses this theme in the Thirteenth Idyl, and Landor's "Hamadryad" illustrates a charming modern version in true Greek spirit. But Numpholeptos gives us no narration, no action, scarcely any picture,—only a shadowy presence, who is no wood nymph at all, and a mortal whose "lips now kiss her feet," whose eyes probe her eyes vainly for some gleam of the love he seeks. Only the man speaks; first pleads, then reproaches, then submits himself to her will. It is a beautiful, haunting character study, but very far removed from the story of Hylas.

The Greek "joy of life," a phrase that belongs to us, and that they never applied to themselves, is another trait we look for. Browning has this spirit, although, characteristically, he formulates it in his creed. Saul is the classic example of this. Another expression is in "Rabbi ben Ezra,"—

> "As the bird wings and sings,
> Let us say, 'All good things
> Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,
> than flesh helps soul.'"

This attitude, as I said, Greek in itself, becomes un-Hellenic by being dogmatically stated. Its application, too, removes it from its Greek atmosphere, for Browning uses it as the basis of his ethical views.

This insistence on ethical problems is another strongly marked trait of Browning. His desire for life and all its experience, even his joy in it, are subordinate to his view of the best life.

"He fixed thee with this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present thou, forsooth, would'st fain arrest;
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth sufficiently impressed."

To Browning, as to Shelley, love is the primal force in the world. His view has a Platonic tinge, and yet is entirely cast in Browning's own personality. The love of man and the love of God are reverse sides of the same unity.

In "Fifine at the Fair," a capricious, not reliable monologue, although we cannot help feeling the sincerity of parts of it, it is said, in the spirit of the Phædrus:—

. . . "What is wanting to success
If somehow every face, no matter how deform,
Evidence to some one of hearts on earth, that warm
Beneath the veriest ash, there hides a spark of soul
Which, quickened by love's breath, may yet pervade the whole
Of the gray, and, free again, be fire?"

One step further and this love, which sacrifices itself and finds the God in another, is akin to the love of God, which fills the world,—

"For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,—
How love might be, has been indeed, and is."

And in "Abt Vogler,"—

"The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God from the lover and the bard."

This view of Browning's is his own, more fully worked out than Plato's, and, as Dr. Royce says, more profound than Shelley's shadowy conception. By the force of his own personality Browning is broader than any influence, or set of influences, and naturally absorbed and transformed whatever impressions he received.

If Shelley fails of Hellenic artistic form by lack of moderation and restraint, Browning fails by over restraint of language. Greek poetry was essentially clear and simple; Browning's is often painfully obscure, as the popular criticism proves. He had Greek force of expression, but just erred on the other side; he could not always be concentrated and yet plain. He scarcely ever uses Greek forms of composition. The drama of which "the action is the soul," was unfitted for his purposes, and so his choice fell on the dramatic monologue, which is almost his own, by virtue of supremacy in its use.

Neither of our poets is a true Greek. Both fail of it by temperament and point of view. We have found, as we expected, only here and there traces of Hellenism. But if we believe in progress, it would be both impossible and undesirable that any age should be unchangingly reproduced in another. If we have saved the best of Hellenism, and made it part of the latter-day spirit, it is enough.

MARGARET YOUNG HENRY, '97.

THE THIRD GATE.

MANY who know the incident I am about to relate consider it an illustration of somewhat foolish and unnecessary heroism; others regard it as a bit of plucky endurance quite natural in an independent and high-spirited girl. I chanced to find out afterwards—and my conclusions were verified by subsequent events—that the affair resulted from a little more than both of these reasons. Now that all has ended happily, and Clare Hamilton's past career is rapidly being forgotten in fickle, self-centred Oldport, there can be no harm in telling the whole story.

Oldport in August is the very heart of the sleepy summer. All through the long afternoons the sun lies warm on endless slopes of greensward that fall in cliffs to the quiet sea. The gentle salt breeze has hardly strength enough to lift the heavy hydrangea heads flaunting on the lawns, or to stir the honeysuckle vines which bury porches and stone walls in tangles of sweetness. The sea is almost always half blurred by warm, white mist, through which distant specks of lazily-drifting sailboats glint to the sun. On the pebble beaches below the cliffs sleepy little waves curl over and run

up with a cool gurgle, to retreat in a tinkle of rolling pebbles. On the hard, white roads that wind along the shore the roll of carriage wheels and clatter of horse hoofs is lost in wide spaces of sea and sunny down. It is hard to escape the lotus spell of the place; sights and sounds are so exquisitely refined and beautified.

The girl who came cantering up the avenue thought of these things, and wished that her day's work were over. The dreamy leisure of Oldport was not for her, much as she longed for it this hot, langorous afternoon. Even the sea wind had not tempered the heat of the avenue, and her eyes ached with reflected sunlight. She had been giving riding lessons since early in the morning, and would have two hours more in the saddle. Although there was no sign of fatigue in the carriage of her slim, young figure and the poise of her resolute head, she was glad to escape from the highway into the cool privacy of the Hinsdale grounds. Here great patches of shade flickered on the lawns from broad-leafed horse-chestnuts and maples; their heavy branches hung invitingly over the stone gate posts and paths that curved around clumps of flowering shrubbery.

She checked her horse's pace in order that she might enjoy the cool freshness for a few moments. Margaret Hinsdale was one of her latest Oldport pupils; a pretty, somewhat timid young girl, with a winsome manner and a gift of happy enthusiasm. Something bright and sweet in her had appealed to Clare's vigorous, self-reliant nature; she felt a protecting affection for her, something more than the practical interest she gave her other pupils, and at the depth and extent of which she herself would have been astonished had she realized it. Perhaps it was because she felt that Margaret was what she herself would have been and had been before these last years of hard work of contact with hard people, of inevitable publicity and its attendant temptation. She had come through a trial uninjured, winning respectful admiration from all classes of men and women, gaining courage and independence without losing her refinement of nature; she had done what few young women could have done successfully. But she had grown a little weary of it all; the constant effort and movement of her days, the strain of being always on guard to preserve her place and dignity; just then she envied her pupils,—rich young girls, who were worked for and protected, and who could idle instead of gallop through the summer days.

This had been the case with her, before her father's death had left herself and her invalid mother almost penniless. The shock was so much greater to the two women because Mr. Hamilton had concealed from them the true state of affairs, and had encouraged them in a rather thoughtless luxury of life. They had traveled much, lived well, and entertained generously. Clare had always had her horses and dogs; she might have been seen any morning cantering through the park with her groom. People turned involuntarily to look after the graceful figure, so full of buoyancy and vitality, and the suggestion of alert strength. Quite unawares she became well known in the city; men at their clubs talked of having passed her in the park, and women tried to copy the cut of her riding habits and the poise of her small sailor hats. She won the fame of being the most fearless and graceful horsewoman in New York. Her knowledge of horsemanship was to serve her well.

When the crash came Mrs. Hamilton looked at her with gentle helplessness. "I suppose we must make the best of it," she said, "but I hate to think of your giving up Black Ronald, and the dogs, and all the other things that you enjoy."

The girl drew her mother's head down to her own strong shoulder. "Don't worry, little mother," she said. "I won't give up Black Ronald; I'll make him help us, instead. Horseback riding is the only thing I know much about, so I shall give riding lessons. Mrs. Reginald Parkesby said just the other day that she would give anything if Madge Parkesby could ride with one half my style and ease. Well, I'll impart that particular style and ease to the young lady for—let me see—you had better set the price, mother; I am too modest."

In this manner, among old friends and acquaintances, Clare Hamilton began her career as riding teacher, in New York during the winter and at Oldport in the summer. Many people took a kindly interest in her and threw much patronage in her way, and her work was healthful and congenial. Her face grew tanned and hardened by exposure to wind and sun; her slim frame became toughened to the endurance and tenacity of steel wire. It was a hard life in many ways: from early morning until nightfall she was out in the saddle with her pupils; she had no leisure during the day, and night found her too fatigued for anything but sleep. What was hardest of all to

bear was the gradual alteration in her own social position. Certain of her best friends remained unchanged, but the majority of her acquaintances came to look upon her as a professional riding teacher and no more; on this basis she entered many homes which would have welcomed her with more warmth under the old conditions. At first she could neither understand nor realize the change; in the end she accepted it with the same indifference with which she learned to meet much in her life, both pleasant and unpleasant.

It was after much inner debate that she took the momentous step of consenting to ride the horse of one of her patronesses at the Horse Show. It meant the final loss of her old social position; but Mrs. Hamilton's health demanded a European trip, and this was the one way of adding to their income. "After all I shall be myself, whatever I do," she thought. To her mother she said, half in fun, half in sadness: "I'm going to be a professional horsewoman, pure and simple, from this time on. A sort of circus girl, who rides horses round the ring, and shows them off to the owners and their admiring friends. And I suppose grooms, and horse-dealers, and smart young men, will discuss me along with the animals. For your sake and for my own, little mother, I shall try not to become rapid and "horsey" myself, even if I do have to meet that sort of people. Do you think I can do it?" The girl looked at her mother anxiously. She felt that she might be staking much,—her refinement, her reputation, and much that was best and most valuable to her.

Mrs. Hamilton stroked the small brown head, and her hand lingered caressingly on the crisp hair. "I don't like to have you do it," she said; "but, if you must, I can trust you always."

. . . . . .

Everett Hinsdale was lounging in a corner of the porch, with a pipe, a book, and his sister for company. None of the three had been able to make him forget the unpleasant fact that it was a hot day. "Oldport is the beastliest place on the coast," he announced with vindictive emphasis.

"That's because you are lazy and cross yourself," returned Margaret, calmly. "You ought to take a swim to wash off your irritation."

"Bad advice to give a fellow who is trying to walk the narrow path of temperance. Why don't you take me riding with you and Miss Hamilton? That girl knows a thing or two. I like her eyes."

"You seem to have made some study of Miss Hamilton. I have never noticed her eyes."

"Why should you? Not such a matter of interest with you; hardly in your line, in fact."

"What I have noticed about her," said Margaret, warmly, "is that she is every inch a lady, though she works as hard as a man,—as some men, I mean. She's brave and jolly, and makes the best of what must often be unpleasant for her. I wish you wouldn't speak of her in that tone."

"What tone? I'll admit her to be a model of all the virtues, if you like. Professional horsewomen always are; it's a fact not generally known. Just permit me a few mental reservations. Where are you going?"

"Down into town for a call. Sorry to tear myself away. I won't be long. If Miss Hamilton comes before I return tell her to wait, because I want to take the Ocean Road with her."

"So do I," thought Everett; "and I'll do it, too. She looks good fun,—not the sort that would be stiff or get huffy." He wondered how he could best manage it, and came to a conclusion just as Black Ronald's hoofs sounded on the driveway. He saw the girl ride up,—a graceful figure under the dark shadows of the maples, and came forward to meet her as she stopped in front of the porch.

"Is Miss Hinsdale ready?" she asked. Her voice had a peculiar soft ring in it, full, round, and caressing, as if she talked much to animals and in great out-of-door spaces. Everett found it charming.

"I'll see the thing through," he thought. Then he said, in his most self-possessed manner, "No; but she has appointed me temporary substistute. She took a little freak to ride ahead, and would like you to meet her near Davis Point. Permit me to introduce myself as Miss Hinsdale's brother. I am going that way, and should be delighted if you would let me ride with you."

She assented without suspicion, and so it happened that the two rode off together toward the Point. The sun was setting, a fresh breeze had sprung up, and met them face to face; white gulls and white sails slanted across the blue levels of the sea. On three sides stretched the sunny water, and on the fourth great downs, where a solitary country house stood amid green sweeps of lawn.

Clare looked about. "Where is Miss Hinsdale?" she asked.

Everett dismounted, and tied his horse to the low stone wall beside the road. He seated himself leisurely upon it, and took out his pipe. "Are you in a hurry for her?"

"Why, didn't you say she would be here?"

"Well—not immediately, perhaps. I didn't mean to give you that impression. May I smoke? It's deliciously cool here. You must be tired from all your riding. Better dismount, and have a little chat."

The girl took no notice of his invitation; she sat still, looking down at him with cool and judicious observation, as if she were taking his measure. This was most disconcerting, and made him feel as if he had somehow made a mistake. He promptly proceeded to make matters worse. "I'll confess she isn't coming at all; rather good of her, isn't it? Do you know, I quite lost my heart to you at the Show last fall. First time I'd seen you, you know, and you quite knocked the breath out of me. Why, I could hardly make my hunter take the fence."

Still she remained silent, though her face flushed and then whitened before the cool admiration of his stare; the sphinx could not have been more expressionless. Everett turned slightly red himself; this was not in the least what he had expected. And she was going to ride in the Oldport Horse Show the very next day; exhibit a horse of his sister's, too. His self-confidence was shaken, and he rattled on rather nervously: "You're more stunning than ever this summer. Ajax will surely get a blue ribbon, if you put him through his paces; the judges couldn't resist. Why won't you dismount; there's no end of time; we needn't be returning until sundown."

"If you have finished, Mr. Hinsdale," said Clare, "let me say that I expect an apology for this bit of impertinence. Tell Miss Hinsdale that she will have to let some one else ride Ajax for her to-morrow."

Before Everett Hinsdale quite realized what she had said, he saw Black Ronald and the slim figure of his rider grow smaller down the road, turn to a silhouette against the western sky, and disappear around the Point. The worldly-wise young man gave a low whistle. He had had a novel experience and met a new sort of young woman, both of which circumstances gave him plenty of food for thought on the way home. "It seems I've made a fool of myself," he meditated. "Well, I'll know better next time; a burnt dog dreads the fire."

"How did you finish the afternoon?" Margaret asked that evening at dinner.

"Getting a cold ducking, as you had suggested," he answered. He decided not to tell her of his little trick; somehow it showed in a different light to him now. Neither would he deliver Clare's message; she had spoken in the heat of the moment, and would probably change her mind. Besides, he surmised that she needed the money; Margaret had said something of an invalid mother and Clare's little dream of an ocean voyage. The girl was proud, but she would pocket her pride in a good cause, particularly as Margaret had been innocent of any knowledge of his deception.

His surmise proved correct. Clare sent a message to say that she would want Ajax at two o'clock; she made no reference to the previous afternoon. Everett breathed more freely. Evidently she intended to ignore what had happened; he hoped she would forget it as well. This did not seem very likely to him when he thought of her indignant eyes and tightly compressed lips. His nerves tingled at the recollection. He was, after all, a gentleman by nature as well as worldly position, and he knew that, as he himself expressed it, he had acted like a cad. Why should he have supposed that this young woman, however unusual her personality and occupation, would not resent a familiarity which he would not have dared offer to other of his sister's acquaintances? Accordingly he scorned himself and exalted Clare, and went to the show next day in a properly contrite frame of mind.

There are few sights more attractive than the annual Oldport Horse Show. It is held out of doors in the Casino Grounds, amid green lawns and flower beds and shady trees; and it is made gay by the daintiest of summer gowns and Parisian hats and parasols. The sunshine lies warm on grass, on glossy coats of horses, on bright-colored traps, and glittering harnesses, and the many-hued liveries of drivers and grooms. The colors shift and change with the movement of the crowd; the jingling of harnesses, the music of the military band, and the voices of men and women mingle in a pleasant confusion.

Everett sat in the Hinsdale box with his sister and a party of friends, but his eyes roamed anxiously about the field in search of Clare. Margaret also missed her.

"Where do you suppose Miss Hamilton is?" she exclaimed. "She

isn't here, and Ajax comes in the very next class. Do go and find out, Everett."

Everett, nothing loath, started out in search of the lost horsewoman. None of the people he met had seen her. The gate keepers and the Casino-manager knew nothing of her whereabouts. He was about to give up in despair when Clare herself passed through the exhibitor's gate and walked into the field toward the place where Ajax was tethered. She walked slowly and with difficulty; her white face showed in startling contrast to the black of her riding habit. Everett felt instinctively that something was the matter. He made his way through the crowd to where she stood leaning heavily against Ajax, while she examined the straps and saw that all were tight.

Everett raised his hat. "I came to offer my sincere apologies," he said, "and to beg you to forgive a great rudeness. I realize how unwarranted it was. But, pardon me, have you hurt yourself? Can I be of any assistance?"

The girl had stiffened herself at his approach, but when she saw the kindly concern in his face she relaxed, and dropped wearily upon a bench near by. Her lips were white with pain. "I think I have sprained my ankle," she said. "I did it once before; but I'm sure I can ride—if you will get me a glass of water—quickly."

He hesitated. "You mustn't think of riding. You ——"

"Yes, I shall. I must do it. I promised Miss Hinsdale I would. You see, I couldn't break my word for a little thing like this. I'm very strong, and not used to indulgent treatment. Please don't say any more about it."

Something in the firm defiance of her expression made Everett feel certain that it was wounded pride, as well as a courageous spirit and affection for his sister, which made her persist in her determination to ride at all events. It was, in a way, her self-justification, her assertion of character, and it was also the most effective revenge she could have chosen. He felt small, and guilty, and helpless; there was nothing to do but obey in all meekness and bring the glass of water. He helped her upon her horse, and saw her enter the field with the other exhibitors. Then he returned to the box. Margaret was leaning far over the railing in her excitement.

"Ajax is doing nobly. I can never make him step like that. He

seems to know Miss Hamilton is on his back. Just watch him now. Oh if he'll only clear the gates nicely!"

Everett breathed a silent prayer that he would. "I've taken back my reservations," he said, and Margaret smiled triumphantly. He watched the erection of the gates with a malediction for every added bar. "She can never do it in the world," he thought. But he admired the girl's courage with an admiration all the stronger for being tinged with remorse.

Clare rode up toward the box, nodded, smiled, and saluted them with a little wave of her riding whip.

"I wonder why she's so pale," said Margaret. "I never knew her to be timid before."

Ajax took the first gate easily as a rowboat floats over the top of a wave; the second seemed more of an effort, but he jumped it amid much clapping from the boxes. There was one more, the highest and most difficult. Everett clutched the railing. "It's a cruel shame!" he exclaimed. Clare's face was resolute; her whole body seemed a-quiver with concentrated energy. Ajax felt it, and made his best effort; with a clean spring he cleared the gate and hedge obstruction beyond, and lighted like a bird on the farther side.

"Hurrah!" cried Margaret. "That will bring the ribbon surely." She turned to look at Everett, but his place was vacant. He was bending over a motionless black figure stretched out on the field. It was Clare. She had fainted after the third gate.

EDITH B. LEHMAN, 1900.

THE MANDOLIN.

It is a dainty thing, I ween,
  Of ivory pegs and silver strings,
And rounded case, with softened sheen
  Of polished wood. 'Mid scatterings
Of silk and wool, whose soft scent brings
  Quick memories, it lies within
The window seat, where sunshine clings,—
  My little Polly's mandolin.

An envied thing it is, when seen
  In Polly's hand as Polly sings,
And looks on me with scornful mien;
  For I hear nought of queens and kings,
And all the other paltry things
  Of which she trills, while o'er the din
Of crowded street, its echo swings,—
  My little Polly's mandolin.

Forgive her, she is but fifteen;
  Forget the saucy way she flings
Her tangled curls the strings between.
  The music, tangled too, takes wings
And only jangling discord rings
  Within the window seat. Akin
In its changing moods to twenty springs
  Is little Polly's mandolin.

ENVOY.

E'en now I hear its murmurings,
  Though still it lies. Is it a sin
To love it, though it bears love's stings,—
  My little Polly's mandolin?

R. C.

THE HISTORICAL CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

In his romantic drama, "Cyrano de Bergerac," M. Rostand has made a remarkably free use of historical material. But this use of history is not confined to the background and secondary characters. The hero of the drama is almost the exact counterpart of an historical Cyrano de Bergerac. Many admirers of the play know, in a vague way, that a man of such a name once lived. But the personality of the hero seems to be a product of the poetic imagination, too good to be true. The discovery that Cyrano was a real flesh and blood man, whose picturesque qualities are rather toned down than emphasized by the dramatist, that he was an author whose work, though now forgotten, had some part in the work of Molière, perhaps in that of Corneille, Voltaire, and Swift, comes as a joyous surprise to those who have

felt the charm of his unique personality. With the exception of his "Voyages to the Moon and Sun," very recently published in English, his biography and works are to be found in few libraries. I wish, therefore, to give a brief account of his life and literary work, in the hope that the reader may feel with me the added interest in the dramatic character gained by a slight acquaintance with the historic model.

Savinien de Cyrano de Bergerac was the son of a "suffisament noble" family holding the fief of Bergerac in Périgord. Many of his biographers conclude from this that he was born in Périgord, on the family estate. But the register of the Paroisse Saint Sauveur shows that he must have been born in Paris, in March, 1619. It is probable, therefore, that in accordance with the fashion encouraged by the Court, his father had given up the independent life of the petty noble on his own land for the more exciting life of the capital.

Savinien, at an early age, was intrusted to the well-meant, but ignorant, instruction of an obscure country priest. While under the government of this man, wholly unfitted to teach or understand him, he conceived a hatred of pedantry and a distaste for religion that marked him through life. He was successful, at the age of twelve, in persuading his parents to send him to the College of Beauvais, in Paris. His life here does not seem to have been much more profitable than the earlier years in the country. The worn-out scholasticism and stupid pedantry of the times that with the credulous passed for learning, offered little nourishment to one of his impatient and imaginative nature. He left the college about as ignorant as he came, thoroughly disgusted with intellectual pursuits, giving as yet no promise of his latent passion for scientific and literary work.

At the age of nineteen, apparently with no definite purpose or plans for his future, impetuous and quick-tempered, though with a certain sweetness of nature, as proud and ignorant as the Gascon he was reputed to be, he was cast, without restraint, into the whirlpool of Paris. That he escaped with as little injury as he did is a proof of the real strength and purity of his nature, under its superficial licenses and eccentricities. His friend Lebret, to whom we are indebted for the greater part of what we know of him, has little to say of his first year or two after leaving the college. Perhaps there was little that could be reported to his credit. His numerous "affairs of honor" and his perfect mastery of every trick of

swordsmanship earned for him the nickname of "the Intrepid," or "the Demon of Courage." He was the idol of the *cabarets*, the sensation of the hour. Lebret insists that he rarely or never fought on his own account. It being the custom at that time for the "seconds" in a duel to take an active part, his repute as an invincible swordsman laid him open to innumerable invitations from men in need of a good "second." He has his own little joke at his popularity in this regard, writing to the admiring Lebret, "You are wrong to call me the first of men; for months I have been second to every one imaginable (*le second de tout le monde*)." Despite the charitable testimony of Lebret, however, it is safe to assume that his fiery temper and his sensitiveness to comment on his personal appearance led him into an occasional quarrel on his own account.

No sketch of Cyrano de Bergerac would be complete without some reference to his famous nose. Mr. Morley maintains that his nose has been "exaggerated," as Raguenеau would say. "He had a fine face, with a commanding nose upon it. . . . If his portrait may be trusted, the nose was such a one as many men who want a sign of power on their faces would be glad enough to own." But M. Brun, speaking of the same portrait, describes Cyrano as "a handsome young man, with a regular and intelligent face," whose pleasing exterior "is marred by a *nez monumental* of which Cyrano seems to be very proud, and which he defends to the best of his ability, challenging all who look at it too attentively." There are arguments both for and against the tradition that his nose was one of Nature's prodigies. I myself prefer to think of him as really distinguished from the ordinary run of men by a *nez monumental*, displaying a visible symbol of the bold and exuberant quality of his spirit.

Lebret and other literary gossips of the seventeenth century have preserved some of the stories that old Paris loved to tell of Cyrano de Bergerac. They are most of them given as actual fact, witnessed by trustworthy persons. One of them, the story of Cyrano's successful defense of Lebret against a hundred assassins, has been used very effectively by M. Rostand. His quarrel with the actor Montfleury, hardly as creditable to him, is also used by Rostand. Following a fashion of the day, he published a satirical letter to Montfleury, full of the most pointed personalities. "At last, my fat man, I have finished looking you over!" he exclaims. "My

eyes have taken long voyages over your vast bulk. Allow me to give your portrait to posterity, which will be glad some day to know how you are put together, . . . you planet of flesh, surrounded by the smaller spheres of your limbs."

At the risk of putting him in a somewhat ridiculous light, I must repeat the story of his fight at the Pont Neuf. The approach to the bridge was one of the gathering places of Paris. There the Italian, Brioché, had set up his marionette show, with a trained monkey, Fagotin, as his chief actor. Instigated by an enemy of Cyrano's, he attracted a large audience by the announcement of a new play, in which Fagotin would appear as the famous duellist, M. Cyrano de Bergerac. The monkey, with an enormous false nose set on his grotesque face, dressed in the familiar "hat with triple feather, doublet with twice-triple skirt, cloak which his interminable rapier lifts up behind, with pomp, like the insolent tail of a cock," was received with shouts of laughter. Suddenly the enraged Cyrano appeared on the scene, and before the assembly of frightened shopkeepers, flower girls, and strolling dentist-barbers, put the whole audience to flight. In his furious attack he mistook the monkey for one of his enemies, and spitted him on his sword. The street singers who frequented the Pont Neuf were the newsmongers of the time. The usual question every morning was not "What has happened?" but "What are they singing at the Pont Neuf?" Cyrano's fight was immediately set to rime, and all Paris was laughing over the new song describing the duel between Fagotin and M. Savinien de Cyrano de Bergerac.

After a year of idle dissipation, Cyrano yielded to the wishes of Lebret in joining the company of Captain Carbon de Castel-Jalloux. The members of the company were hot-blooded, quick-witted young Gascons; but by his courage, cleverness of tongue, and command of swordsmanship, Cyrano identified himself so completely with them that his Gascon birth was accepted without question. During the campaign of 1639 and 1640, he distinguished himself repeatedly by his rash courage. The severe wounds received at Monzon and Arras unfitted him for further life as a private. His proud refusal to attach himself to a patron, in accordance with the feudal custom of the times, debarred him from any chance of promotion. He resigned from his company in 1640, and determined to gratify his awakening taste for study.

The philosopher Gassendi was at this time holding in Paris a "cours privé de philosophie," attended by the free-thinking young men of the city, among whom was Molière. Cyrano made up his mind to attend the lectures. On account of his brusque manners he was refused admittance; but he intimidated both master and pupils until he was accepted. He showed himself to be well fitted for the work; he was only twenty-one years of age, with a marvelous memory, and an ardent desire to learn. Gassendi's teaching was in sympathy with the materialistic views of Hobbes, and strongly opposed to the theology of Descartes. The members of the class were "libertins," free livers, and free thinkers, swearing by Montaigne. Cyrano's philosophical trend was naturally toward a skeptical and materialistic system. He embraced the teaching of Gassendi, and apparently held to it through life.

From the study of philosophy he turned to active literary work. Most of his writing was done in the decade from 1643 to 1653. His literary remains consist of a few letters and satirical sketches, a comedy, a tragedy, and a book of imaginary travels. They have been lost sight of in the great mass of French literature, but as specimens of the literary fashions of the seventeenth century, and as means of throwing light on the interesting personality of their author, they are well worth reading.

The letters of Cyrano de Bergerac are in the main exercises in the "précieux" style, or satires on his enemies. In one of his love letters, adopting the stilted language affected by the degenerate imitators of the Hotel de Rambouillet, he says: "The place where I had the honor of seeing you has become a second floating island, which the wind of my sighs drives from me—a land whose snows forbid me to disembark." In his satires on the luxury of the clergy, the pedantry of the doctors, the trickery of lawyers and alchemists, on the other hand, he makes use of burlesque and broad realism. His letters are a good example of the confusion of literary standards at the time when elegance was confounded with affectation, and humor ran into farce and extravaganza. Sometimes he follows Scarron in his attack on the heroic romance. Sometimes he dreams with the "précieux" of "brooklets formed of lovers' tears, shepherds fluttering with ribbons, and shepherdesses in satin gowns watching little sheep powdered like the court ladies." But however faulty his style, his letters show him to be a poet in his feeling for nature, and a sworn enemy to all pretense.

In his comedy, "Le Pédant Joué," Cyrano has taken as material the fixed types and involved plot of the Italian *comédie de l'art*. His hero, the pedant Granger, is the familiar Doctor of the Italian stage, with an added touch suggestive of Grangier, the president of the College of Beauvais. He is ignorant, pompous, and tyrannical, cowardly and avaricious, frequently indecent, and always pedantic. "Fire! fire!" he cries in one scene. "Where?" asks his victim. "In the highest regions of the atmosphere, according to the opinion of the Peripatetics." Chasteaufort, the bragging but cowardly Captain, is also a well-known figure. In return for the hand of the Pedant's daughter, he promises grandly, "I will make of China and America a courtyard to your house." His unrestrained boasting, as Mr. Morley says, "now and then steps from the ridiculous to the sublime." He asserts that his sword is made of a leg of the scissors of Atropos. So Ragueneau says proudly of Cyrano's rapier,—

"His blade is half the shears of Fate."

Gareau, the peasant lover, however, is a distinct creation; he is the first real French peasant on the stage, with his *patois*, his contempt for women, and his proverbial philosophy. The comedy is full of good fun and sharp satire. But it cannot rank with the work of Molière. With all his fertility of imagination, the author could not give an air of reality to his characters; he lacked restraint both in composition and in style.

Molière has been charged with stealing whole scenes from this comedy. He has, it is said, "read and reread 'Le Pédant Joué,'" without mentioning the fact to anyone, realizing as keenly as Sainte Beuve that "In letters you can rob a writer in perfect safety, on condition that you first kill him." Without entering upon debatable ground, it is sufficient to say that there are in Molière's writings at least three passages almost identical with passages in this forgotten comedy,—a passage in "Le Bourgeoise Gentilhomme," the Doctor's tirade in "Le Dépit Amoreux," and the famous "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" in "Les Fourberies de Scapin."

Cyrano's comedy was popular for its good acting qualities. But his tragedy, "La Mort d'Agrîppine, Veuve de Germanicus," sold because of its "beautiful impieties." This tragedy, in verse, is written in imitation of Seneca's tragedy on the same subject. Sejanus, the impious hero, is "a materialistic and atheistic Don Juan," a mouthpiece for Cyrano's own philo-

sophical views. "It is the gods that we make, not the gods that make us," is one of his "beautiful impieties." It is possible that Corneille received from this character the idea of his Polyeucte; it is even probable that Voltaire, who ungratefully pronounced Cyrano "nothing but a fool," found in this tragedy the suggestion for his own "philosophical tragedies." Concerning the heroine, Agrippina, there is a difference of opinion. The weakness of the conception is in the indirect ways in which she achieves her ends. "She is meant to be great, but is only mean." She is a strongly drawn character, driven by ambition and a thirst for vengeance, daring in heart, but subtle in execution, superbly defiant in the face of death.

In composition and actuality the tragedy is much superior to the comedy. Although marred by an occasional lapse into bombast, the style, too, is admirable, even beautiful. That the drama is of real value, was shown at the time of its revival in 1872 at the Théâtre de la Gaîté. Upon this occasion the Paris *Figaro* gave as its judgment: "The piece, it is true, lacks in scenic opportunities, but there are in it scenes of great beauty, and passages in which the inspiration of a great poet is evident."

The work most interesting to-day, however, is the book of imaginary travels, "L'autre Monde, au les états et Empires de la Lune," and its sequel, "Histoire de la République du Soleil." Many accounts of imaginary voyages have been written before and since, some of them merely for amusement, others in the interest of social reform. Cyrano's work is primarily of the latter class. Like Swift, under the mask of the story-teller, he hits right and left at the "hypocrisy, compromise, prejudice, dastardly expedients, and pompous silliness" around him. He assails the indolence of the clergy, the trickery of the lawyers, the mummery of magicians and alchemists, the superstition of the people, the atrocities of the penal system, even the fads of the day. In his description of the perfect life in the moon, he anticipates many of the reforms and inventions of the present day. War is, by an ingenious method, abolished. Disease is unknown. Cremation is usually employed, burial being a disgraceful punishment inflicted only on the bodies of criminals. Modern inventions, such as the balloon and phonograph, are described with some accuracy. He is in advance of most physicists of his age in adopting Kepler's astronomical system. He even seems to have some idea of the law

of evolution. The fertility of his imagination, his interest in philosophy and physics, above all his power of satire, as shown in his "Voyages," make it his most characteristic piece of work.

If Molière had lived no longer than Cyrano de Bergerac, his name would be even less known to us. If Cyrano had lived longer, he might have rivaled Molière. He died in 1655, at the age of thirty-six, from a blow on the head by a falling timber. All references to the manner of his death are suspiciously brief. He had by his irreligious utterances incurred the hatred of the Jesuits. It has been hinted that they might have been responsible for the accident which, after some months, caused his death.

Cyrano de Bergerac was a many sided rather than a complex character. He had a certain versatility of mind; but everywhere he was impulsive and audacious, without restraint, inclined to the grotesque and florid. From his earliest years he craved what was good and true, and scorned what was false. But he had only the power of the satirist, not the patience of the reformer. He made enemies on all sides, without accomplishing anything for society. His literary work shows the same impatient rejection of all restraint. Some one has well called him "a forlorn hope of comic and burlesque literature." But the weakness of his work comes from the very qualities that give the charm to his personality. His impulsiveness and sincerity, his fertility of imagination and sharpness of tongue, his pride and courage, even his child-like bragging, make him, either on or off the stage, a man worth knowing.

CLARA WYCKOFF BROWN, '99.

PANDORA.

IN a tiny lean-to which clung to the side of a rugged peak of the Rocky Mountains, the Wild Man was stirring his supper of yellow meal. He was curious to look at, with ragged leather suit, and long, shaggy, gray hair hanging over his shoulders. There was a singular haleness about him, which betokened a green old age. Now and then he stepped out on the ledge of rock in front of his little home, and gazed anxiously up and down the steep side of the mountain. A stray eagle swooped above him in its homeward flight, and a black and white crow cawed to him a friendly

greeting. A black squirrel with bushy tail and ears sat eyeing him from a safe distance. The Wild Man saw them all, but was not satisfied, for he shook his rough head in a troubled way, and went back to stir the yellow meal.

Presently he heard a sound, and turning quickly he saw in the doorway the friend for whom he had been looking,—Pandora, his wild tiger cat. Her black and yellow fur bristled after her long race in the cold air, and her round, green eyes looked rounder and greener than ever in the half-light. She sniffed the steaming supper with delight, stretched out her great tawny paws luxuriously, and beat the ground approvingly with her tail.

"You are late to-night, friend," said the Wild Man, tenderly, "and your eyes look hungry. You shall have enough to eat, never fear."

Pandora blinked sleepily, and waved her plume of a tail in the air.

"Surely I shall give you more than half," the Wild Man went on, "for you have gone far to-day, while I have sat still on the rock and watched the clouds. It is a very weary life; every day is the same."

Pandora, sitting Sphinx-like, stared at him with soulful eyes,—it was very comfortable by the fire.

Soon the yellow porridge was ready to pour out, and when the Wild Man had placed the bigger part in front of Pandora, he sat down by her side with his share.

Every evening they sat thus, hermit and cat, with the firelight on their faces and the last light of the sunset on their backs.

They were just preparing to enjoy their warm supper, when Pandora lifted her quick ears to listen. Clearly there were footsteps; but footsteps at that hour and in that region were, indeed, unheard of. The Wild Man watched the door with anxious eyes, and soon a man appeared. He hesitated for a moment, but on hearing a kindly word from the Wild Man, he walked to the fire to warm his hands. The Wild Man placed his own dish of meal upon the stranger's knee, and said, "Eat, friend; you are pale and weary. Pandora will keep you company."

"Pandora!" said the stranger, speaking for the first time. "Who is Pandora!"

Pandora, hearing her name, asserted herself by lifting her tiger-like head and waving her proud tail in the air.

The stranger looked down at her, and started away, half in fright. "Don't let her come near me!" he cried, and instinctively edged off to the farther side of the tiny room.

When the stranger had eaten the porridge, he told the Wild Man how he had lost sight of his friends who were tramping down the mountain; how he had seen smoke coming out of this lean-to, and had made his way to it, in hope of shelter for the night. The Wild Man offered him what he had—a bed of dry gray moss.

Pandora, all this time much absorbed in the conversation, had been staring at the stranger with wonder in her eyes. Never had she seen any one so noble of face, so graceful of movement, so lordly of attire. She longed to have his slim white hand stroke her sleek coat. She wished to hear him call her "Pandora."

To gain her ends, Pandora displayed her charms and accomplishments with unwonted skill. Before this her affections had been sought after by her old friend the Wild Man; her desires had been anticipated; now, for the first time in her experience, she was doing the bending, as it were. Never had she purred so musically! Never had her long whiskers quivered so sensitively! She stretched her paws to their greatest length to show a snowy white tip on one of them. When this failed to win the stranger's attention, she tried arching her back and waving her tail; but it was in vain; the stranger looked stonily into the fire, and continued his conversation. Pandora at this point, growing impatient, edged nearer and nearer to him; with coquettish soft purrs she drew near the stranger's knee, and at last, very gently, rubbed her silky head against it. If the stranger had appeared to take no notice of these attentions on the part of Pandora, the Wild Man had been a keener observer. At each new movement of Pandora's he had become more and more silent, his eyes growing brighter and brighter.

Very early the next morning when the Wild Man awoke, he saw the stranger seated on the rock in front of the door, wrapped in his great coat. He saw also that Pandora was sitting near him, looking at him with wide eyes. The stranger, however, was not heeding her; he was looking far away down the valley, blue-green in the morning air; the mountains on the farther side, jagged and sharp in outline, stood out purple and blue with snow-crowned tops. Away in the distance a city yet in shadow lay asleep.

Everything was quiet except the clouds, opaque and touched here and there with pale gold, which were blown across the sky. But Pandora saw only the man with the melancholy long face.

When the three had breakfasted on broiled meat, and the stranger was on the point of starting down the mountain, the Wild Man said to him simply, "You must take Pandora away with you; she will not be happy when you are gone."

The man, not a little astonished, refused politely, but firmly, on the ground of his antipathy to cats—not to say wild ones.

The Wild Man, although he made no reply, was determined, and the next day carried Pandora, securely tied up in a canvas bag, to the old stage driver on the other side of the mountain, bribing him to see the bundle placed at the stranger's door.

After this the Wild Man cooked his suppers of yellow meal by himself, and tried to think he was not lonely. Many times he looked wistfully down at the distant city, hoping that the old companion of his wild life would grow weary of her new home and come back to him.

One day, months after the stranger's visit, the Wild Man, mountain staff in hand, toiled down in the direction of the city. A mellowness was in the air, the trees were yellow in their early autumn beauty, and the tangled undergrowth was already dry and sere. But the Wild Man, heedless of all, went on and on, dog fashion, looking neither to right nor left, thinking only of seeing again his old friend.

Footsore, he came at last, after several days, into the city, looking ragged and hoary in his tattered leather clothes, strings of grey moss still clinging to his unkempt hair. He was bewildered with the bustle and noise about him, after his life of mountain solitude, and he walked fearfully through it all. When he came to the stranger's house he was welcomed kindly and made much of. But amid these friendly relations there was an underlying constraint, for neither the stranger nor the Wild Man mentioned the name of Pandora.

Late in the afternoon the Wild Man and the stranger's family sat on the piazza. The Wild Man's heart was very sad, for he felt that his old friend was dead, although he had not been told. Just then a tiger cat came walking down the street. The Wild Man leaned forward breathless. It

was she! The same proud lift of her tail; the same swing in her stately tread; the same glitter in her green eyes—all was as of old! His heart beat as she came nearer, and it was only by a great effort that he refrained from running to meet her. But Pandora passed her old friend with not even a glance in his direction; not a whisker quivered; not an ear twitched; with head erect, straight she went to her lord and master, and rubbed her tawny coat against his knee caressingly.

The Wild Man, without a look or a word, took up his staff and turned his face toward his mountain home, whose rugged form stood out blue and indistinct against the sky. He could not see its color for the tears.

BERTHA V. DI ZEREGA.

A RESPONSE TO "PASTORAL" IN STEVENSON'S "MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS."

IN spite of the criticism of Robert Louis Stevenson, which has become a well-nigh threadbare subject to the magazine and newspaper reader, the distinctly personal appeal of his work, which each lover of Stevenson knows, remains fresh. In this less formal spirit of a simple response to "Pastoral," and not in a rigidly critical state of mind, I would write of this little essay, which seems to me one of his most delightful.

The mood in which Stevenson himself wrote this charming reminiscent "Pastoral," is much like that of his Scotch officer who, while marching his company of Scots-Dutch among the polders, "started in the ranks at the remembered aroma of peat smoke." "Memories and Portraits," the volume from which it is taken, is one of Stevenson's last collections of essays. Though each essay is complete in itself, a certain thread of meaning binds them together. He declares that all the memories and portraits together "build up a face that 'I have loved long since, and lost a while,'—the face of what was once myself." He certainly had "Pastoral" in mind when he wrote that preface.

I am baffled to know whether it is what he says or how he says it, that most appeals to me here. After all, the real gist of the essay is slight. Yet John Todd, with his "grit, and dash, and salt of old Adam," takes a

singular hold on the affections. Stevenson would lay it to the wild tree-top blood of "Probably Arboreal" that is in us all. In part he is right, I think, but I believe that the root of delight in this essay is the spirit of the man who could give us a John Todd with such sympathy and vigor.

Like rough old John himself, the whole essay "smells of the windy brae." It is like a bracing tonic of mountain air after the tropical and unhealthy atmosphere of much modern fiction. Virility, that abiding quality of Stevenson's nature, is here to a marked degree. Whether we look at a description of the "golden burn that pours and sulks in the glen behind Kingussie," or at a description of John himself, with his "certain strain, and a threat of latent anger in expression, like that of a man trained too fine, and harassed with perpetual vigilance,"—whichever we turn to, I say, we feel that Stevenson is keenly alive, and responsive to that which is vital in man and nature. It is this alertness which fascinates me in the "Pastoral," as in all Stevenson's other work.

This same spirit transforms his diction. Just what he says of old John applies as well to himself in this essay. He is saying that John was one of the best of talkers. "He touched on nothing, at least, but he adorned it; when he narrated the scene was before you; when he spoke (as he did mostly) of his own antique business, the thing took on a color of romance and curiosity that was surprising." That last clause delights me. It is so thoroughly true of Stevenson, whether we read "Pastoral," "A Penny Plain, 2d. Coloured," or "Kidnapped."

I suppose it is carrying coals to Newcastle to speak of the magic spell which Stevenson's virile, picturesque, and sensitively chosen diction casts over us all. But I cannot refrain from bringing in a little of the last description in the essay,—it is so very characteristic of the spirit and method of Stevenson. He closes the essay with an account of how John Todd made the "hillside business live" to him. The description always reminds me of a fine etching in which the light and shade effects are wonderfully well managed. The picture shows "the simple strategy of massing sheep upon a snowy evening, the shadow of night darkening upon the hills, inscrutable black spots of snow shower moving here and there like night already come; . . . . huddles of yellow sheep and dartings of black dogs upon the snow; . . . . for a centerpiece, ... John winding up the brae,

keeping his captain's eye upon all sides." But Stevenson does more than stamp in your memory a vivid picture. Here is motion and sound, also, "unearthly harpings of the wind along the moors;" here is the "abundant scampering of earnest, shaggy aides-de-camp."

Along with all his poetic feeling, artist instincts, and rare capacity for just living as shown here, there is a sanity and genuineness which help still further to endear to us Stevenson. Then he has such a happy way of putting you on friendly terms with him from the outset; even in a short essay like "Pastoral" you reach a common ground for sympathy so soon that you forget to be critical; you just thoroughly enjoy yourself.

CLAIRE MARTHA COBURN, '99.

SLIP SHEETS.

I. THE FIRST TIME.

WALTER was in church for the first time. Every Sunday before in his small life he had been left behind with Katy to hear the clock tick, tick on the wall, and to watch the flies as they buzzed and bumped on the pane. Katy wouldn't play horse on Sunday, and the long hours were very tiresome. But to-day he had been dressed up, too, and had walked down the street very proudly, grasping mamma's silk skirts on the one side and papa's gloved finger on the other. He was so full of curiosity and expectation that he forgot to chatter as usual, and mamma had said in an undertone to papa:—

"How quiet Walter is! I think he is going to behave very well."

And now he was in a funny long box, without any cover, in just about the middle of the big, dim place. It smelt nice, and cool, and soft, he thought, with an audible sniff. What was mamma looking at with her face over the board in front? He quickly leaned forward to look over the pew's back, too, but he saw nothing. Maybe it was because he didn't get a good look, though, for the footstool slipped under him, and he came near making a noise. Much abashed, he sank back into the seat. There was Billy James looking at him from the next box; Billy's sister sat beside him. The angels must look like Billy's sister, Walter thought. Her hair had a lot of

little jerky wrinkles in it, and her dress was white and soft, just like smoke. She was the nicest girl he knew, except his mother, and she had even prettier eyes. He looked up critically to see mamma's again, and met a reassuring smile, which made his toes wriggle contentedly in his boots. Mamma's were prettier, after all.

By and by a man in front began to talk, and Walter slid down on the stool, where he could lean his head against mamma's knee. There was a big black ant crawling on the carpet. Walter watched it idly until it aimed its course straight at his shoe. He sat up, giving it an excited shove with his foot. Now it was going for papa. Walter jumped for it, but was not quick enough. The ant had already zigzagged up the heel of papa's boot, and was hurrying around the trouser leg. There was not a moment to lose. Walter pounced upon the leg with both hands, and pinched hard. Papa was asleep, and wakened with a jump, which bumped his knee against Walter's nose. Billy James in the next pew giggled audibly. With a stern look papa picked up the tall, black hat and the little sailor and held out his hand. They walked down the aisle together, papa very straight and stern, and Walter miserably gulping back the tears which would come. His nose hurt so, and he had wanted to stay with mamma, and now he could never know what happened next.

M. B. M., '99.

II.

NEARLY every little trinket in my room has some pleasant association with the country from which it came. The fan that hangs at the side of my bookcase provokes a smile every time I think of the circumstances of buying it. Three of us girls had managed to climb to the top of a high hill in Fiesole without being followed by a rabble of Italian beggars and peddlers. We were looking down upon Florence, which was spread out like a beautiful picture in the valley below. Suddenly one of the girls exclaimed: "Oh, bother! Here come five women, every one of them with a basket of fans on her back. Why can't they leave people alone!" "I'll take care of them," said Katherine, with a twinkle that meant victory. "They won't dare to speak to us, for they'll think I am crazy."

When the women were within about a rod of us Katherine sprang from the bench on which we were sitting, and with frantic gestures toward Flor-

ence, heaven, and us, she delivered the Latin salutatory which her brother had given at his college graduation, and which she had learned from hearing him indefinitely rehearse it. The women quietly huddled together on a stone wall beside the road, too awed to even make comments to each other, while we girls were doubled with laughter. About half an hour later the last woman had disappeared down the hill. Katherine bought three fans at a booth in the town, and divided them among us as trophies.

J. A. H., '99.

III. TRIOLETS TO POLLY.

I.

I love you, my sweet,
And I thought you could guess it,
But you bid me repeat,
"I love you." My sweet,
Was our love not complete
Without words to express it?
I love you, my sweet,
And I thought *you* could guess it.

II.

Sing me to sleep, little Polly,
I am weary of work and of play;
I am sick of fashion and folly,—
So sing me to sleep. Little Polly,
Come, banish my dark melancholy;
In the dear, half-forgotten old way
Sing me to sleep,—little Polly,
I am weary of work and of play.

G.

IV. MY GRANDFATHER.

He was my mother's father. As far back as I can remember he belonged in our house as inevitably as my mother or the dining table. His gentle face, with its merry blue eyes and soft white hair, was a matter-of-course sight, and his fresh, eager voice as familiar as the bell which fetched me in from the garden at the hungry noon hour. He had joined the family when he retired

from his active clerical duties, for he was an old-time Methodist minister. Yet I never thought of him as minister or theologian. To me he was just Grandfather.

My earliest recollection is of Grandfather's putting me to sleep in the dim past of naps. Not even my mother could soothe me so quickly. He would walk to and fro with me in his arms and sing, "There is a Happy Land," which was his favorite hymn, and, therefore, my favorite lullaby. He had a sweet tenor voice, with a little quaver, and he loved music instinctively.

Grandfather was tutor, as well as nurse. I recall vividly our primer, with brown board covers, black lettered. One story was illustrated by a picture of a white-haired man sitting on a bench before a hut. It must have been my favorite, for it is the only one that I remember. It is not strange that I loved it, even though the old man in the picture was not so beautiful as Grandfather. He was bowed and leaned upon a cane, and I never saw Grandfather stoop till his last illness. His back was straight, and his step springy and energetic.

I had a great admiration for the energetic step, and a still greater admiration for Grandfather's silky white hair, brushed back straight from his forehead. But for all my admiration there came a day when I tried to curl it. Wide-eyed, I had watched my grown-up sister make what she called, "Montague curls." They were little flat spirals, and she dampened them and pinned a paper around them when she went to bed. The next morning I found a bottle, filled it with water, armed myself with paper and pins, and told Grandfather I was going to make him some Montague curls. He put aside his paper, and submitted to torture,—sympathetic playmate that he was,—while I, with the patience of childhood, battled for ten minutes with a scrap of paper, a pin, and the longest lock of hair I could find. Finally I gave up in despair, and then, I think, we probably took a walk together.

But Grandfather was yet more than playmate, teacher, and nurse. I have said he was an old-time minister, and I have many memories of his simple, devout life. I love to remember him as we used to find him when we came down to breakfast. Our dining room had two large, sunny east windows. Here he used to sit in his armchair for an hour before breakfast, reading his large-print Bible. He rose early, even on Sundays, and our late Sunday breakfasts troubled his soul. But, although we did not follow his

example, we loved to see him in the big rocker, with the early sun on his white hair and the Bible on his knees.

But there came days when the Bible was read in the east bedroom, and then when my mother read it aloud. And in these days of suffering we realized most fully the gentleness of Grandfather's character. His patience, his gratitude for the little we could do for him, and the generous interest which he still took in our trivial affairs, made us all the more loth to lose him as the time drew near.

Of Grandfather's character in its wider relations we children could only guess. Old men have told my mother how he had helped them. I think his help must have been of a very practical kind, for I can hardly think of him merely preaching sermons. He must have been always encouraging and comforting people, and playing with the children. G. F., '99.

THE SPECTATOR.

One of the most interesting phases of the Spanish-American war is the extent reached by a sort of mushroom growth of war literature. It has even temporarily displaced, whether for better or worse we dare not say, many of those instructively illustrated articles on historic spots of the Old World, and the like, that once graced our popular magazines. The Spectator does not wish to imply a lack of up-to-date intelligence on the part of her readers, in calling their attention to this by-growth of the war. It is a plain case of "he who runs may read," or, rather, "must read," so obtrusive and flaunting is this writing, with its numberless pictures of commanders and troops, both Spanish and American, of ships, hospitals, camps, and battles. One can hardly open a magazine without being held up, as it were, by some aggressive writer with views to impart on some aspect of the war.

This sudden literary growth is as varied as it is widespread. There is the trooper's diary, written with a view to publication, or the simple letter to friends, which is forthwith published by aforesaid friends in the local newspaper. These can give only one man's view of a very small part of the entire campaign, and serve merely as sidelights on the great whole. High in the common estimation stand the memoirs of personal experience,

written by such popular heroes as Governor Roosevelt and the redoubtable Lieutenant Hobson. We find, also, the grave treatise by some statistician on the cost of the war, or by some engineer on the superiority of the American navy. At the opposite extreme come those would-be poetic outbursts of patriotism, found most frequently in the daily newspaper, and of diverse excellence or absurdity. The short story is not absent. Its plot is almost always charmingly simple. The hero falls in love with his Red Cross nurse; or it may be that some soldier's sweetheart, gone to the front in nurse's uniform, finds her lover at the door of death in a fever hospital, and brings him back to life. More significant, and more really worth while, are those articles written by *bona fide* literary men serving as war correspondents. They have pictured for us not only the immediate face of the war as it changed from day to day, but the conditions of life and misrule in Cuba that made the war necessary.

But it is not to point to the fact, merely, of this literature, that the Spectator brings to light her inner musings on the subject. It is the significance of this writing that seems of importance. Granted that much of it is unnecessary; that some of it has its being only through the love of the public for the exciting, the adventurous; yet does it not indicate in the American people a real and deep interest in the affairs of the nation,—a willingness to listen to any one who can explain to them in some new light some aspect of the nation's important and history-making undertakings? As to the literature itself, much of it may be trashy; it may be at best ephemeral, written by men with little claim to literary ability, who at another time, with another message, would not be heard. Yet is there not, in spite of this, something worth while, as art in the occasional vivid picture, the rapid movement of the story of eventful days and weeks, or in the note of true patriotism or pathos, sometimes touched in the war poem?

C. & L.

EDITORIALS.

I.

THE Magazine wishes to protest against the perfunctory way in which so much of our college work is done. A lack of enthusiasm in the work for its own sake is reducing much that we do to a dead level of commonplace conventionality. Enthusiasm has come to be looked upon as a mark of extreme youth and inexperience,—a freshman habit, to be outgrown as quickly as possible. This unfortunate attitude brings with it deplorable results, which are nowhere more conspicuous and more to be regretted than in the purely literary work that is required of us. The fact that the majority of the themes and papers which we write every month have the ink still wet upon them when we pass them in, suggests what we believe to be one of the chief reasons for their lack of vigor and spontaneity. The certain knowledge that a paper must be finished before a stated hour the next day, is liable to put a damper on the most ardent spirits, and to dull for the time even the keenest sense of humor. The reasons which make such a hasty, pressed-for-time method necessary are many and varied. They lie partly in ourselves, and partly in the conditions under which we work. It may be that more is demanded from us than can be done except in a superficial way; or that the hours which are free from academic duties are too completely filled with the lectures, and concerts, and social gayeties which add so much that is pleasant to our college life. Again, it may be that we do not know how to adjust ourselves to the rich fullness of the busy, hurrying life about us, and for this reason feel its pressure bearing so heavily upon us. If we could rid ourselves for a time of the pernicious habit of worrying continually about the dread amount of work that is still to be done, it might happen (which of us can speak with the certainty that is born of experience?) that the work in hand would lighten a little, and take on a new interest for us. Indeed, it might even be that we would find ourselves,—out of the fashion, it is true,—awake and alive, in the glow of a genuine enthusiasm.

II.

The reason for the above tirade is not far to seek. It lies close to the editorial heart. If the lack of spontaneity and originality in academic

work is to be regretted on general principles, it seems to us to be infinitely more lamentable when we consider the way in which it reacts upon the Magazine. For although the Magazine seeks to represent the spontaneous literary activity in the College, it is always more or less dependent for material on the regular college work. Each succeeding board is brought speedily to a realization of the fact that spontaneous literary activity is at a low ebb here, and where it exists at all does not voluntarily seek publication in the Magazine. It is seldom that contributions which have not been ferreted out by the Editorial Board find their lonely way into the Magazine's post-office box. This condition of things, it is needless to say, is not what it should be. If the Magazine is to contain the best literary work that we can produce, every girl in college ought to feel that it is her privilege and her duty to contribute to its pages the best stories, or verse, or Free Press articles of which she is capable. It is only by such a hearty co-operation as this that an opportunity for selection can be given. Selection, unfortunately, implies rejection; but a girl who has the best interests of the Magazine at heart will be glad to help to form the necessary background for choice.

After we have met the demands which the regular college work makes upon our time, there is little left to devote to the Magazine. We do not, therefore, enter the plea which trembles on our lips,—the plea for material written expressly for the Magazine; but we do ask that in the regular theme and paper writing which falls to the lot of each of us, we turn our minds from the solitary reader at the Sign of the Red Ink Bottle (who must perforce wade through our wooden, colorless pages, illuminating them as she goes) toward a larger audience. The thought of this other audience, eager, frankly critical, made up of our fellows who read only as they are interested, might serve to quicken our wits and put into our papers the animation and vitality they now lack.

III.

It is hardly necessary to discuss the principles of student government in themselves. Their value is recognized as constant, and for this very reason the practical questions of introducing the system are bound to keep coming up, we believe, until every college in America has adopted student government. The real difficulties in the way are not in meeting theoretical objections, but in fitting the system to the peculiar needs of each college.

Every step in the stage of transition is full of interest. The limited attempts on the part of some of the students here at Wellesley this year to assume a share of responsibility for order, lay no claim to, nor do they deserve the name, "Student Government." Still, as signals of a change sure to come, they are very significant. Taking squarely into consideration that a very limited amount of power was given the students, that they were encouraged by no direct promises of power to come; in short, that in this experimental stage we have neither one form of government nor the other,—it seems fair to attach weight to the fact that the undertakings have been carried safely through the year. Of course there were difficulties; of course the spirit of lawlessness to be met by any system of government seems doubly strong to meet in a student movement, because so great a hindrance to its progress. But if we have learned more difficulties than we have ways of meeting them, the test of this year is not a vain one. On the other hand, what this year has seemed to suggest as more than a desirable possibility, is that student government will be a factor in bringing greater unity into the smaller households, at least. With faith firm for the principle, and with the assurance of practicality, we cannot help going on. Our successes and failures will count for others, too, in the development of a perfected system of government for the colleges of this country. Let each successive year mean as much as this has meant in the solution of the problem, until the time is ripe for the student body to ask for a complete change from the old form to the new. We must not forget that it is largely a case of proving ourselves good citizens fitted for the privileges of citizenship.

FREE PRESS.

I.

Is it not true that, after all, the most appropriate way in which we students at Wellesley can show our sincere appreciation and gratitude to Mrs. Irvine for what she has done in and for the College, is to do our share toward making the grade of the work we do equal to the work that is offered us? We are accused, sometimes by outsiders, sometimes by our own inner consciousness, of going at our work in a most childish fashion, as though it were simply a task to be done, and the faculty were a sort of old-time

church sexton, whose duty is to keep us at taking in information whether we assimilate it or not. This state of mind is not wholly our fault, nor is it true that all Wellesley girls do their work in this spirit. Nevertheless, a large number of us take a long while in waking up to the fact that instructors conduct courses to help students learn, and that the amount to be gained from any one course is proportionate not only to the ability of the instructor, but more directly to the amount of real work the student puts into it. It is not that we do not put time enough in the work, but that we often put too little common sense or conscience into it. We don't, for instance, work up a paper as our jolly juniors so thoroughly worked up the arrangements and expenses necessary for a junior dance. Wellesley has come to the stage where it seems as though the next step forward must be taken by the students themselves; and it would seem that the very best way to show how much we appreciate all that we are profiting by, is to turn those advantages to such good effect that the work we do at Wellesley may have some slight claim to being called thorough and scholarly.

F. H. R., 1900.

II.

Many of us may be accused of doing our reading and note-taking in the library in a very unscholarly manner. We know a book by its color, its place on the shelf, sometimes in pure ignorance of author, editor, and edition. It is like using the Golden Treasury for years before discovering that it is Palgrave's. The lack of method in such procedure has, by the end of four years' training, created habits hard to eradicate.

This article is only a suggestion that it is prevention, not remedy, that we need. Prevention is to be had in courses of bibliography during the first two years of our college work, surely better than remedy in the midst of error in our seniority—if we take bibliography at all. Let this be a plea, then, for thought on the part of sophomores of future years, that they may have this practice in scholarly methods some time before they become active applicants for their college degrees. '99.

III.

I should like to speak of the corners and cross-cuts, for which this is such a critical time of year. There is a certain sort of sentiment and a de-

cided degree of picturesqueness about cross-cuts and dog-eared books. Concrete and board walks laid down by and for devising man are rather prosaic. Uncommon affection is possible for a dog-eared book. Moreover, although they are the result of rapid calculation, cross-cuts are pretty sure to be short and time-saving. There is, then, science and satisfaction in following such a path. But there is something else. It savors somewhat of immaturity, unseemly haste, a lack of dignity not warrantable in young people of our years,—yes, somebody may say that; but what I think is worse is the spirit of lawlessness which it indicates, and no less the lack of consideration for the members of our college world who admire picturesqueness less than order. I enter a plea, then, that at this time of year, when the ground is soft, we avoid, in the close neighborhood of the college buildings, those excursions which result in muddy paths across the grass, and the little deviations from paths laid down which result in dog-eared corners. You may chirp, like the bird, before the "keep-off-the-grass" sign, "Whose grass is this, anyhow?" But first let us be as harmless as birds, and remember that if we were, there would be no need of ropes, and wicker fences, and signs.

W., 1900.

IV.

We are so often called upon to contribute to boxes and missionary funds, that, without realizing fully the results of our giving, we sometimes wonder a little what the need of it all is. Many of us will be glad to hear, through Mrs. Newman, of the gratitude of Mrs. Dinah Pace for the barrel of food and the money recently sent to her from Wellesley, for use in her school in Georgia. The contribution, which arrived at an opportune time, was of great material assistance to Mrs. Pace in her work. Her letter of thanks, sent to Mrs. Newman, is full of warm appreciation.

1900.

BOOK NOTES.

THERE are a great many things in college that we take as matter of course, without considering their beginnings, developments, or values for us. Our library should not belong to this unappreciated class. We need to understand that there was a time, not long ago, when the library books did not jostle each other on the shelfs, but stood with room to spare between

their covers and their neighbors. We need to realize that free access to fifty thousand books is not the privilege of everyone, or even of every student. More than all, we need to keep our eyes open for the new publications and new editions that are constantly coming into the library. We say we have no time to browse about in the alcoves, and pick out the shiny new covers that rub against our well-thumbed friends with a bold disregard of polite shelf manners. Perhaps the knowledge of a few names of new books will urge us to nibble at their contents while we are looking on the shelves for our steady diet of old and should-be familiar volumes.

The new edition of Rudyard Kipling's writings in prose and verse is already, at least, a bowing acquaintance of most of us. The white seal on the dark-red cover representing the elephant-headed Ganesha, the god of auspicious beginnings, does its duty in inviting us to go beyond into the delightful region of rough-edged paper and bold, clear type. The temptation of the frontispiece of each volume is even greater. It has been known, in the memory of woman, to extend to reading the parts of the stories connected with every picture in the book. For these illustrations are as original as they are pleasing. They are photographs of modelings in clay, by John Lockwood Kipling. Speaking in the preface to the edition after the manner of a merchant sending his goods to a foreign shore, Rudyard Kipling gives rules for the skipper to follow in making a prosperous voyage and the successful sale of his cargo in the West. We would not call this "Outward Bound" edition a "venture," as its author terms it, but a successful compilation of the works of a man of wide and varied ability.

All who are fond of books of travel and adventure, will be interested to find among the recent additions to our library the two latest authorities on Polar expeditions,—Nansen's "Farthest North," and R. E. Peary's "Northward Over the Great Ice." The illustrations are very fine in both, and the books together sum up all that has been done in Northbound journeys until within a year.

The libraries of ancient and modern languages have been also enlarged lately. Modern literature has been added to the French and German shelves. The proceeds of the French play given at college not very long ago have furnished the works of such essayists as Edouard Rod, Brunetière, and Pellissier. Modern German drama has been represented by the works of Sudder-

mann, Hauptmann, and Wildenburch. An interesting book of German poetry is that bearing the name of "Joanna Ambrosius." Our copy is a result of the thirty-sixth edition. A novel by Petronius, entitled "The Feast of Tremalchio," has been placed among the Latin books, and the "Poems of Bacchylides," among the Greek.

Those interested in economics will be glad to find a new book on this subject written by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, entitled, "Industrial Democracy." Beatrice Webb under the name of Beatrice Potter, has won great reputation in England as a woman economist. In the library now can also be found a continuation of the papers on the "National Conference for Good Government in Cities," the gift of Mr. Hardy.

Dr. Wilcox has most generously added to the books of the Pedagogy and Zoology departments. In the search for birds it will be restful to turn our eyes from the upward gaze to the treetops to the pages of some new books; to find, perhaps, that the name we attached to the last bird we saw was entirely wrong—or right. One addition to the library is a "Handbook of Birds and Bird Life," by the Mr. Chapman who lectured before the College not long ago. Another gift from Dr. Wilcox is an English publication, "The Dictionary of Birds," by Newton and Gadow. The magazines welcome to their pigeon holes one devoted to this same interesting subject, a bi-monthly journal edited by Mr. Frank Chapman, and entitled *Bird Lore*. We are promised here many interesting illustrations of birds, their nests, and their eggs, photographed from nature.

An interesting psychological book is found under the title of "The Crowd: A Study of the Popular Mind," by Gustave Le Bon. He says in the preface that the work is "devoted to an account of the character of crowds." Mr. Statham, whose "Architecture for General Readers," has been so universally helpful to the uninitiated, has written another book, this time devoting his attention to modern architecture. The illustrations are model, since they are the creation of the same pen that writes the text.

The host of other new books which the Wellesley Library has been able to procure lately cannot be mentioned here. We welcome the old books as well as the modern ones, and only regret that we shall not always be here to usher the newcomers to the familiar "Librarian's Desk" and "Return Table."

E. J. N.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

GRADUATE and undergraduate alike must feel a lively interest in the new literary undertaking of Mr. George S. Hellman and Mr. William A. Bradley, '99 editors of *The Columbia Literary Monthly* and *The Morningside*, respectively. Their plan is to start next autumn a new magazine, to be called *The American*. Although it might seem, on first consideration, that attempts to lessen the number of already existing magazines would meet with more sympathy than any plan for a new publication, still, this enterprise of Mr. Hellman's and Mr. Bradley's has aims peculiar to itself which demand the interest and co-operation of college men and women in particular. Their purpose is, above all, to make the magazine an opening for young writers. They believe that college men are doing a large part of work meriting attention from the reading public; they believe that, although the best writers finally get a hearing, still it is slow in coming. In short, they wish "to afford that impetus and stimulus to the pursuit of literature by young graduates which is now lacking." Again, reviewing the present-day magazines, with their well-known journalistic and pictorial tendencies, or their work of specialists in political or scientific lines, and no less with the "stop-gap" position of verse, and the fiction too often of name rather than of merit, Mr. Hellman and Mr. Bradley maintain that there is a place for a magazine "wholly and highly literary." It seems, certainly, that there is a place for such a publication. While this magazine is in no way to be limited to contributions from college men, still, it ought to furnish the missing link between college publications and the popular magazines of the day, the absence of which may have lost us some good literary work. That *The American* may meet its aims and this need is to be hoped; and that with its good fortune in founders and supporters it will, is to be expected.

Princeton announces with gratification that Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Princeton, '73, has accepted the Murray professorship in English Literature there. This professorship has been recently established and endowed with $100,000. Says the *Daily Princetonian:* "Dr. Van Dyke's position as a man of letters will add greatly to the prestige of the English department of the University, and he can safely be relied upon to lead the students to a fuller study and deeper appreciation of English literature."

The trustees of Cornell have decided to substitute a summer session for the summer school, which has existed since 1892. The purpose of the summer school was to improve the teaching in preparatory schools from which Cornell Freshmen come. It had rather an indefinite connection with the University. The summer session is to be an additional term of six weeks, in which the professors of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences offer seventy-five courses, with the primary purpose of "furnishing instruction to teachers in high schools and academies." It is interesting to note that Mrs. Anna Botsford Comstock is among the faculty as "assistant professor of zoology with reference to nature study in insect life." Although not the first woman instructor, Mrs. Comstock is the first woman to be made professor at Cornell.

At this season of interest in debates, we recall the explanation in the *Graduates' Magazine* of two or three months ago, by Prof. George P. Baker, about Harvard's failure of recent years in the debates. Professor Baker says that after the fifth consecutive defeat in 1895, Yale made a tremendous effort to win; that she chose her candidates after carefully arranged debates; that the students were trained by faculty coaches. All this results, evidently, in a well-developed system of faculty coaching. Harvard, on the other hand, has maintained that the object of debates is "the acquirement of the power to express one's self effectively on various subjects, and that to foster faculty coaching is unwise and improper." Professor Baker thinks it questionable whether the Yale method is advisable for Harvard, and proposes a central committee of graduates who have been university debaters, with a small faculty representation, if necessary, to decide questions of policy. This, with small committees for administrative policies, would put the work outside the courses on a permanent basis.

Meanwhile at Yale there is an attempt to revive the Yale Union. While there is enthusiasm about debating in general, and class debating clubs without official class organization have arisen, the old Union is weak. It is proposed now to make the Union the center of a confederation of debating clubs, to be managed by one central organization.

Professor French, of Vassar, is giving this year a new course in Educational Psychology. The course, given according to seminary methods, covers those aspects of the science which are of practical value to teachers.

On February 22, Commemoration Day, at Johns Hopkins, President Gilman made an address on "The History and Prospects of the Johns Hopkins University." In recalling the quiet beginning of the university twenty-five years ago, President Gilman tells how "Professor Remsen consented to open a laboratory in a shabby rattle-trap which had chimneys and flues, but not much besides; and Professor Rowland declared that all he asked for was 'the back kitchen,' where he proposed to study (and did study, with great results, the mechanical equivalent of heat)." Many other incidents interesting to hear we should quote if possible. Speaking of Johns Hopkins to-day, he gives among the great needs that one so common to all colleges,—the need of unlimited funds for general expenses and further need of endowment for the special schools, and finally the need of moving the college from the city to a more suburban site.

The will of Mr. Edward Austin, of Boston, who was a prosperous East India merchant in the first half of this century, makes noble disposal of more than one million dollars. Of this amount the Institute of Technology receives $400,000. The rest is generously divided among Harvard College, Radcliffe, Roanoke College, the Tuskegee Industrial School, and the bacteriological laboratory of Harvard Medical School.

A new college for women is to be incorporated and established in Boston. The name, under the will of John Simmons, who left property of value about $2,000,000 for its support, is Simmons' Female College. The purpose of the institution will be to prepare women to enter commercial life rather than to give a place to the higher arts and sciences.

Vassar, as many of us already know, has been recently admitted to the Society Phi Beta Kappa,—one more assurance that her stand as a college is among the highest.

EXCHANGES.

Several of the exchanges this month were late in coming. Of those which came earlier, *The Brunonian* offers an interesting study of Brown to-day and Brown one hundred years ago. The latter we see in the leading article of that name, the former in "The Brown Study," "Under the Elms," and the rest of the number. A piece of verse, "The Departure of the Sicilian Expedition from Athens," shows at least that the classical spirit

has not departed from Brown these modern days. *The Nassau* publishes an eloquent speech on "Americanism and the Downfall of Imperialism," which won the *Lit.* Prize for Oratory last month. A recent number of the *Harvard Advocate* contains two bits of verse in would-be reckless mood in "'Bottoms Up' ad Finem," and "Revolution;" the former fairly successful.

We received this month a copy of *Our Magazine*, published by a girls' school in North London. It is an interesting contrast to our own undergraduate publications. Naturally it seems to contain few student utterances, but it gives pleasant pictures of the school life.

This verse from the "Contributor's Club" of the *Smith Monthly*, although somewhat slight, is rather refreshing:—

CROSS-EYED.

"With forehead fair,
And umber hair
Swept backward like wind-ruffled mist;
With cheeks and lips
And finger tips
That seem but fashioned to be kissed:

"Her dainty feet
Trip down the street
As nimble as the mountain roe,
My heart ensnare
And trample there
The while I watch her come and go.

"But oh! her blue
Eyes shine eskew,
And tax my ingenuity
To guess which way
Their glances stray
With twinkling ambiguity.

"I cannot choose,
But sadly muse,
How optic axes lead amiss.
Ah, spiteful freak!
Her glance oblique
Ever eludes analysis!"

COLLEGE NOTES.

April 11.—The spring term began.

April 14.—"The African Colonies" was the subject discussed at the meeting of the History Club in the evening. Papers were read by Miss Sanderson, Miss Crosby, and Miss Coburn.

April 15.—Mr. Oscar Fay Adams lectured on Jane Austen in the chapel at 3.20. In the evening there was a meeting of the Barn Swallows. Miss Clara Brown, '99, was manager and ringmaster of a circus, with all its proper side shows, even to the thrilling stagecoach, Indian scene.

April 16.—President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, conducted the usual Sunday services.

April 17.—Miss Ida Benfey gave readings from the "Mill on the Floss," at 7.30, in the chapel.

April 23.—The Rev. M. W. Jacobus, of Hartford, preached in the chapel.

April 24.—In the evening Prof. E. B. Titchener, of Cornell, lectured on "Skin Sensations." After the lecture the Philosophy department gave a reception in honor of Professor Titchener in the Horsford Parlor. At the regular meeting of the Wagner Club Professor Wenckebach lectured on Siegfried.

April 25.—Miss Calkins spoke on "Psychology as a Natural Science" before the Science Club.

April 26.—Professor Davenport, of Harvard, talked to the Biology Club and the Zoology department about the laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor, and the opportunities for scientific investigation there.

April 29.—A delightful comedy, "A Majority of One," was presented at the Barn Swallows meeting. Miss Grace Frazee, '99, was chairman of the committee.

April 30.—The Rev. Edward D. Burr, of Boston, conducted the chapel services.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Agora was held on Saturday evening, April 15. Miss Lelia Eaton, 1900, was initiated into the society. After initiation the following programme was given:—

Impromptu Speeches.

Our Relations with Spain	Miss Lucy Wright.
The Samoan Difficulty	Miss Emma Seward.
Our Relations with the Philippines . .	Miss Reeve.

The general subject for the evening was a study of our military organizations. Papers were given on:—

Our Military History	Miss Weed.
A Comparison of our Army with the Armies of Europe	Miss Moore.
Reorganization of the Army . . .	Miss Bishop.
Our Navy	Miss Edna Seward.

At a meeting of Society Tau Zeta Epsilon, held Saturday evening, April 15, the subject discussed was the work of Sir John Millais. The following programme was presented:—

I.	Millais the Man	Miss Norton.
II.	Millais the Painter: his Style . .	Miss Cameron.
III.	Music	Miss Brentano. Miss Sutherland. Miss Elliot.
IV.	A Study of Noted Pictures . . .	Miss Brentano.

Pictures.

Ophelia.
Huguenot Lovers.
Christ in the Home of his Parents.
Chill October.

V.	Millais's Relation to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood	Miss Gibbs.
VI.	Current Topics	Miss Hubbs.

An open meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held on Saturday evening, April 15. Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson gave a delightful talk on "How to Make History Interesting," to the members of the society and to their friends, in Society Hall.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Mrs. Harriot Brewer Sterling, '86, has recently published some short poems in *St. Nicholas* and other periodicals. We quote from *The Writer* the following paragraph concerning her work: "Harriot Brewer Sterling, whose verses 'The Seamstress,' were published in *St. Nicholas* for February, wrote them to please her elder son, and the heroine is the authoress herself in her early days. She began writing for publication while at college, but has done little besides the jingles and short poems which have appeared in *Little Men and Women*, *The Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, and other children's magazines. Her prose work is very practical, being limited for the most part to articles on child care and child culture; subjects with which she is well qualified to deal by reason of possessing two beautiful boys, whose welfare and development are her constant study." Mrs. Sterling is now living at 319 Huron Ave., Sandusky, Ohio.

Mrs. Lena Parker Furber, '87, moved last fall from Auburndale to Brookline, Mass. Her address is 55 Davis Avenue.

We note the following from the class letter of '89:—

"Carolyn M. Field is still teaching Latin, History of Art, Drawing, and Painting in Miss Kimball's school in Worcester, Mass.

"Helen W. Holmes still carries on her kindergarten work in Boston.

"Anna B. Jenks has spent a large part of the past year in travel. Her experience included a trip down the Ohio and Mississippi, some weeks in New Orleans and vicinity, a sojourn in Asheville, another on the Maine coast, and finally a rest in 'Hickory Nut Gap,' in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

"Katharine Lane is teaching in a private school in Roxbury, Mass."

Leona Lebus is taking her third year at the Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Clara B. Mowry is teaching German in the Woodward Institute, Quincy, Mass.

Ethel Paton is teaching Latin and Science in the Catharine Aiken School in Stamford, Conn.

Catharine F. Pedrick is spending the year in Germany.

Helen Storer is scoring triumphs as director of the Tuesday Musical Club. Under Miss Storer's leadership the chorus of the club recently gave Handel's "Messiah" with great success.

Lucia Leffingwell did sixty of the illustrations in Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis."

The engagement is announced of Carrie Gray Frost, '92, to Dr. William Rankin Hendy, of Chicago.

The engagement is announced of Bessie Gates, formerly of '97, to Mr. Frank R. Congdon, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The engagement of Alice Newman, '93, to Mr. Martin Theobold Nachtmann (Albany Law School, '93), is announced.

We clip from the '96 class letter the following items:—

"Mary Little is traveling and studying abroad."

"Mary Montgomery is studying Philology in Germany."

"Mabel Rand is assistant at Westford Academy, Westford, Mass."

"Annie May Robinson is in charge of the Boston office of the *Perry Magazine*."

"Sarah Seaton is teaching Science at Logan College, Russellville, Kentucky."

The recent "Wagner Evening" of the Hanover (N. H.) Ladies' Literary Society was planned and directed by Catherine R. Bisbee, '98. The programme included a paper on "Wagner," by Miss Bisbee, and selections from the various operas of the great composer.

Clara D. Capron, Sp., '83–85, Secretary of the Connecticut Valley Wellesley Club, recently visited the College.

The annual business meeting of the New York Wellesley Club was held on April 15, at 40 West 72d Street. After the business was completed, an opportunity was given of meeting Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts.

At a business meeting of the Eastern New York Wellesley Club, held Saturday, April 15, the following officers were elected: president, Miss Myrtella Avery, '91; secretary, Miss Florence Ellery, '88; treasurer, Miss Anna E. Husted, '95. The matter of raising money for the College was presented by Mrs. Winifred Edgerton Merrill.

DENISON HOUSE NOTES.

On April 10 the Katherine Club gave the fourth and fifth acts of "A Winter's Tale," at Wells Memorial Hall. The characters were all taken by girls, and Autolycus, Miss Mary Casey, was especially good. One of the features of the play was a spirited and graceful shepherds' dance. The audience was large and appreciative, and the club has reason to feel pleased at the success of the play.

At the Teachers' Tea, on March 27, Professor Willcox gave an interesting talk about birds.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale and Mrs. Rutan were the guests of the Teachers' Club, on April 10.

Professor Coman spent Easter Sunday at the settlement. Miss Anna Lister, Miss Irene Lister, Miss Neale, Miss Wilderman, and Miss Brandt, all of Wellesley, spent a part of the Easter vacation at the House. Miss Hendrie, of Radcliffe, was at the settlement during the Radcliffe vacation. Miss Maud Whiteaves, a graduate of McGill University, Montreal, Canada, is in residence at Denison House for two months.

The Woman's Club of Denison House held a sale on the afternoon of May 3. Home-made candy was sold, and also useful articles, such as laundry bags, dusters, aprons, etc. The proceeds of the sale will be used by the club for excursions during the summer.

BIRTHS.

In Clinton, N. Y., January 16, '99, to Mrs. May Smith Willis, '85, a daughter, Margaret Miriam.

In Rochester, N. Y., March 15, '99, to Mrs. Marian Perrin Burton, '91, a son, Andrew Perrin.

In Eveleth, St. Louis Co., Minn., March 10, '99, to Mrs. Lucy Hartwell Hearding, '93, a son, John Harris, Jr.

In Chicago, Ill., March 25, 1899, to Mrs. Sarah Bixby Smith, '94, a son, Bradford Bixby.

DEATHS.

In La Crescenta, Cal., March 27, 1899, Mrs. Grace Kimball Thompson, Sp., '79–80, formerly of Bridgeton, Me.

At Selma, Ala., on March 22, Mr. M. A. Keith, father of Miss Bettie Keith, '93.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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MANAGING EDITORS.
MAUDE EMILIE McCLARY, '99.
LOUISE EDGELL BALDWIN, '99.

LITERARY EDITORS.
HELEN MARIAN KELSEY, '95.
ELIZA NEWKIRK, 1900.
NINA F. POOR, 1900.
MARY C. SMITH, 1901.

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SONG FOR TREE DAY.

FRESHMAN.

With joy for the long years before us
Our eager devotion we bring;
To all the wide blue that is o'er us,
Our class, tree, and college we sing.

Chorus.

We sing to the days that are past,
We sing to the days yet to be;
Over campus and hill
Let the echo swing still
As we sing to each class and its tree.

SENIOR.

With memories rich beyond telling,
The song of dear service we raise,
Our love and our loyalty swelling
On this, the glad day of all days.

Chorus.

MARGARET B. MERRILL, '99.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

IT is with great pleasure that we merrymakers of Wellesley College welcome you to this Tree-day pageant of the year 1899. Our greetings are cordial to those who have never been with us before, as they are to those who have left us

> "changed
> No doubt from what they were when first
> They came among these hills."

And to those now within our bounds '99 and 1902 make obeisance, with a call to witness the sports of pastoral England and of courtly France, for "by these sports are all their cares beguiled."

OLIVE ROSENCRANZ, '99.

THE ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

THE Class of '99 makes to all undergraduates her deep obeisance, and advances to hand down after the due of fashion the senioric smile and greetings of calm superiority. She prays you not to feel too bitterly the sting of these her parting, and mayhap unflattering, words, for she adopts the manner of the fond maternal chastiser, and tells you in the unconvincing words that tortured her childhood, that it pains her a great deal more than you to have to punish.

Nineteen Hundred, it is with mingled feelings of expected transports and fading desire that we stand at last to tell you boldly, without the fear of blows from a lusty, athletic arm, exactly what we think of you. We should hate to confess how many times we have burned to do this thing. But prudence forbade our giving you a piece of our mind until we saw how it was going to hold out for ourselves. Assured now that there has been enough to coax our sheep-skins into a lamb-like approach, we offer you the remnant.

We look back with grimness and grimaces to the dark ages of our first year, when we wept with joy to think of your coming. You stood afar off, as the one chance of an embittered existence to pass on with interest the wrongs heaped by the sophomoric oppressor. We remember how our

hopes in an easy, guileless victim were dashed when we heard that you were to enter without "moral characters." Later events gave us greater ground for mistrust. To your advent do we attribute the infamous system by which we can no longer take courses on credit, but must, forsooth, render eye-for-eye payments. To us was it denied, upon your coming, to see you, in domestic felicity, bump brooms, brandish bread-plates, dash china. With your coming these smashing customs died and were buried, and other things reigned in their stead. What these things are we cannot characterize in the polite language of public use. If you would know, withdraw with us to a cool, dark spot for feeling utterance. We cannot but think, however, that the old-time exercise would have been a wholesome chastening for your spirits, and a welcome outlet for your blustering energy. Your prime could not, then, have known the vigor still to wrestle with the great A. C. for the spell to quiet the Promenade, whose uneasy ghost, for untold years, has stalked, unsatisfied, our corridors. You could not show so lusty a zeal to have us say our say and be off. Alas, 1900, we mark with dismay your speeding of the parting guest. You do not wait until the final moment to pray meekly and fervently for our mantle to fall upon you. You already clutch its folds, tear it from our shoulders, seek to know how cheap you can buy it of us, and whether the mortar-board is thrown in free.

We mournfully mark this insatiable spirit of rivalry and barter. We almost expect to see you bargain for your degrees with the powers that be. We should not be surprised if, upon their righteous refusal, you should challenge them to open-air combat, there to maul and throw and beat them. We should have no amazement if, instead of singing these same beneficent deities mighty pæans of supplication, you should fill the shrinking air with huge shouts and clamors of your lusty yell, dragging in the class of the century with hoarse shouts and croaking tones.

It would be difficult to say with what delight we doff the inimical mask fate decreed us to wear for 1900, and assume again the benevolent smirk that sits most pleasingly on our gentle countenances whenever we turn to you. It would—all thoughts of offspring laid aside—be next to impossible, 1901, for us to approach you in rage or irony. We are convinced that your mild and uneventful life would never rouse such sentiments in the

most susceptible breasts. We have become slowly reconciled to the fact that in spite of silver paper shields and red badges of courage, you will never transfix the world with your daring deeds. We cannot, even faintly, smell the smoke arising from the fires you set to it. Warriors of the ancient, hurtling days though you be, you are yet, at heart, of the most yielding dispositions. Have not your athletic retirements shown us that? We see you gliding gracefully into a vague and innocent future. But, alack! one thing troubles us. We wonder whether soon there will be any of you left to do the gliding. You are fast attaining that mystic, illusive, vanishing point. We fear that next September your ranks will show the law of diminishing returns in full flourish. You have already endured beheadings that left you with a weakened spinal column. In this, our parting, the mist of tears hides you from us, and the tiers of the missed make you dim to our eyes. It is natural, indeed, that you should choose to quit college as soon as your guiding star, '99, had gone to shine on more blessed spheres. We recognize that you have here never yet got into your own element, else why should you still be "wondering where you are at," and traveling with your mouths agape in a "wonderland"? Your very yell has become a sort of wail of despair. The burden of "Negontienne-on" now dolorously rolls forth, "Now Ninety-nine has gone; now Ninety-nine has gone."

O class of the carnations, *we* wonder, too, and we wonder if you are yet *quite* the pinks of perfection!

The relief in knowing that you, 1902, are the last class at whose expense we shall have to be brilliant, spurs us on to an unwonted amiability. Far be it from us to hint that such treatment is your just desert. In all justice, we should heap upon your sophisticated, capable young heads the anathemas of a class not yet emerged from the greenness you never knew, not yet reconciled to the fluttering rôle of the sere and yellow leaf. In our day we ordered things differently,—I forbear to say more fitly. We are filled with swift memories of our erstwhile enthusiastic, prostrate attitude toward college life in general, and seniors in particular. We can see even now our shrinking figures crouching close and whispering as a black gown floated by. We have visions of having leapt aside in the most startled, deer-est way to make room on board walks. We know of countless

elevators groaning up and down, while we skulked humbly by the goddess to let long lines of seniors and "those in authority" saunter into the "Black Hole."

But, alas! you have changed all that. It is we who wear the black gowns now, but, alack, it is also we who leap and wait. It is we who plough the mire while you tread the cleanly concrete; we who lurk by the statue while you mount aloft.

In the good old days, too, freshmen could be counted on to buy the floating stock of the College. Banners did not then curl in vain on unsought bulletins. "Legendas" did not go begging, and committees selling them were not told to their blanching faces by a tactful freshman that "she didn't care enough about the class to *waste* a dollar on its book!" We were not too *blasé* to read and buy the College magazine. In all these things we appreciate your grown-upness. We face ruefully the shocking enthusiasm and wild energy of our primeval infancy. But, though we did not count with you, all times dull, few things worth while, yet the remnant of our self-respect makes us urge on you the few and humble matters wherein we still make modest boast.

It is not within the memory of even the oldest inhabitant in our numbers that the organization of the class was matter for wilting despair. The dull, cold hand of panic did not lie heavy on us when committees were to be appointed. We cannot recollect that in the dire need a helpful member feebly murmured that she "thought it would be *nice* if the President should do it." And another of us did not tactfully protest that "she didn't think that would be fair, as partiality would be shown." We do not remember that candidates sat calmly in the room throughout elections simply because we were not going to say "a single mean thing about any of them."

In the happy recollection of these little matters we rejoice that the coveted parental attitude on our part is not, after all, wholly unbecoming. And, again, my friends, if we knew not how to keep a secret, we at least knew better than to try to throw powder into the brilliant orbs of the present college world. We did not slyly advertise blue and purple and what-not, as our abstractions from the spectrum for future use and ornament. We held no orgies, calculated to deceive, around our thriving little shoot. We spread no subtle rumors of various localities as the happy spot of its

planting. We did not stealthily breathe other divinities. To be sure these devices gained credence for a time. Who could suppose that a utilitarian class could resist the hinted mulberry? Such a chance to insure fruit every morning is not given to all. And how could our hungry ears disbelieve the story of the mountain hash, or something similar, equally dreary with the divine spark of life quite cooked away? Either one of these was a commendable choice. But we must acknowledge your good ethics in preferring not to spare the birch rod to the spoiling of your childish selves. We mourn, however, that you should so early hint your programme by getting one with cut leaves. Take our advice and leave cuts to the end.

We hurriedly and with much confusion hasten over the personal questions that arise, as we think of your symbols in color. We do not wish to remind you, with a sly wink, that we may be depended upon not to think all gold that glisters. But we promise to close our teeth over the dread word "brass." When we see you bearing your flower, we are oddly reminded of a stock biblical tale, and wonder if your choice of marguerite betrays a state of mind similar to that of the soaring clergyman who came to grief. Expatiating with delight on the creations of a beneficent Providence, he grandly concluded: "The Lord made the mountains and the sand. He made the sea and the grass. He made me and he made a daisy." As for the worthy congregation, so for us, there is nothing to do but benevolently nod.

GRACE PHEMISTER.

Written by Agatha Sonna.

THE HOLIDAY REVELS.

PROLOGUE.

Out of the heart of the woodland
We come, we come,
Far from the coolness and shadow
Of our forest home;
Called by the spirit of revel
Hither we roam.
Dancing, glancing,
Thought-entrancing,

Like the sunbeam, hither and yon,
Yon and hither
Every whither.
Quick! for the hours so soon will be gone.

By all joyousness and laughter,
By all riot and all gladness,
By no thought of the hereafter,
By all jests of care and sadness,
We conjure thee, while the day last,
Come, revellers, out of the past.

At the wave of our magic wands
Come first, with merry games,
The morris men as of old,
When the winter's snows were cold
And the hall was lit with the yule-log flames.
They shall dance on the live green grass,
As they danced at the mirth-maker's call,
When the Twelfth Night cake was bright
With candles all alight,
And the wassail bowl went round the hall.

Then we summon with elfin art
The maids who with garlands gay
The spring with revels greet,
And with light dancing feet
Give joyous welcome to the May.
Their queen, Maid Marian,
With meadow daisies crowned,
With primrose staff in hand,
Leads on the rustic band,
To weave the Maypole ribbons round.

Last we call bold Robin Hood
From Sherwood's mossy glades,
To leave the springing deer,
To hush his bugle clear,
And dance on the sward with the village maids.

He comes with his merry men
From the depths of the forest shades;
Their stout long bows laid by,
With woodland revel high,
They dance till our fairy vision fades.

EPILOGUE.

Round in a mad whirl together,
We go, we go;
Louder the beat of the music,
Swifter its flow;
Brimful of mirth is the laughter,
Warmer the glow.
Singing, swinging,
Closer clinging,
Weave the maze, now there, now here,
Here and there,
Everywhere.
Oh midsummer, merriest day of the year!

MARGARET B. MERRILL.
BERNICE O. KELLY.

ORATION FOR TREE DAY.

IT is a band of courtly merrymakers that you see to-day, set free from the weary round of form and ceremony to hold high revel amid the lawns and wooded alleys of Little Trianon. There will be dancing and music and mirth for a little space, even though the deluge should come afterwards.

But it is not any mood of recklessness whence we would derive our care-free spirit. It should be rather the outgrowth of that strong and cheerful courage to which our symbols point: the birch tree, which in the full summer sunlight glows rich green-gold, the image of sturdy, vigorous, happy life; the daisy—a very optimist among the flowers—covering the wide fields and arid roadside stretches as with a beautiful garment; even our colors, the gold and white of the daisy's self, a harmony of sunshine and light. The most evident thought in all these,—is it not the suggestion of hearty, cheerful courage,—the courage which shall make us "strong to live" and do our part in life?

Now that our first year is so nearly at an end, we can look back over it, —"try it and test its worth," as that which has been already completed. We freely acknowledge that we have made mistakes; if we had not done so, it had been a failure on our part to uphold the traditions of our predecessors. In spite of mistakes, however, and in spite of all too liberal advice, we have succeeded in showing a little of what we mean to do. We might speak of a certain cup,—but we will be modest in displaying our laurels, as becomes our youth.

We hope that whatever may have been well done by us in this our year of infancy will be received by our older sisters as a pledge of what shall be in the coming years. As for the mistakes, let them be mercifully forgotten. And we would have our sisters consider that in spirit our aims are even as theirs. For whether the letter of the motto be "Steadfast," or "From strength to strength," or "By our shield," the truth within it cannot be ill interpreted by "Strong to live."

BESSIE WHEELER MANWARING, 1902.

PRESENTATION OF THE SPADE.

"Let all Wellesley students, whoever they be,
Come and play with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!"

So says our Queen Alice, and with her all of us give you greeting, 1902. But what is the meaning of this? Are you really all here? Have you a quorum? Have you had your customary three meetings, before you obtained the desired number? Ah, yes. This goodly array is the result of that call we have heard so often for "Quorum, quorum, quorum."

To-day it is our privilege to criticize you, 1902. But we will not take advantage of you thus basely. We always give you the first place; we never raise any objections to you,—no, not even in athletics. So we have but words of praise, for you are a daisy class, you know.

First, then, we would commend you for your praiseworthy attempts to conceal your age. Your efforts have been many and brave, yet in vain. We have realized, you see, that you were, after all, but children like Alice in Wonderland, and that, as children, you must be amused. Therefore

this, our motley throng. Like children, too, you have been learning and growing since you came to this wonderland of college. You have taken such long, deep draughts from the bottle of "athletic victory," that the one nibble of the cake of "defeat" scarcely made any impression. But do you think you will be "strong to live" if you grow thus rapidly? As Alice said, "There's hardly room for you, and no room at all for any lesson-books."

We would praise you, also, 1902, for your choice of a flower. The daisy is so eminently characteristic of you as a class. We all thought you daisies when you first appeared,—model freshmen, in fact. How soon was our belief shattered, and we found that you were the regulation article, the ordinary freshmen, who talked class secrets with open transoms, lacked strength, not to live, of course, but to erase the names of candidates from blackboards, and knew not a senior from a classmate. It was like the native modesty of ordinary freshmen, not to veil from the world your real estimate of yourselves under such a name as Marguerite.

And yet, 1902, you have a little admiration for us. If you could not adopt our colors bodily, you could at least take half of them. For this mark of appreciation we honor and commend you, though we must own to a sympathy for 1900. Poor class! After going to all those basket-ball games and cheering so vigorously for 1902, to be thus disregarded, and to have 1901 so much preferred—it is truly hard.

We commend you also for that evening's performance when you so kindly told us your tree. We knew it before, and yet it was pleasant to stand by and view your noble gymnastics, and hear your plaintive songs, and know that it was not a bluff but a solemn truth that the birch was the tree of your choice. Why the birch? we have wondered Was it to signify your firm belief that your place here in college was to chastise all bumptious, upper-class girls? Or was it to furnish us with the switch so needed when you transgress the proper hours for quiet?

We commend you for certain virtues: the love of home you show when you rush madly into the post office before your elders; the thought of the ignorance of others, the unselfishness shown in your choosing a Greek watchword and then translating it into English for the benefit of the uninitiated. You need not have done it for us, 1902. We can read,

with perfect ease, not only Greek but Anglo-Saxon as well. Do you yet know the meaning of "Be ure linde?" But did we say you were always thoughtful of others? That was when we forgot the two hours of blissful morning sleep you denied the poor sophomore who has been sitting up nights, laboring solely in your behalf. Was it a kindly thing to do, even though it did give you a chance to display to the anxious class below a braid of hair?

Finally, we would commend you for the way in which you kept your Tree-day plans a secret. You never said a word about them. Perhaps you would like to know, then, how we learned all your secrets? Careful attention to these verses may reveal to you the way:—

The Seniors and the Sophomores
Were walking hand in hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such awful freshman sand.
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand."

"If seven teams of seven girls
Beat them seven times a year,
Do you suppose," the Seniors said,
"That they could e'er feel fear?"
"I doubt it," said the Sophomores,
And shed a bitter tear.

"We'll take revenge," the Sophomores said,
"Their Tree-day plans we'll know,
And then by skillful questions put,
We'll make them bow quite low."
Thus, after several weeks, they did
Address the Freshmen so:

"The time has come, our Freshmen friends,
To talk of many things,
Of trees, and flowers, and future plans,
Of mottoes, and of sings;
And why the world all knows your thoughts,
And whether they have wings.

"It was so kind of you to blush
Whene'ver we spoke the truth.
You freshmen said not anything,
But you looked a world, in sooth.
You wish we would not speak so plain?
We must do so to youth.

"We wept for you when your tree was known
From a blackboard so near by.
Your song, your flower, your plans, your cheer,
Your motto aimed so high,—
All these we learned, and having learned
We heaved a heavy sigh.

"Now, Freshmen," said the Sophomores,"
You've had a pleasant year;
Shall you be coming back again?"
But there was no one near,
Because they were in truth brought low,
The awful news to hear.

And now, 1902, our task is over. Even praise must have an end. We give you this spade; live by it as we live "by our shield," and you daisies shall, indeed, be "strong to live."

MARY C. SMITH, 1901.

RECEPTION OF THE SPADE.

BEFORE we came to college, last September, our friends told us that we would have a kind reception, and that we might hope to inspire especial interest in the sophomore class. Our friends were not mistaken. We did have the kindest of receptions, and, in spite of our native modesty, we feel justified in believing that the Sophomores have been a little, just a little interested in our welfare. Really, you have given us signs of it, 1901, if showers of the best advice are signs.

But what reassures us most is something else. You like to be with us, especially at times when you feel we need your guidance and support,—at class

meetings, for instance. At our first important one we did not like to impose upon your kindness, knowing that we ought not to make such demands upon your time and sympathy. We locked the doors; but you battered upon them with affectionate zeal, and smiled through the transoms (until they were covered with golf capes) to see how we were getting on, and whether you could help us. It is delightful to know that some one cares about all your affairs, even about the minor, private, personal ones.

Yes, you did feel an interest in them, 1901, for you urged us to confide in you, and encouraged us to believe that we could always tell you our hopes, and aims, and plans,—particularly plans. About Easter time, the time of making arrangements for Tree Day, we were almost overpowered by your willingness, your eagerness, to be of service. Your offers of assistance were positively pressing. We had not realized how much you cared for us. You congratulated our Tree-day officers as if they had been your own; and, not to seem partial, sometimes congratulated the wrong girls. Perhaps we did not seem to appreciate your wealth of affection; you may even have thought sometimes that we wished to avoid you, when we were practicing our cheer and our song. Forgive us, 1901,—do not not think us discourteous. There are times when the presence of the dearest and closest friends is unfortunate.

You have shown a lively concern for our character, too. Whenever you have seen a fault in us, you have always spoken of it—not unkindly, but for our best good, believing in the maxim of sparing the rod and spoiling the child. Still, a few weeks ago, you felt that perhaps you had been too severe, and said to yourself: "It's a pretty good class, after all. They are appreciative, at least, and know good ideas when they see them. They have made thousands of mistakes, but so did we. Let us be kind to them." Wishing to show us that your severity had relaxed, you resolved not to stand in the way of our winning the basket-ball game or the field-day cup. That was magnanimous. But a finer thing still was modestly to conceal your magnanimity as you did. A stranger might not have known why you let us win. We knew. We understood; and we thank you. Your coming as characters from Wonderland to amuse the children shows, again, your kindly care for us; and for that, too, we thank you.

And now we take the spade, hoping to use it well, hoping to use it as

it has been used before. We realize that in accepting it we are pledging ourselves; that we are making the promise to work earnestly, to play wholeheartedly, to be "strong to live" for Wellesley. We realize it, and we gratefully take the spade.

CONSTANCE B. DRAPER, 1902.

CLASS SONG.

Nineteen-two! Lift up your loyal strain,
Sing Wellesley's praise in long refrain;
Forth from beneath your birch trees waving shade,
Send the clear notes,
Send the clear notes ringing o'er hill and glade.
We love thee in the evening hour when day is done,
Or when the silvery lake gleams in the midday sun;
Whatever the changing hours or years may prove,
To thee we pledge,
To thee we pledge our unchanging love.

Chorus.

Alma Mater! we lift our song to thee!
Loyal and faithful to Wellesley ever we'll be.
Tribute of love and honor to thee we give,
Grateful that through thee we shall be strong to live.

And when these brief years are overpast,
When from thy sheltering walls we turn at last,
Still shall our hearts to thee beat true,
And still we'll love,
And still we'll love and honor the Wellesley blue.
Our hearts o'erflow with thanks and praise to thee
For that which thou hast been and yet will be:
The gift had from thy hands into the world we bear,
The strength to live,
The strength to live, to labor, to do and dare.

BESSIE W. MANWARING, 1902.

IVY ORATION, 1900.

FELLOW-CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS: It is both fitting and appropriate that after the remarkable events of this day we should meet together at its close to take part in a no less important and pleasant occasion. The planting of the Class Ivy is always a most delightful privilege, but to-day the ceremony has an added charm, which 1900 modestly claims as unique for its class.

Ever since last fall the members of our College have been forced to gaze upon the white and glaring solidarity of these chapel walls. Try as we might we could not avoid their barren reality. Birds in search of cozy nooks for their nests have flown away in dismay when confronted by their cold and stony stare. While all Wellesley is rejoicing in the freshness and greenness of spring, the chapel alone stands a grand unrelenting exception. In such a crisis the Class of 1900, with its characteristic desire to rise to the emergency, have resolved to set aside the customs of the past; to utterly disregard the site and soil which have for many years received and cherished the verdant attempts of former classes, and plant its Class Ivy at the walls of this our new chapel. How great a responsibility rests on our little vine! She is to set the precedent for all future class ivies that will find their way here on Tree Day. See how proudly she stretches out her tendrils, and how confidently she already nestles down into her future home! Her little green leaves reflect in their shining faces her joy and pride at being thus honored. She is proud *in that* she is the first ivy ever planted at the new chapel, *for* former class ivies could not be planted here, *since* there was no chapel then.

Speaking of former class ivies, where are they? Surely '98 had one. Did we not hear of their planting their ivy at Music Hall? Alas, her history is a sad one. So great was her zeal for carrying out the class motto to the very uttermost that she shuffled off this mortal soil, and is doubtless now growing in some more ethereal and starward locality. At any rate she has effectively removed all traces of her temporary stay at Wellesley. Did I say all traces? If I did I was wrong, for, I believe, there are two or three faithful leaves still remaining; but so humble and lowly a position do they

hold, that it may become necessary for the '98 alumnæ to provide themselves with microscopes when upon historical pilgrimages to their ivy shrine.

Perhaps none of you suspected that the Chemistry building ever suggested a site for the class ivy, but modern history ascribes to that place the spot chosen by '96. Doubtless if you search patiently you may come across some modest remains, which will help to prove this point. As for the ivies of '94, '92, and others, they must ever be but traditions shrouded in gloom, for our memories fail to reach so far back.

If wishes prove of any avail, the ivy which we, the Class of 1900, plant to-day, is to be our representative before many future generations of ivy-planting classes. By her sturdy and luxuriant growth she may help to encourage future vines in the belief that life as a class ivy is indeed worth living. Perhaps long years later when we return, gray-haired alumnæ,—naturally gray-haired, and not by any floury process,—as we sit once more in the chapel and miss the familiar faces about us, we may find our ivy nodding its friendly leaves at us through the open windows, and assuring us of a welcome as fresh and hearty as when first we planted her.

To compare our class with this ivy would be both ridiculous and painful in many ways. I am sure, in speaking of her freshness and verdure the absurdity of any comparisons would be self-evident; neither would it be appropriate to regard our ivy as in these respects in any way symbolic of our class. There is, however, one particular in which both ivy and class may well vie with each other. What better wish could we express, as we leave this spot, than that the Class of 1900 and its ivy, following the spirit of our motto, may grow each year "From strength to strength."

ALICE ELIZABETH HARDING.

THE TREE-DAY REVELS.

SOFT, dappled clouds drifted lightly and gayly across the blue sky, casting blotches of shadow here and there on the lawn and the rainbow-hued multitude sitting on the slope. Suddenly from behind the trees there tripped forth a fairy clad in rose pink, with a swaying wand in her hand and a crown glistening in her dark hair. She stopped at the foot of the rising

ground, spoke a few words of greeting, criticism, and advice, and returned to the shadow of her trees. Immediately the mistress of the revels advanced, tall and stately in shimmering white, calling after her, "out of the heart of the woodland," a band of fairies. Gracefully they flitted across the green, and began to dance. Between the clouds the sun peeped out, and tangled his beams in the gauzy folds of the fluttering draperies. Like rose, and green, and yellow, and purple blossoms blown by the breeze, they swirled and bowed in gay abandon, and scattered away.

Then there ran out a troupe of morris dancers, in jingling bells, jaunty quilled caps, and short purple skirts. Saucily and merrily they capered back and forth—now back to back, now prancing together in a long line—till they, too, ran away and joined the fairies.

The mistress of the revels summoned next Maid Marian and her attendant damsels, who came gayly skipping across the grass to where there stood a Maypole with many colored streamers. But before these quaint maidens had danced a moment there appeared a group of hunters bold, who shot at the pretty deers with bow and arrow. After much coaxing and coquetting they all made peace, and Robin Hood chose Maid Marian to lead the Maypole dance with him. While they were weaving the gay streamers in and out the little fairies ran in and formed a circle round the pole, and the morris dancers, not to be left out of the merrymaking, frolicked here and there among the village folk.

After this the whole multitude of onlookers rose and trooped down the hill to join the revels, and the Maypole dancers, two by two, lead the procession back and forth across the campus. Behind them came a stately line in cap and gown, and after them, in gay contrast, a crowd of district school children on a holiday with their teacher. They wore big white hats tied under their chins, and short-waisted dresses of pink and blue. And following them—oh, delight of all school children forever—came little Alice with her golden hair, and all her marvelous companions from "Wonderland" and "Behind the Looking Glass." There, arm in arm, pranced the Rabbit, the Hatter with his tall hat and patched trousers, and the March Hare, all as mad and merry as ever. There, too, were the Queen of Hearts, the Duchess, Humpty Dumpty, the Mock Turtle and the Gryphon, Tweedledum and Tweedledee under one umbrella, and all the packs of cards and sets of chess

people. And finally came the court of Louis XVI. straight from one of the masques in Little Trianon. The king and queen were followed by knights and ladies in silks and velvets, by little milk maids in pink and blue with muslin kerchiefs, and by a band of daisies in yellow skirts, black bodices, and white gwimps.

In a leaf-decked throne the royal spectators sat apart and watched the festivities. The knights and ladies first trod a stately minuet together, courtesied deeply before the throne, and took their places beside it. Then the little milk maids came blithely dancing forth, circled round and round, skipped back and forth, and the revelry was done. Another fairy vision had faded away, leaving behind in the hearts of the Tree-day masquers joyous memories of

"Midsummer, the happiest day of the year!"

E. M. S., 1900.

THE SPECTATOR.

In her character of general newsmonger the Spectator finds plenty of occupation nowadays, gathering scraps of information about the "new Wellesley," so soon to be realized. There are rumors of half a dozen new buildings to be put up in the course of the next year. This number does not take into account the Houghton Memorial Chapel and the Shakespeare House. This last, indeed, has taken on such a sedate air, surrounded as it is by well-grown trees, and its pretty, old-fashioned garden, that it seems almost out of place to name it among the very recent additions to Wellesley.

Perhaps the most interesting of the new acquisitions is the astronomical observatory. The site for the building—the highest knoll of our broad meadow—was chosen after special consultation with experienced astronomers. They selected the spot with two ends in view: first, that the observatory should be easily accessible, and, second, that it should command a clear sweep of the heavens. The building itself is to be one of which Wellesley may well be proud, for it is to be of white marble, standing eighty-five feet long, with a central dome for the telescope. The instruments, which are now finished and ready to be set up, are of the very

finest make. The college is certainly to be congratulated on this new gift, which offers new and rich opportunities for practical study and investigation in both mathematical and physical astronomy.

The observatory, however, is not the only building for which the ground has been broken. In the middle of June workmen appeared on the "Hill," and began to clear a site for the new Wilder dormitory. It is to stand between Wood Cottage and the Art Building, a splendid newcomer in the little colony of cottages. For it is rumored that the new house is to be built of brick, and is to accommodate as many as sixty girls. No one will feel more gratitude for the generous bequest which makes Wilder Hall a possibility than those students who next winter will be able to bid farewell to village life and to enter into the fullness of their college experience within the college grounds.

The different societies have caught the nesting fever this year, and, almost without exception, have announced themselves ready to build. Zeta Alpha and Phi Sigma, for so many years roommates in Society Hall, are to be next-door neighbors in the future. The two houses are to stand at the edge of the clearing beyond the boathouse, on the way to Tupelo, between the lake and the tennis courts. Zeta Alpha is to build a white, colonial house, while the Phi Sigma house is in the style of an Italian country villa. Both of the societies hope to have their houses finished early in the fall.

The Agora has turned off in quite another direction, and has secured as its site the amphitheater-like hollow behind Norumbega, not far from the Shakespeare House. Tau Zeta Epsilon is to build its house on one of the pretty knolls in Simpson meadow. The plans for the houses of these two societies are still undecided. Surely Wellesley's flowering time is at hand. May her twenty-fifth anniversary find her more truly than ever before "The College Beautiful."

EDITORIALS.

I.

ONCE again the senior class, with tassels newly turned from left to right, has gone forth to try to lose itself in the wide, wide world. We look forward eagerly to the time when this will not be a difficult thing to do, when the graduates from women's colleges will be able to mingle with their fellowmen freely and naturally like other women. The transition from the narrow life of the college to the broad life of the work-a-day world, would not be a trying one for the average graduate if only the world would accept her as she really is, and not assume that she is radically different from other people. Because a girl has been fortunate enough to live for a few years in a college community, and because in the little work which she has been able to do she has caught glimpses now and then of the heights beyond, she has not differentiated herself from the rest of womankind. An undergraduate seldom thinks much about her "higher" education until the idea is thrust upon her after she leaves college, and she finds, with a dreadful pang, that she is expected to be "intellectual." Sometimes in the attempt to adjust herself to her reputation, the heights of learning which she is supposed to have reached make her dizzy, and she fairly reels under the responsibility of her education. Then the self-complacent community, which has worked her ruin, points to her as a specimen of what the "higher education" results in. Oftener, however, the poor college graduate waits silently in patience until time has worn off the edges of criticism and her friends begin to realize in wonder that after all her college training has not made a blue stocking of her. When in Boston itself, college education for women is misunderstood and deprecated, what can be hoped for from the small towns in the West and South? It is, indeed, a trying thing for a girl to go back to her home to live and find that during the four years that she has been away a myth has grown up about her name. The only thing for her to do is to start out bravely and calmly to live it down if ever she is to be quite happy and at ease with her old friends there. Courage, '99, as you go out into the world from the myriads of colleges all over the

land. May you live so naturally and simply among your fellows that in the course of time it may not be said of you, with a significant lift of the brows, "Oh, she's a regular blue stocking; college has spoilt her!"

II.

It gave us a feeling of collegehood, and especially of Wellesley collegehood, to meet on the steps of our Houghton Memorial Chapel, at the close of its dedication day, to sing our College songs. To be sure we showed our ignorance at times of what lay beyond the first lines, as well as a strange perversity in choosing the order of the stanzas. But we knew the tunes, and occasionally such familiar rimes as "Alma Mater" and "Wellesley's Daughters." Surely we ought to be able to sing, and sing proudly, the songs that form our Wellesley collection, for they show the right spirit through and through. Their only fault lies in their small number. With the songs to sing and voices to sing them with, and chapel steps on which to sit while we sing, why should we not establish the custom of connecting "Lake of Grey" and "'Neath the Oaks" with the new chapel, as Princeton connects "The Orange and the Black" and "The Triangle Song" with Old North? Perhaps there will come an inspiration from the singing which will result in new Wellesley songs. We have a beginning of just such valuable and gladly accepted additions in the new Tree-day song, which stands first in this number of the Magazine. On our next Tree Day, when this song finds its proper setting, we want to sing it as we sing our old and tried friends, with a ring in our voices which will make it at home forevermore on that day as well as all other future Tree Days. In this good fellowship singing there is a greater power than we realize to make us feel the bond of membership,—the College spirit. Ninety-Nine has started us in "singing in praise of her we love so well." But the time has come when she must resign her vocal leadership and the honored position on the chapel steps to Nineteen Hundred, bidding them set again the echoes ringing with the old story of loyalty and devotion to Alma Mater. Nineteen Hundred and One tells us that "song joining song shall forever ascend," and Nineteen Hundred and Two, more explicit yet in her loyal outpourings, proclaims, with special reference, no doubt, to our chapel

step singing, "We love thee in the evening hour when day is done." In their chorus, too, the Class embodies the thought of the whole College as they sing,

"Alma Mater, we lift our song to thee,
Loyal and faithful to Wellesley ever we'll be!"

III.

COLLEGE spirit is a pretty concrete sort of thing after all. It means of the individual college what character means of the individual. You can't be sure of it until it is given expression in some definite activity. It shows nowhere more plainly than in the support of the various undergraduate organizations. The chairmanships and presidencies which we have seen so well filled in the past are coming to us now. We have elected officers of class, of Christian Association, of Barn Swallows, and we expect of them all, —the best. How are we to follow? We accept so much of our college course in a "take-it-for-granted" fashion that we are in danger of merely following well-established precedents, and assuming a receptive and critical rather than a critical and constructive attitude. It is so easy to say: "Well, it is their business to entertain, to collect money, to write editorials. to get a quorum together," or, laughingly, "She ought to be glad of the honor." This feeling, that we who are not officially responsible have no part and lot in the matter, not only makes the hardest possible sort of work for those who are responsible, but prevents them from building up existing organizations. We merely meet the requirements, and allow our officers time to add to the college store neither in spirit nor in fact when we need three notices to pay our dues; when we fail to send voluntary contributions to the Magazine; when we allow measures to be carried by the smallest permissable representative of our organizations. Some of our failings may be due to the weakness of human nature, it is true, but we have college spirit enough to overcome them if we will. Let not that familiar criticism upon our literary efforts, "What you lack is force," be true of our other efforts. Let us come back in the fall with a supply large enough to support our undergraduate organizations with heartiness and vigor. Let our ambition be not only to sustain, but to improve and advance them!

FIELD DAY.

"ALL 99's this way." "All candidates for the potato race please step forward." These announcements, and others like unto them in purport and volume, announced to the college world on May 15th that Wellesley's first Field Day had begun. All members of the leisure class, as is the custom on gala days, seated themselves comfortably on the bank with pillows, and banners, and yells, the last two articles more for the benefit of others than for their own. And, indeed, the spectators all had good reason to cheer, for with but one exception every class was represented in each different sport. So many entered and so many carried off honors that it would be impossible to give all the names.

The potato race was a delightful beginning. Everyone, especially the contestants, enjoyed seeing the potatoes, which dotted the race course like mile stones, conveyed, in spite of their unruly actions, to the baskets at the end. Miss Rockwell, 1900, President of the Athletic Association, bore off the first blue ribbon from the hands of the judges. But the potato race was only an introduction to the athletic gaieties. Basket ball followed—1900 against 1901. The sophomores and freshmen had distinguished themselves and each other (note the order of honors) in a game the week before with a tie score. Now the juniors stepped in, not to mediate or decide the first and second places, but to start a series of games to decide championship. True to their record, 1900 won the game with a hurrah which matched the encouraging rah-rahs of the sympathetic public. For a relief after such intense excitement a three-legged race was run. There was little doubt who would win the first honor here. The blue ribbon had to be divided this time between the Misses Lincoln, '99.

The fifty-yard dash was most thrilling for the spectators. Miss McFarland fired the shot that sent the competitors off for the goal. Miss Rockwell again carried off the honor. The second place was won by Miss Sanborn, 1902. Only one of the four bicycle races took place on the playstead; the others were held on the tennis court, which had up to this time been put to its proper use in an exciting tournament for class tennis championships. The first bicycle race required a great deal of skill, for it

was necessary to hold out, while riding, an egg in a large wooden spoon with a shallow bowl. Miss Seward, 1901, won in this race.

The tennis court, as has already been said, was the scene of a tournament early in the morning. The excitement there was quite a rival to that on the playstead. Miss Young, '99, established again her position of college champion in tennis. A game played a few days later gave Miss Wetmore, 1902, second place. The bicycle events which followed the tennis were imported from England. The first was a tortoise race, which Miss Nickerson won. The next two were very pretty. In the first, the bending race, the rider guided her wheel between ten-pins, which were placed closer and closer together. The final bicycle event consisted in dropping potatoes into flower pots while riding.

The victims of the obstacle race which followed were as unprepared as the spectators in regard to the obstacles they had to surmount. They found them many enough and complicated enough,—dashes, ropes to jump, twine to wind, names and addresses to write, and barrels to crawl through. At the close it was not a case of "meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky," but a crawl on hands and knees to the goal. With the end of the obstacle race came the close of Field Day, and preparation for more conventional, social pleasures in the afternoon.

But meanwhile there was a third scene of action on Field Day which has not been mentioned. This was the Golf Links. Here another contest was decided, and the first honor given to Miss Snyder, 1902, whose records on the links were the finest ever made by a student here. A continuation of the tournament another day gave Miss Sturtevant, '99, second place. One more victory must be recorded here to make the record complete—the victory of 1900 over 1902 in Basket Ball. This game gave the two contestants first and second places.

On the last evening in May the silver championship cup was presented by Miss Coonley, '99, in the name of the Association, to the Freshman Class—as the class which had made the largest record in the Field Day sports. Miss McAlarney, as the representative of the Freshman Class on the executive committee of the Association, received it in the name of her class. To the seniors is to be given the honor of second place.

We will not predict for future Field Days. It is enough to say that this

one, in the spring of '99, is only a beginning. The improvement that is sure to follow it next year will be along the line of skill,—a matter which was unavoidably but slightly emphasized in most of the events of May 15th, because of the small amount of time in which preparations were possible.

The officers of this first Field Day were Miss Newkirk, 1900, Chief Marshal; Miss Fernald, 1901, First Assistant Marshal; Miss McAlarney, 1902, Second Assistant Marshal. Dr. Roberts, Miss Balch, and Miss Claypole were judges. Miss Bennett, '99, was general umpire, and Miss Coonley, '99, presenter of the championship cup.

E. J. N.

FLOAT.

"So you are at Wellesley this year? Indeed! How much you must enjoy seeing Float!" This formula for greeting freshmen whets their naturally keen desire to see Float for themselves, and not to have to explain with embarrassment that they have always heard it was an extremely picturesque occasion, and that they are looking forward with eagerness to their first one in June. This year the eagerness was even unusually intense. Rumors were abroad that the fête was to be very elaborate. Every one bought ten-cent tickets for all her friends and relations. Every one bought the pretty blue and gray programmes. Every one read the notices explaining how boats should be festooned, and urging for volunteers to come to the boathouse, to help the committee decorate, so that Float should be a success. Every one counted the days until the twentieth. No one feared its raining—it never rains on Float.

The night of the nineteenth was lovely, and the twentieth dawned cool and clear, with bright sunshine and the singing of birds. No racking anxiety, then, like that on Tree Day morning. No uneasiness even—"it never rains on Float." But in the afternoon it began to grow dark. By six o'clock it was positively black. It thundered. On another day that would have meant a smart shower; but we felt safe. It never rained on Float.

The trains from Boston were full, the station was flooded with friends. All the world and her roommate, ribbon badges floating proudly from their

shirt waists, could be seen walking happily through the village, with half a dozen guests, quite oblivious of the darkening sky and the proverbial low mutterings of thunder. But what was that little black spot on the ground, not there a moment before? What was that other beside it? It could not be raining? It was raining. It was pouring, and it was Float.

Crest-fallen and humbled hundreds gathered in the college buildings. After supper they streamed out on the piazzas and under the *porte-cochère*, to divert themselves as best they could. There was talking, and laughter, and singing. At College Hall the boat crews paraded, marching up and down, the bands played, and the crowds drank lemonade, while thunder pealed, lightning flashed, and rain poured steadily down. Promptly at nine the rain ceased, and the moon came out—too late. Too late for Float, but just in time to tantalize the people who were crowding into barges to go home.

Wednesday morning was delightful, uselessly delightful. Disconsolate twos and threes wandered over the campus to the lake shore, and contemplated with a subdued sadness the signs of what was to have been. There were chairs piled high near sections of a long table, electric light bulbs fastened to trees, wires, scattered boards, and a great heap of wet Japanese lanterns. If anyone turned from the doleful sight, and sought relief in going for a row, there were only boats draped with bedraggled cheesecloth, whose sickly aspect recalled, in bitter contrast, the joy and expectation in which the boats had been decorated, to help make Float a success. It was indeed sad.

But something happened Wednesday night. About seven o'clock the beach became thinly covered with people, the electric lights, although without their lanterns, shone from the trees, half a dozen canoes were out, and two boats, gay with lights, darted up and down. Out from the shore there was a stand for fireworks, fireworks that were never set off.

Suddenly, just as it was growing dark, a cheer was heard, and the 1902 boat shot from its cavern. Ninety-nine and 1901 followed, but almost all of the 1900 crew had left for home. In a few moments the crews formed a three-pointed star, and then came the singing.

"Lake Waban," the '99 class song, and the crew song were given, then "Alma Mater," and the cheer. Afterwards came "'Neath the Oaks," the

1902 class song, and the famous, "Where, Oh, Where." After "America" had been sung everything was over. But as the songs thrilled across the water,—just as they always thrill in Wellesley stories,—they cast a glamour over the poor, mutilated Float. They gave substance to the shadow of a carnival. They made us forget for a moment that in '99 it rained the day it never rains, and so in '99 there was no Float.

CONSTANCE B. DRAPER, 1902.

DRAMATICS.

I. THE ZETA ALPHA PLAY.

IT was a happy thought when the Zeta Alpha Society conceived the idea of dramatizing Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice." In spite of the fact that the novel does not lend itself easily to dramatic form, with its dearth of real action and its wealth of trifling incidents,—incidents which are each so dear to the reader that choice among them is indeed difficult, the clever dramatization which Zeta Alpha presented was surprisingly satisfactory, even to the most ardent devotees of the novel. The pretty programmes read as follows:—

The players and their parts.

Mr. Darcy	Impersonated by Miss Willis, '96.
Mr. Bennet	Miss Craig, '98.
Mr. Bingley	Miss Cady, '99.
Mr. Collins	Miss Booth, '99.
Mr. Wickham	Miss Smith, 1901.
Mr. Gardiner	Miss Dutch, 1900.
Miss Elizabeth Bennet	Miss Childs, '98.
Mrs. Bennet	Miss Oliphant, 1900.
Miss Jane Bennet	Miss Tewksbury, '99.
Miss Mary Bennet	Miss Byington, 1900.
Miss Kitty Bennet	Miss Hoffman, 1901.
Miss Lydia Bennet	Miss Ball, 1900.
Lady Catherine de Burgh	Miss Lathrop, 1901.
Mrs. Hurst	Miss Read, '99.

Miss Bingley	Miss Bayless, 1900.
Miss Lucas	Miss Coleman, 1900.
Serving-man	Miss Read, 1901.

A plan of the play.

Act I. Scene 1. Mrs. Bennet's Morning Room. Scene 2. The Breakfast Room. Two weeks later. Scene 3. The Netherfield Drawing Room. One week later.

Act II. Scene 1. Mrs. Bennet's Morning Room. Three days later. Scene 2. On the Road to Merryton. Next day. Scene 3. Mrs. Bennet's Drawing Room. One week later. Scene 4. Same as Scene 3. Two days later.

Act III. Scene 1. Mrs. Collins's Drawing Room. Three months later. Scene 2. Same as Scene 1. Next day.

Act IV. Scene 1. Mrs. Bennet's Morning Room. Four months later. Scene 2. Same as Scene 1. Three weeks later.

Act V. Scene 1. One week later. Same as Act IV. Scene 2. Four days later.

Enough cannot be said in praise of the entire presentation. Discrimination is hard where there is so much of real excellence. The acting of Miss Willis in the very difficult rôle of Darcy was, however, especially artistic and finished. Miss Craig, too, as Mr. Bennet was admirable. At the eleventh hour Miss Cook was prevented by illness from taking part in the play, and Miss Booth hastily assumed the part of the pedantic Mr. Collins with rare ease and power. The clever acting of Miss Oliphant and Miss Lathrop should not pass unnoticed in even so limited a review as this.

Every effort was put forward by the society to make the costuming and stage setting as accurate and artistic as possible, with the result that Wellesley has seldom seen more charming and finished dramatics than this presentation of Miss Jane Austen's delightful old novel.

G.

II. THE SHAKESPEARE PLAY.

Ye gentles all; wee doe bid you welcome to this Forest of Arden and doe pray you of your charitie to listen to the merrie adventures of the Fayre Rosalynde how she went habited in the greenwoode in Doublet and Hose,

and of the love lorne Orlando as presented in Master William Shake-speare his comedie yclept As You Like It, and enacted by his Companie of Players.

A liste of the persons in this playe.

Duke, living in banishment	Anna Blackmer.
Frederick, his brother, the usurper	Hilda Meisenbach.
Amicus, lords attendynge on the banisht duke	Catharine Dwight.
Jaques, lords attendynge on the banisht duke	Corinne Wagner.
Le Beau, courtier to Frederick	Louise Williams.
Charles, wrestler to Frederick	Mary Pringle.
Oliver, sons to Sir Rowland de Boys	Julia Hill.
Orlando, sons to Sir Rowland de Boys	Flora Skinner.
Adam, servant to Oliver	Mary Spink.
Tristram, a clowne	Alice Knox.
Sir Oliver Martext, a vicar	Susan Hall.
Corin, shepherds	Mary Spink.
Sylvius, shepherds	Ethel Burnette.
William, a country fellow, lover to Audrey	Edith Lehman.
Rosalynde, daughter to the banisht duke	Mary Gilson.
Celia, daughter to Frederick	Margaret Merrill.
Phebe, a shepherdess	Louise Orton.
Audrey, a country wench	Ethel Bowman.

The Playe taketh place in the orchard of Oliver's house in the Parke of the Duke's Palace and

> "Where nightingales in Arden sit to sing
> Amongst the dainty, dew-impearled flowers."

So read the programmes of the play given by the Shakespeare Society the afternoon of June 17.

The day was a perfect one, and the natural scenery near the rhododendrons so picturesque and suitable as to make the audience quick to enter into the spirit of the play. Much of the acting was decidedly clever, that of Miss Spink and Miss Knox being particularly artistic and finished. Miss Gilson made a captivating Rosalind, and is to be heartily congratulated on her success in a part so different from that of Bottome, which she presented so

admirably last year. The Orlando of Miss Skinner was, as it should be, impetuous, youthful, and susceptible. Many effective bits of acting were also done by Miss Wagner and Miss Pringle. The play, of course, presents many difficulties to amateurs, and, therefore, the society is to be praised especially for the success of their production. The play was repeated on the following Wednesday.

S.

III. THE SENIOR PLAY.

The Class of '99 made a new departure in the line of college dramatics in choosing for their Senior Play, Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle." This comedy they presented in the true Elizabethan manner. There were gallants sitting on the stage and interrupting the progress of the play, the same background for every scene, and no other scenery than placards announcing the change of place. Such a setting, of course, gave no added effects to the play, but rather centered the interest of the audience on the acting, as the plot of the comedy—if plot it may be called—is not one to hold the attention. The acting, then, had to be finished and nice in its details, and, without exception, this was the case. The cast, as given Friday, June 23, was as follows:—

Speaker of the Prologue	Jessie Nickerson.
A Citizen	Katharine Jones.
His Wife	Agatha Sonna.
Ralph, his apprentice, Knight of the Burning Pestle	Grace Bull.
Tim, apprentice	Elizabeth Bennett.
George, apprentice	Clara Brown.
Venturewell, a merchant	Mary Hewett.
Humphrey	Elsie Stern.
Merrythought	Alma Seipp.
Jasper, his son	Alexina Booth.
Michael, his son	Bessie Thomas.
Barber	Florence Stone.
Boys	Mabel Tower.
	Grace Phemister.
	Grace Sutherland.

Servant to Venturewell	Ethel Cobb.
Luce, daughter of Venturewell . . .	Elsie Sites.
Mistress Merrythought	Bernice Kelly.
Pompiona, daughter of King of Moldavia .	Mary Miller.

It is hard to single out any of the characters as being particularly well presented, as the parts were so uniformly well taken. But, perhaps, Miss Booth and Miss Stern, Miss Seipp and Miss Sonna were the most thoroughly artistic in their acting. Miss Bull, too, deserves the heartiest praise both as the melodramatic central figure of the play and as the manager of the whole performance. All the other parts were admirably given.

The class and the committee in charge are to be heartily congratulated upon their venture in attempting the play, and their splendid success in presenting it.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Across the Campus, by Caroline M. Fuller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1899. *Vassar Studies*, by Julia Augusta Schwartz. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1899.

Since college life to-day plays so large a part in the lives of our American men and women, it is not strange that college stories should find a place in our fiction. Those who are looking forward to their college course, those who are in the midst of it, those who are looking back on it as a thing of the past, take up with interest the tale which touches on this view of our many-sided modern life. The material in these stories is necessarily monotonous—the characters are of practically the same age, the same mental cast and social standing. For this reason college stories are all too apt to reflect in themselves the monotony of their subject, or realizing this, to make too desperate a struggle for that originality and interest of touch which can come only from the skillful writer.

An addition to the college stories this season comes in the form of a little collection of twelve Vassar studies, aimed to give an impression of the "spirit and personality of modern Vassar." With this purpose, each study takes up some phase of Vassar life, some type of Vassar girl. It is hard, as I have said, to treat a subject of this kind in an original way,

and "Vassar Studies" is not unique in this respect. The little tales are very much as other college tales. The titles for the most part speak for themselves—the "Career of a Radical," the "History of an Ambition," and "That Athletic Girl." They are studies which have good possibilities were not the effort made of casting a glamour over them. As it is, the work is, on the whole, amateurish,—it has not the vital spring of college life within its grasp.

In contrast to this comes the story of life at Smith College, the "Harland" of Miss Fuller's book. It is the story of the career of the "glorious Class of '95," and especially of four of its members. The book opens with the appearance of two of these as freshmen in the college at South Harland.

"They had arranged both beds to suit one of them,—no two roommates ever entertained the same view with regard to the position of their beds,—and had shifted the poor, lame washstand but five times." Surely these are the words of one who has lived and learned! "We have a beautiful view," said Ruth. "Yes, we can keep a view, because it's out of doors," said Christine, stubbornly; "we may have to put the piano lamp out there, too. Possibly we shall be tempted to move out ourselves." But, like all energetic freshmen, they settle into the swing of college life, enjoying its pleasures, smarting under its rebuffs, rubbing the rough angles from their characters by close contact with all sorts and conditions of girls. So they are brought to the end of their senior year, the commencement-time when the Class of '95 takes up its work in the outside world. There is, necessarily little plot in the story—the possibilities of dramatic action are not large in college life—but the character development, the bright narrative, shows an interest and appreciation on the part of the writer that at once gains the reader's sympathies. Whether or not the outer world would understand the excitement of class elections, who that has voted, and waved, and cheered, and sung, does not feel herself carried back again? "The voting was very close, and the girls outside waited in vain for the customary burst of applause. . . . The last two ballots had ended in a tie. 'This will never do,' said Elsie Dane, impatiently rapping on the table; 'you know we must have a two-thirds vote to elect the president.' There was a buzz of excitement at the back of the room, and Elizabeth thought that an element of rage was creeping into the discussion."

But it would be impossible to quote the bits that recall so vividly passages in our own college life at Wellesley. From the first class meeting, which they essay to conduct without "Robert's Rules of Order," to the last alumnæ song at their commencement, when already the "weary night watchman was asleep in the Latin room," the story is filled with the fresh brightness of college life. The darker side is not ignored, and for this very reason one feels that a college book has been written that shows the lights and shades of college life as it is. E. B., 1900.

Mary Cameron: A Romance, by Edith A. Sawyer. Boston: Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.

New England stories have been called a drug in the market. "Mary Cameron" is professedly a New England tale, but the market must always find room for such a strong, simple, clean story. It is a departure from the New England story, as established by Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett, but is none the less attractive in its less humorous character. One of the many islands on the beautiful coast of Maine is the scene of the little romance; and it is seldom that setting and character of a story are better fitted and harmonized. The strong, free nature of the girl heroine finds an answering chord in the sturdy little island, battling for itself against the lashing ocean. Mary Cameron's is a conflicting nature; one in which the deep, restless passion is ever chafing under the restraint of an unnatural limitation. She lives her life on the sea-girt island, alone with her father and two relatives, in unbreaking monotony, but with an ever-present, uneasy consciousness of a freer, fuller life outside, until at last the awakening of her romance brings her to a realization of all she had yearned for. Before John Loring came into her life her unsatisfied nature found a parallel in the physical character of her island home, where lay the "untamed ocean, wearing itself restlessly against the rocks, each force bounded by itself, pouring all its power into its own mighty life." The whole picture is drawn with the sure hand of one who has lived the life she paints, who has breathed the salt air and watched the sweeping sea gulls, or seen the great winds tear the ocean into white shreds. The homely life of the Maine fisherman has found here a faithful portrayer. The story is full of the subtle fragrance of the sea.

P., 1900.

The Jamesons, by Mary E. Wilkins. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York, 1899.

Someone has said quite recently that Miss Wilkins never represents in her stories a sane, well-balanced person, or, in other words, that all her characters are oddities of the queerest variety. Her latest creation, Mrs. Jameson, proves no exception to this general statement. Mrs. H. Boardman Jameson is the devotee of every fad known to cultured club women of the great cities. When a change of fortune compels her to retire to rural New England, with all a reformer's zeal she sets out to remodel the small village according to her ideas, and to win proselytes to her hobbies from among the inhabitants. She introduces the reading of Browning into the village sewing society to the exclusion of gossip. She tries to make the women of Linnville eat health foods instead of their ancestral hot rolls and fruit cake. There is no institution so sacred as to be exempt from reform. She even schemes for the removal of coffin plates and funeral wreaths from the parlor walls, a desecration of the very household gods of her rustic neighbors. For these peculiarities alone Mrs. Jameson can be classified very correctly as one of Miss Wilkins's "cranks."

Miss Wilkins, however, turns to humorous account the idiosyncrasies of her heroine, instead of weaving them, as is her wont, into a grimly pathetic tale. It has all the humorous effect of a mock heroic, this valiant lady's charging Quixote-like at the harmless customs of her guileless fellow-townswomen. Not even the reception with which she meets adds any pathos. On the other hand, the docility with which the women of Linnville allow themselves to be reformed is truly amusing. One cannot but smile at their patient acceptance of Browning, their reluctant abandonment, though it is only for the moment, of many time-honored customs. In writing this book Miss Wilkins has displayed her power as humorist.

At times she points her humor with satire. Our laughter at Mrs. Jameson's reforms, and even at the timidity of the women of the village, is not without its sting. Whether or not, however, it is the writer's intention that we should laugh a little disdainfully here and there we do not know, she is so seldom perfectly serious. It is this lack of seriousness, this satirical humor, relieved now and then by a little philosophizing, that makes the little book the delightful reading it is.

Although "The Jamesons" is supposedly a novel, it is really little more than a character sketch. The tale of Harry Liscomb and Harriet Jameson, the course of whose true love does not run smooth, serves only as a tie to bind together the various exploits of Mrs. Jameson. The majestic Mrs. Jameson fills the book as completely as her personality permeates the little village of Linnville. She assumes Titanic proportions in comparison with the gentle ladies of the rural town. She would be, indeed, a veritable monstrosity in the little world of characters Miss Wilkins has created if she were not described from the only mildly critical standpoint of Louisa and me. Even as it is, it is somewhat of a shock to the reader to find Miss Wilkins choosing for her heroine this sophisticated woman of the world. Moreover, she does not seem to treat her so sympathetically as she has treated her other characters. In her attempt to make of her heroine the character she wishes she exaggerates her oddities and multiplies characteristic incidents almost to the point of surfeiting the reader. If Mrs. Jameson were only a trifle more Jamesonesque she would he unendurable, even as the heroine of a humorous story. As it is, however, one wonders why Mrs. Jameson is not tiresome. One follows the story, page after page, feeling sure that Mrs. Jameson at her next appearance will be extremely tiresome, and at the end lays down the book with relief that he has not been bored, and wonders why he has not.

Apart, however, from the humor, "The Jamesons" does not differ so greatly from Miss Wilkins's other works as might at first appear. She has been called the "anatomist of the will." In the person of Mrs. Jameson she has depicted a woman of extraordinary will-power, of original ideas, and the courage of her convictions. As the author aptly expresses it, through the moral of Jonas Martin, "Old Deacon Sears had a cow once that would jump everything. Wan't a wall that could be built high enough to stop her. Tain't no ways clear to mind that she ain't the identical critter that jumped the moon; and I swan if Mis' Jameson ain't like her." The village, too, is one of those known to most of us only through Miss Wilkins's description of them. It is conservative of old customs; there is about it an air of quiet; the people are gentle and charitable, even to the point of appreciating Mrs. Jameson. It is one of Miss Wilkins's typical New England villages, but with her customary note of sadness left out. Whether or not

this book is up to the level of Miss Wilkins's other productions, or whether or not she is successful as a humorist, many men may well be of many minds. It is certain, however, that the atmosphere of the story, enclosed within the attractive green covers of "The Jamesons," is most healthful and agreeable.

OLIVE F. SMITH, 1900.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Studies in the Psychology of Woman, by Laura Marholm. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

The Jamesons, by Mary E. Wilkins. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. Edited by John Phelps Fruit, Ph.D. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston.

Shortest Road to the Single Tax. Geo. P. Hampton, New York.

La Grammaire, by Eugène Labiche. Edited by Herman S. Piatt. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Vassar Studies, by Julia A. Schwartz. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, The Knickerbocker Press.

Across the Campus, by Caroline M. Fuller. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

FREE PRESS.

I.

WHY do the official college lists fail to publish the addresses of members of the faculty? Miss Nemo is Associate Professor of Anthropology, and, for all the college world knows, she lives, moves, and has her being in that science, and finds the summer vacation long while she waits for her classes to assemble in the fall. Now we rebel if forced to learn an isolated fact, and turn up our noses at the good old-fashioned way of learning our a b c's before knowing how to use them. We sort out, classify, and arrange everything from battles to birds. We cannot conceive of an unattached atom, but proceed to hook it on its neighbor. And we pigeonhole our

acquaintances, attributing a certain manner to New York, a tendency to don purple and fine linen to Chicago, a shy retirement to the remote districts of this Commonwealth, a languorous drawl to the Carolinas. This is indeed a pleasure. But the members of the faculty baffle inquiry; we have nothing but the misleading evidence of eyes and ears, and we are forced to shut them regretfully into the envelope labeled "Miscellany." The home addresses would straighten out much of this tangle. With the lists complete in this respect, we might send directly to them during a vacation an assurance that we have not forgotten them.

P. H. D.

II.

COMPLAINTS to pity are so common nowadays that this may be mistaken for one. But I merely wish to speak as a cheerful undergraduate, who happens for the first time to be free from June examinations, yet not so far outside the pale that she does not echo sighs over academic work that increases in direct proportion to the durance of the college year and the rise of the thermometer. How fine it would be if nobody had any June examinations! No one objects—in theory, at least—to real purposeful work. It is the "systematic review," viz., final cram, that calls forth the sighs. But now it really seems as if the powers were discarding the old method, to hit upon a more acceptable and efficacious way of clinching the year's work. Else what mean the oral and written quizzes that have pushed out, here and there, the June "finals"? It is an agreeable and appreciative change, and it fully copes with the problem of doing away with the last useless cram, while keeping the labor forces supplied with plenty of good working material. There is scarcely a girl who will not admit that there is nothing like a few oral quizzes to fix in the mind a semester's work, in history or literature. Where one final examination can at most only gallop over the main road of knowledge, several quizzes cover the ground with all its byways and hedges. One gets a somewhat more comprehensive view of the country of the way. The fading out of "finals" brings placid content to more than one drowsy drudger, and if they should suddenly disappear from the college world it would bring inexpressible joy to the weary.

P., 1900.

III.

THE lack of class spirit here in college has been condemned often. It is not against this, however, that I would protest, but rather against the superabundance of it that has been displayed of late. Of course, each one of us should believe her class the best in Wellesley, and should try to uphold it through thick and thin, but not at the expense of another class. The defensive is the attitude for us. Yet two or three times this last month there has been a vigorous championing of one class to the detriment of another. In athletics this has been particularly apparent. The sportsmanlike spirit of going in to win for the sake of the sport and victory has been absent, and an eager desire present, in its place, for the defeat of the opposing class. This desire has been so strong that we have gone into athletics so determined to win that we have been ready to do so by hook or crook, forgetting that such a victory was no victory at all. We have failed to show appreciation of good play on the part of our opponents. It is time for us to change this attitude, time for us to be ready to applaud whether our class wins or another, time for us to be no longer wholly on the aggressive.

M. C. S., 1901.

IV.

COULD anything be more distressing than the arrangements of the seats in the new chapel? The aisles of various widths begin where they please and end where they please, which is sometimes nowhere at all. We are sure that there must be some reason for the present arrangement, but we are at loss to know what it may be. Our plea is for a straight central aisle from the main entrance to the communion table before the desk. There is nothing in the architecture of the chapel itself to lead the eye to a central point. Something definite is needed to give to the chapel the repose and quiet strength which is impossible when the lines of the aisles are as broken and erratic as they now are. The central position of the table and reading desk is not of enough importance in the whole scheme to counteract the curving line of the sedilia and the broad, spreading effect of the wide transepts. A broad aisle down the nave would afford the straight line, and lead the eye to a central point. We offer this humble suggestion, and ask that a rearrangement of the chapel seats be considered.

G., 1900.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

PRESIDENT LOW, of Columbia, sailed May third for The Hague as one of the commissioners to the Peace Conference. Dean Van Amringe has assumed the duties of acting president at the University. The *Columbia Spectator* says: "The choice . . . is fraught with the greatest import to Columbia. It is . . . an unmistakable acknowledgment of the primacy of the college in our university structure . . . that the Dean rather than this or that dean of the allied schools should have been selected for this unique honor and high responsibility. The Trustees have bestowed upon Columbia College . . . the place of supremacy that rightly is hers."

The college world and the greater world has awaited with deep interest the announcement of Professor Dwight's successor, and rejoice to hear the honored name of Professor Arthur T. Hadley as the president-elect of Yale University. It is evident that changes governmental and academic will come with the new presidency. It is said that among the more radical academic changes is a movement toward the abolition of entrance requirements in Greek, and perhaps in Latin. It is also said that there is a corresponding movement toward pushing electives down through the first and second years of the college course.

The University of Paris, with its new doctorate and advantages for foreign students, includes numerous institutions which are open to foreigners and offer various certificates and degrees. For the new doctorate one must give at least two years of graduate study, but it is required that only part of this be done in Paris. *The Nation* says, "The candidate must write and defend a thesis (French or Latin) and undergo an oral examination on questions chosen by himself and accepted by the faculty." The latest certificate, to be called "Certificat d'Etudes Françaises," has been established for the benefit of foreigners who intend to teach French. The conditions are interesting: "Candidates must present a diploma representing the bachelor's degree, but women may be accepted on presentation of a letter of introduction from the head of a college or school. The candidate must matriculate in the Faculté des Lettres (fee, 30 francs), and must attend three lectures a week for one year—one in French literature or philology, one in French history or geography, and the third according to his preference. The examination will

be written and oral. The former part will be based on the lectures; the latter will comprise the translation into French of a passage in the candidate's native language, and the summary in French of a passage from a French book read aloud to the candidate."

At Cornell it has just been decided by vote of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences to do away with the requirement of a thesis for the degree of B.A. A change from the traditional commencement programme has also been made by the University of Minnesota. It has been the custom from the establishment of the institution to have student orations delivered at first by the entire class, afterward by representatives. It is said that the seniors have long sought to do away with this, and that their perseverance, "seconded perhaps by the extent to which the negligence of the graduates impaired the quality of the orations, has at last secured the acquiescence of the Regents and Faculty."

An anonymous gift of $100,000 to endow a professorship of general politics has been recently made to Princeton. Alumni and friends of the University have talked of ex-President Cleveland as the possible occupant of the chair.

From the *Daily Princetonian* we learn that a number of the upper class clubs are drawing up a treaty to govern the election of new members. The "rushing" of members of the sophomore classes results in lack of class unity, and so in loss of college spirit. Another result is the lessening of regard for upper class sentiment. "Rushing" naturally results in splitting up the sophomore classes into cliques before the men know each other. *The Princetonian* heartily commends the action of the upper class clubs in making this treaty.

The Century Magazine again announces its prizes for literary work by college graduates who take the degree of B.A. in the years 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900. These three prizes of $250 each are, respectively: "for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines"; "for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words"; "for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words." All literary graduates of these years should be familiar with the time and conditions of the awarding of these prizes. It is to be remembered that last year all the prizes went to women, and that this fact will probably increase the competition of the following years.

EXCHANGES.

THE best work in the exchanges of the month runs in two lines—poetry and essay. It is cheering and gratifying to find the undergraduate literary energy turning aside from the expounding of college scrapes and youthful romance. Among the essayists, Cyrano and Stevenson, Louis Carroll and Shakespeare's Fools seem to be the popular subjects. In the various criticisms and studies of Rostand's play the *Smith Monthly* offers the most sympathetic treatment of its unique hero. The article is appreciative and vigorous, and shows a fine insight into the dramatic situations of the play. A less spontaneous article is that on "Miss Mitchell and the Historical Novel." It is, however, sound in thought and expression.

The *Dartmouth Monthly* presents a plea to lovers of poetry for more sympathetic treatment of Poe.

We are glad to notice, in the first issue of the new *Radcliffe Magazine*, one of the best light stories of the month, "The Professor's Ideal." The treatment of an old theme is fresh and original enough to awaken enthusiasm. The "Contributor's Club" of the *Smith Monthly* also contains a bright little story, "On Memorial Day," revealing a not commonplace treatment of much-used characters—several children and an old maid.

From the verse of the month we clip the following:—

IN THE TENTH CIRCLE.

Down under the ground, deep leagues adown,
  In a shapless cave of gloom,
Where no shadows fall in the utter dark
  And poisonous mushrooms bloom,
Where the toads are blind, and the sightless eyes
  Of the serpents luster lack,
And foul white bats on scaly wings
  Flap silent through the black.
No sound, no sign of passing time
  But the seconds dripping slow
As they fall down, down, deep fathoms down
  With a faint splash far below.

But these moping shapes, like leper ghosts
  Who wail yet nothing say,
With the misty eye and unshorn hair,
  Pray, Virgil, who are they!

Virgil speaks.

These wretched shades, who mumble on
  With an evident lack of wits,
They are college bards who must sing the songs
  They have written for college "Lits."

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

CARLYLE.

He traveled as a pilgrim, toward the Light,
But still, with each new height attained, he bent
More sorrowful to catch the cry of fear
That pity and the ever-darkening space
Made tremble more acutely on his ear.

He pointed, as a prophet, toward the Light,
But with his eyes so fixed upon the Earth
That in his heart he carried half its gloom,
And in his trumpet-call his fellowmen
Heard both their souls' salvation and their doom.

—*Smith Monthly.*

COLERIDGE.

Thine is the mystic melody,
The far-off murmur of some dreamland sea
Lifting throughout the night,
Up to the moon's mild light,
Waves silver-lustrous, silvery-white,
That beat in rhythm on the shadowy shore,
And burst in music, and are seen no more.

—*Columbia Lit.*

THE PAST.

I said, "The Past it is dead,
I will bury it deep and still
With a tablet over its head—
'Of the dead one may speak no ill.'"

I dug deep down in the loam,
I sealed up the grave with prayer;
But the Past was the first one home,
And waited to greet me there.

—*Columbia Lit.*

MY IVY SONG.

I tried to write an ivy song,
"The task is neither hard nor long,
A simple thing," they said.
"For when you've written several reams,
Just count it in for daily themes,
And think it out in bed."

I marshalled all my thoughts in line
In honor of that ivy vine.
The river winding to the sea,
The brooks that sing entrancingly,
The mountains towering to the sky,
The purple shadows drifting by,
The graceful elms, the daisies white,
The laurel blushing in the light,
The meadows and the stately towers,
The loyal hearts, the sunny hours,
The hopes and fears and parting tears,
The meeting in the future years,—
I'd heard it all a hundred times,
I knew it even to the rhymes.

But somehow when I came to write,
The whole thing sounded worn and trite.
For me the task was far too long,
I couldn't write that ivy song.
And, not to waste so many reams,
I hand them in for daily themes.

—*Smith Monthly.*

SOCIETY NOTES.

At a meeting of Society Tau Zeta Epsilon, held Saturday evening, May 6, the subject discussed was the early work of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The following programme was presented:—

I. The Paintings of Burne-Jones to 1875 . Miss Norcross.

Pictures studied.

The Six Days of the Creation.

Hope.

The Seasons.

II. Burne-Jones's Fresco Work . . Miss McClary.

III. Music . . . . . Miss Phillips.

IV. Burne-Jones's Work in Stained Glass to 1875 . . . . . Miss Reynolds.

V. Current Topic: The Exhibition of Turner's "Slave Ship" in the Boston Art Museum . . . Miss Fletcher.

A regular meeting of the Agora was held on Saturday evening, May 13. The following programme was given:—

Informal Speeches.

Samoan Difficulties . . . . . Miss Davis.

Situation in China, and the Relations Between England and Russia . . . . Miss Mills.

Situation in the Philippines and Latest News from Army and Navy . . . Miss Cross.

Report on the Beef Inquiry . . . Miss Emma Seward.

The general subject for the evening was a study of our relations with England. The following papers were given:—

Nicaragua Canal . . . . . Miss Green.

Relations with Canada . . . . Miss Phemister.

Anglo-American Alliance . . . . Miss Brown.

At a meeting of the Agora on Wednesday evening, June 7, the following officers were elected: President, Florence Loop; vice president, Anna

Cross; recording secretary, Lelia Eaton; corresponding secretary, Edith Wright; treasurer, Anne Siebert; sergeant at arms, Minnie Pappenheimer; custodian, Mary Barbour; editor of *The Agora*, Rachel Reeve; executive committee, Elizabeth Towle, Carolyn Morse, Margaret Mills.

The alumnæ breakfast of the Agora was held on Monday morning, June 26, and was attended by a large number of the alumnæ. The reunion classes were especially well represented. Among those present were Miss Gail Laughlin, Miss Burgess, Miss Hawley, Miss Toby, Miss Jackson, Miss Brownell, of '94, Miss Weed, of '95, Miss Elva Young, Miss McNair, Miss Bogardus, Miss Ziegler, Miss Stoddard, Miss Cobb, of '96, Miss Haskell, Miss Hutcheson, of '97, Miss Bixby, Miss Goodwin, Miss Cross, Miss Howell, Miss Degen, Miss Buttrick, and Miss Capen, of '98.

At a regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Fraternity, held on May 13, the subject studied was "American Folk Lore." The following papers were given:—

I.	Provincial Folk Lore	Miss Jones.
II.	American Indian Folk Lore . .	Miss Gordon.
III.	Negro Folk Lore	Miss Abercrombie.

At a meeting of Phi Sigma, on June 10, the following officers for next year were installed: President, Mary Rockwell; vice president, Martha Cornelia Shaw; corresponding secretary, Corinne A. Abercrombie; recording secretary, Alice E. Whiting; treasurer, Florence Halsey; first marshal, Auguste M. Helmholtz; second marshal, Madeleine Baxter.

The following alumnæ members were present at the Phi Sigma breakfast on June 26: Miss Evelyn S. Hall and Miss Montague, '79; Miss Woodman, '89; Miss Goddard, '92; Mrs. Bolton and Miss Hill, '94; Miss Brandt, Miss Chase, Miss Stark, '95; Miss Batchelder, Miss Paige, '96; Miss Baxter, Miss Dewson, Miss Goldthwait, Miss Shaw, Miss Von Wettberg, '97; Special in '97, Miss Eddy; and Misses Cool, Dalzell, Doyle, Ely, Finlay, Hunt, Paul, Scott, Eunice and Ellen Smith, '98.

The regular programme meeting of Society Alpha Kappa Chi was held in Elocution Hall, Saturday evening, May 6. The following programme was given:—

The Study of Rome (continued).

I.	Roman Marriage	Carrie Brown.
II.	Roman Dress	Marcia McIntyre.
III.	Roman Baths	Alice Rowe.

At a programme meeting on June 10 the study of Rome was concluded. The papers were as follows:—

I.	Roman Theatre	Gertrude Gage.
II.	Amphitheatre and Gladiatorial Contests	Alice Perry.
III.	Circus	Ethel Harding.

The following officers were installed at a meeting of the society held on June 16: President, Alice Rowe; vice president, Edna Foote; recording secretary, Estelle Smith; corresponding secretary, Ethel Forcier; treasurer, Carrie Brown; factotums, Marcia McIntyre, Alice Perry; executive committee, Miss Walton, Gertrude Gage, Florence Bailey.

The following officers have been elected by the Shakespeare Society for next year: President, Hilda H. Meisenbach; vice president, Ethel Bowman; recording secretary, H. Louise Williams; corresponding secretary, Alice Dana Knox; treasurer, Alice P. Cromack; keeper of the wardrobe, Ethel Burnette.

The following alumnæ were present at the Shakespeare breakfast June 26, 1899: Alice M. Allen, '85; Florence Bigelow, '85; Amelia A. Hall, '85; Eliza H. Kendrick, '85; Ellen F. Pendleton, '86; Vennette S. Crane, '88; Anna Palen, '88; Eleanor A. MacC. Gamble, '89; Catherine F. Pedrick, '89; Ethel Paton, '89; Miss Quint, '89; Mrs. Emma Squires Aiken, '91; Mrs. Gertrude Spaulding Henderson, '92; Marion W. Anderson, '94; Elizabeth B. Hardee, '94; Caroline Fitz Randolph, '94; Alice W. Hunt, '95; Mabel T. Wellman, '95; Elizabeth S. Adams, '96; S. Virginia Sherwood, '96; Cornelia Park, '96; Florence P. Bennet, '97; Mary E. Shoemaker, '97; Maud E. Almy, '98; Helen M. Capron, '98; Louise S. McDowell, '98; Elizabeth A. MacMillan, '98; Edna V. Patterson, '98; Bessie Sullivan, '98; Mrs. Prince, Annie H. Scoville, Nancy Foster, Gertrude Nye, Elizabeth Cheney.

THE WAGNER CLUB.

THE last meeting of the Richard Wagner Club for this year was held in Elocution Hall, on Monday, June 12. It is with no small amount of pleasure that we look back over the records of the past year and realize what this sturdy young club has actually accomplished. It has lived up to its noble aim, which is, as is known, the furthering of the æsthetic and literary appreciation of Wagner's great work. Those who have attended the meetings agree in acknowledging the pleasure, as well as the broad outlook, received from the programmes in which musical interpretations naturally predominated. The tracing and development of the different motives, played over and over again with words of explanation from Professor Wenckebach and Frl. Margaretha Mueller, proved of especial value. At the first meeting the ideals and principles of Wagner, the poet and musician, were considered; then Tannhäuser, Die Meistersinger, Die Walkyre, Rheingold, Siegfried, and Die Götterdämmerung were in turn enthusiastically enjoyed. The club is to be congratulated on the unquestionable success of the work of its first year, and there is every reason to suppose that next year it will continue to thrive and grow.

COLLEGE NOTES.

May 1.—The juniors of the Agora gave a delightful dance in the Barn at three o'clock. At 7.30 Mlle. Antoinette Szumoska gave a piano recital in the chapel.

May 2.—The seniors celebrated May day in the usual manner by rolling hoops.

May 3.—Miss Hannah Hume was elected Senior President by 1900.

May 6.—At 3.20, in the chapel, Mr. Stimson lectured on "What Law Can Do for Labor." This same afternoon Society Alpha Kappa Chi entertained its friends by giving a dance at the Barn.

May 7.—The morning services were conducted by Rev. M. D. Buell, of Boston.

May 8.—Mrs. Kelly, of Chicago, lectured in the chapel at 7.30 P. M., on "Child Laborers."

May 11.—The members of the Art Department gave a private exhibition of the paintings of Mr. Charles H. Woodbury for their friends. A reception was given Mr. Woodbury in the Art Building in the afternoon.

The experiments which have been carried on by the Psychology students during the year were explained to the members of the Philosophy Club, at a meeting held at 7.30 in the laboratory.

May 13.—At 3.20 Professor C. F. Hodge, of Worcester, talked informally in the chapel on "Methods of Teaching in Nature Study." Miss Edith Mooar was chairman of the Barn Swallow committee for the evening. Gibson's Pipp pictures were very successfully given.

May 14.—The Reverend Henry Van Dyke, of New York City, preached at 11 o'clock.

May 15.—The first Field Day at Wellesley was a great success, 1902 winning the championship. At three o'clock, in the Art Building, the Faculty and Trustees of the College gave a reception in honor of Miss Hazard. A concert was given in the evening by Miss Aagot Lunde, contralto, assisted by Miss Mary Belle Smith, violinist, and Miss Jessie Davis and Miss Adelaide Smith, accompanists.

May 20.—Miss Julia Ward Howe lectured on "Brook Farm," at 3.20, before a large and interested audience. After the lecture, all the students joined in singing Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the classes presented her with eighty roses in honor of her birthday on the following day. A reception by the officers of the different classes was given to Mrs. Howe in the Horsford parlor. In the evening Tau Zeta Epsilon gave a charming dance in the Barn.

May 21.—The Reverend Bayard Hale, of Philadelphia, conducted the Sunday morning services.

May 22.—The last pupil's recital of the year came at 3.00 in the chapel. A shirt waist dance was given in the Barn by Misses Abercrombie, Gordon, Hall, Halsey, Hemingway, Nunnemacher, Rockwell, Schoellkopf, Shaw, Sperry, Vogel, Whiting. In the evening Dr. William Cunningham lectured on "Rural England."

May 27.—A Japanese wedding was presented at the Barn Swallow meeting. Miss Kate Tibbals was chairman of the committee.

May 28.—The only service of the day was vespers, at 7.00 o'clock, the last Sunday service in the old chapel.

June 1.—The Houghton Memorial Chapel was dedicated. The address was given by the Rev. Cuthbert Hall, of New York, on "The Hallowing of Education." One of the most interesting features of the service was the singing of the following college hymn which was written for the dedication of the Houghton Chapel, by Martha Gause McCaulley, '92, and set to music by Cav. Augusto Rotoli.

HYMN.

I.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!
God the Lord reigneth
And worship ordaineth.
Let spirit and voice
Give Him now homage profound.
Let the song that we raise
Unto heaven in praise
Fill the earth with glad sound.

II.

Hosanna! Holy Lord!
Thine is the power
We laud in this hour,
Redeemer adored!
Hear us to-day in our youth:
Thou alone who canst save,
Thou the wisdom we crave,
Lead us nearer Thy truth.

III.

Jehovah, Father, hail!
Thy grace proclaiming,
Thy majesty naming,
We, children so frail,
Praise Thee with spirit and voice.
Thou hast glory and might,
Thou art love, truth, and light;
We adore and rejoice.

We are glad to announce that a full account of the Dedication service containing the several addresses given, and a history of the new chapel, is soon to be published by the college in booklet form.

June 3.—A dramatization of Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" was given by Society Zeta Alpha in the Barn.

June 4.—The last communion service of the year was conducted by Dr. McKenzie in the new chapel.

June 5.—The promenade concert on Tupelo, given by Phi Sigma, was one of the most delightful affairs of the year.

June 7.—The Barn Swallows elected the following officers for next year: President, Paula Schoellkopf, 1900; vice president, Bertha Doane, 1901; treasurer, Mabel Wright, 1900; secretary, Charlotte Faber, 1902; custodian, Rebecca Ihlder, 1902.

June 9.—Tree Day came and went, and was a perfect success. In the evening the juniors burned their forensics with the usual solemnity, and the seniors serenaded the college buildings.

June 10.—The last Barn Swallow meeting of the year was a gay hurdy-gurdy dance. Miss Helen Cady, '99, was chairman of the committee.

June 11.—The Rev. George Hodges, of Cambridge, preached at the usual hour.

June 17.—A delightful presentation of "As You Like It" was given by the Shakespeare Society to its friends.

June 18.—The Rev. J. M. Whiton conducted the morning service.

June 19.—George Adam Smith, the well-known Biblical scholar, lectured in the chapel on "Proverbs, a Neglected Book of the Bible." A reception was given Dr. Smith in the Horsford parlor later in the evening.

June 20.—The exception proving the rule came this day, and there was no Float on account of rain.

June 22.—The following officers for the Athletic Association for the year '99–1900 were elected: President, Auguste Helmholz, 1901; vice president, Mary Caroline Smith, 1901; secretary, Julia Wells, 1902; treasurer, Louise Williams, 1901; faculty members, Miss Balch, Miss Pendleton, and Miss Walton. In the evening the seniors held their class supper at the Woodland Park Hotel, Auburndale.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

June 23.—The round of festivities was begun by the Senior Dramatics, which were given at 7.30 in the Barn.

June 24.—The Garden Party, with the reception at Wood Cottage, one of the most delightful affairs of the week, was given on the hill during the afternoon. 8.00: Mrs. Irvine and Miss Stratton received the students and their friends in the Stone Hall Parlors.

June 25.—The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by the Rev. William Rogers Richards, D.D., of Plainfield, N. J.

The usual choral vesper service of Baccalaureate Sunday was held in the Houghton Chapel at seven o'clock.

June 26.—The afternoon was occupied by the senior class-day exercises. The repetition of the senior Tree Day dances and the farewell to the sturdy little chestnut tree on the east hill, made the occasion a very delightful and interesting addition to the week's gaieties. In the evening the usual Commencement concert was given in the old chapel by the Boston Instrumental Club, Mr. Swornsborne, conductor. The circle was lighted by different colored lights, and the guests, for the most part, sat out of doors on the benches under the trees, contenting themselves with the strains of the music which came to them through the opened windows of the chapel.

June 27.—The twenty-first annual Commencement was held in the Houghton Memorial Chapel at three o'clock. The following was the order of exercises:—

ORGAN PRELUDE. Sonata in A (two movements) . Mendelssohn.
MRS. W. T. STOVALL.

READING OF SCRIPTURES.

PRAYER.

Fugue from the Stabat Mater . . . . . Pergolesi.
THE COLLEGE CHORUS.

ADDRESS. "Some Hints from Nature."
HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE, L.H.D.

"The Good Shepherd" . . . . . Mendelssohn.

THE GLEE CLUB.

THE COLLEGE CHORUS.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

"Jehovah's Power and Majesty" . . . . . Marcello.

THE COLLEGE CHORUS.

BENEDICTION.

ORGAN POSTLUDE. Finale in D . . . . . Lemmens.

MRS. W. T. STOVALL.

RECEPTION.

The exercises were made especially interesting this year by the fact that for the first time the Seniors received their degrees in academic caps and gowns. When, several weeks before Commencement, the Seniors announced that they had voted to wear their caps and gowns on Commencement Day, it was not long before the faculty followed suit. The imposing procession which filed slowly up the chapel aisles made one feel with a thrill the dignity and importance of such an occasion. The precedent which has been established this year is a worthy one. It remains only for succeeding classes to recognize and follow it.

June 25.—Alumnæ Day.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

[The editor requests urgently that alumnæ and former students exert themselves to furnish information for insertion in this department of the Magazine. Every class should be represented in each number, and it is impossible for the editor to make these notes what they should be without the active co-operation of all former students. Communications for 1899–1900 may be sent to Miss M. G. McCaulley, Wellesley College.]

Flora A. Crouch, '84, has been spending the spring quarter at the University of Chicago. She is doing work in History.

Jessie Van Vliet, '85, is teaching Latin in the Girls' High School in New York City.

Elizabeth H. Palmer, '87, has accepted the position of instructor in Greek in Vassar College for the year '99–1900.

Mary E. Parker, '88, received the Master's degree from Radcliffe this year.

Grace Andrews, '89, received the Master's degree from Columbia this year.

Caroline R. Fletcher, '89, received the Master's degree from Radcliffe for work in Latin.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emeline Place Hayward, '91, to Professor Robbins, of Princeton University.

"The Lady of the Flag Flowers," by Florence Wilkinson, '92, has received a very complimentary notice from *The Bookman* for its admirable literary quality and descriptive power. Miss Wilkinson is spending the summer in Oxford and London, England.

Sarah P. Williams, '92, received the Master's degree from Radcliffe this year for work in English.

Madeleine H. Freeman, '93, will remain next year in her present position as teacher in the Williams Memorial Institute, New London, Conn.

Emily G. Somes, '93, is still teaching in the Gardner (Mass.) High School.

Ella S. Hoghton, '93, has been teaching Latin in the Kalamazoo (Mich.) High School.

Elizabeth B. Hardee, '94, has spent the last two months of this school year teaching in the Northfield (Mass.) Seminary.

Julia S. Buffington, '94, expects to teach in the Montclair (N. J.) High School next year.

Mary Keyt Isham, '94, has been given a fellowship in philosophy at Bryn Mawr for the year 1899–1900.

Helen R. Stahr, '94, in company with Henrietta St. Barbe Brooks, '91, and Helen M. Kelsey, '95, will spend the summer in England, France, and Holland.

Marion Canfield, '94, Katherine Lord, '95, and Helen Gordon, '97, will spend the summer traveling in Europe.

Elizabeth R. Waite, '95, has been teaching in the High School in Barrington, R. I.

Flora Krum Harding, '95, has moved to Grand Rapids, Mich. Her address is 17 Morris Avenue.

Grace Caldwell, Emma H. Phinney, Winifred Augsbury, Helen Dennis, Florence S. Shirley, Grace Miller, all of '95, will spend the summer in Europe.

Katherine Fackenthal Lilliefors and family expect to start soon for Germany, where Mr. Lilliefors will spend the year in study.

The engagement is announced of May Woodin, '96, to Mr. Charles J. Staples, Amherst '96.

Edith Whitlock, '96, will visit in Scotland this summer.

Hannah E. Rollins, '97, has been teaching in the High School of Farmington, N. H.

Grace N. Laird, '97, is the assistant teacher in the Townsend (Mass.) High School.

Eva G. Potter, '98, will remain next year in the Saratoga Grammar School.

Louise I. Wood, '98, spent the spring term teaching in the West Tisbury (Mass.) High School.

Maria L. Lincoln, '98, has been teaching in the High School of Warren, Mass. She goes next year to Miss Hill's School in Philadelphia.

Blanche Kingsley, '98, has been attending the Boston Normal School.

Edith C. Irwin, '98, who has been acting as substitute teacher in the public schools of Yonkers, N. Y., has accepted a business position for next year.

Leila K. Close, '98, has been substituting this year in the High School in Bellevue, Ohio.

Maude S. Black, '98, has been teaching in a grammar school in Chelsea, Mass.

Harriet C. Stockman, '98, has been spending the year in the Wellington Training School, in Cambridge, Mass.

Alice B. Damon, '98, has been teaching this year in the Center School of Sterling, Mass.

Jessie Degen, '98, will return next year to St. Catherine's Hall, Augusta, Me.

Rachel Hoge, '98, has been teaching in the Western High School, Washington, D. C.

Bessie Sullivan, '98, has accepted a position to teach Greek in the Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass.

Nellie L. Fowler, '98, has spent the past year in Mrs. Marsh's Private School, Newport, R. I., teaching Latin and Mathematics.

Harriet C. Stockman, '98, has accepted a position for next year as assistant in Latin and Greek in the High School Department of the Chauncy Hall School, Boston, Mass.

The engagement is announced of Abby F. Blanchard, '98, to Rev. Oliver Means, of Enfield, Conn.

Maud E. Almy, '98, has accepted a position for 1899–1900 in the Cruttenden School, Rochester, N. Y.

Emily D. Merrill, Sp., '93–95, has been doing private teaching this year.

Susan M. Markey has been teaching in Briarley Hall, Sellman, Md.

A Wellesley Club of twenty-three members has recently been formed in Denver, Col. The officers are: President, Grace Nutter Braun, '96; vice president, Mrs. Emma Teller Tyler, '89; secretary and treasurer, Helen L. Atkins, '97. The club hospitably extends to its Wellesley friends the following invitation: "The Colorado Wellesley Club will be at home on Thursday, July 6th, from two to six, at the home of Miss Anna Johnson, 1424 Williams Street, Denver, Col., to all Wellesley teachers and students who expect to pass through Denver at that time. Those who can be present are requested to send answers to this invitation to Miss Johnson."

On Saturday, May 13, the Boston Wellesley College Club gave a reception to President Irvine at Hotel Somerset, Boston. The rooms of the new hotel were unusually pleasant, and the meeting one of the largest in the history of the club. About ninety alumnæ and former students came from the

various suburbs to meet Mrs. Irvine. Miss Agnes Damon, president of the club, received with Mrs. Irvine and Mrs. Durant, who was also able to be present. Preceding the reception a business meeting was held at which the following officers were elected for the years 1899–1901: Miss Mabel Gair Curtis, '90, president; Miss Mary W. Dewson, '97, vice president; Miss Isabella Fiske, '96, secretary and treasurer; Miss Harriet Constantine, '89, Miss M. Louise Stockwell, '97, Miss Clara Wade, '90, membership committee. The club committee on the Shafer Memorial Fellowship Fund reported $350 raised to be given to the general committee; and Miss George, for the Boston Committee on the Endowment Fund, announced as the results of efforts thus far, $10,000 by a single donor, and $3,500 by smaller gifts.

Wellesley is well represented in the College Club of Boston, as about one hundred and twenty, more than one fourth, of the membership are her graduates or former students. Among those who have entered the club during the last year are: Mrs. Ethel Weaver Adams, '95; Miss Abby F. Blanchard, '98, Miss Mary W. Capen, '98, Miss Blanche L. Clay, '92, Miss Lillian F. Curtis, '95, Miss Mary F. Davenport, '96, Miss Carol M. Dresser, '90, Miss Amelia M. Ely, '98, Miss Abby S. Fisher, '97, Mrs. Laura Parker Furber, '88, Miss Bessie Greenman, '92, Miss Josephine L. Hayward, '98, Mrs. Charlotte Sibley Hilton, '91, Miss Elizabeth L. Holbrook, '97, Mrs. Nellie Wright Howe, '84, Miss Kate W. Nelson, '95, Mrs. Mary Russell Norton, '94, Miss Catherine F. Hedric, '89, Mrs. Florence Soule-Smith, '90, Miss Marie L. Stockwell, '97, Miss Adeline C. Teele, Miss Edith E. Wyllie, '96, and Miss Annie Elizabeth Ziegler, '96.

The Philadelphia Wellesley Club met Saturday afternoon, May 27, in Germantown, at the home of the president, Anna Palen, '88. There were present: Jennie Ritner Beale, '96, Emily Leonard Carmichael, '85–89, Cora E. Everett, Helen Foss, '94, Sarah H. Groff, '89, Edith La Rue Jones, '95, Dr. Ruth Webster Lathrop, '83, Henrietta C. Leypoldt, '81–82, May W. Miller, '92–93, Mrs. Harriet Pierce Sanborn, '80, Mrs. Katharine Weaver Williams, '80–'82. The officers for the ensuing year are: Anna Palen, '88, president; Mrs. Sanborn, vice president; Marie Tuck, '83, secretary and treasurer; Misses Groff and Jones, directors. The principal theme of

discussion was naturally the Endowment Fund; and though but about $1,400 were reported that day, greater things are hoped for.

The members of the Connecticut Valley Wellesley Club enjoyed a luncheon together at the Hotel Worthy in Springfield, in October. Thirty-five were present from Springfield, Hartford, and surrounding towns, and many of the members took part in an informal discussion regarding ways of making the club a success. At the business meeting it was voted to keep the central organization intact, but to consider the club as having two branches, one for Springfield and vicinity, and one for Hartford and vicinity, each branch to have its own meetings and officers according to its option, and both to unite in one meeting a year in October. Officers elected were: President, Mrs. Frances Scudder Williams, Glastonbury, Conn.; vice president, Miss Mary E. Welsh, Windsor, Conn.; Miss Elva H. Young, Springfield; secretary and treasurer, Miss Clara D. Capron, Hartford.

Committee of Springfield Branch: Miss Elva H. Young, chairman, Mrs. Alice Dixon Rayner, Miss Laura Mattoon. The Springfield Branch has had five meetings during the year, with Mrs. Alice Dixon Rayner, '87, Mrs. Emma Warren Dart, '85–'87, Mrs. Lucy P. Eckert, '79, and Mrs. Robert D. White, '92. This first year has held no attempt at any definite work, for the branch contains a membership whose class years begin at '79 and extend through '96, so the meetings have been spent in reminiscences, with a distinct purpose toward better acquaintance. A programme at Mrs. Eckert's, with papers on "Wellesley, Past, Present, and Future," a tea at Mrs. Dart's, and an afternoon at home at Mrs. White's, with chocolate served by the river, have made the Wellesley ties stronger.

Committee of Hartford Branch: Miss Mary E. Welsh, chairman, Miss Mary Woodward, Thompsonville, Conn., Miss Clara D. Capron. The Hartford Branch has held four local meetings of a social nature, by invitation of members; the first with Mrs .Jennie Chapman Welles, the second with Miss Clara Capron, the third with Mrs. Isabel Hunter Gordy, at which Miss Florence Crofut read an interesting paper on Kipling. At the May meeting the club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Williams in Glastonbury. Mrs. Louise McCoy North was present and read a valuable paper on "The Present Wellesley." The meeting was full of inspiration.

The Class of '79 celebrated its reunion at Woodland Park on the morning of Tuesday, June 27. The members who were present were the president of the class, Miss Evelyn S. Hall, Mrs. Fannie Robinson Johnson, Miss Annie S. Montague, Miss Milla Whipple, Miss Mary R. Bartlett, Miss Ella Drury, Miss Myrtilla J. Sherman, and Mrs. Louise McCoy North. The children of the class were represented by Eric M. North. After the anniversary breakfast an hour of informal reminiscences was greatly enjoyed, with the reading of the poem and the class history written twenty years ago. The class was entertained at Freeman Cottage during the Commencement season, and happily renewed old associations. Seventy-nine has contributed $1,110 to the Endowment Fund and pledged itself with enthusiasm to secure $500 more.

The Class of '84 held its reunion at Woodland Park Hotel, Auburndale, at 11 A. M. Thursday, June 29, 1899; somewhat more than thirty members were present. After the luncheon a tea was given at the Harvard Observatory by Miss Annie Cannon, a member of the class. After that the reunion was prolonged by a visit of several days at Pigeon Cove.

The Class of '89 held its decennial reunion June 24, 1899, at Woodland Park Hotel, Auburndale. About forty members of the class exchanged greetings during Commencement Week, admired the beautiful new chapel, rejoiced in the growth and prosperity of the Wellesley of to-day, and joined all the alumnæ in earnest hopes for the early completion of the Endowment Fund.

The Class of '94 held its quinquennial reunion at the Wellesley Tea Room on Wednesday evening, June 28. The reunion was most enjoyable, and was unanimously declared to be "a regular jolly old '94 time." The following toasts were responded to: "Our President," by Isabella Campbell; "Our Tree," by Fanny Green; "The Elect and Unusual," by Gail Laughlin; "The Schoolma'ams," by Julia Burgess; "The Rest of Us," by Elizabeth Hardee; "The Spirit of '94," by Ruby Bridgman; "Wellesley's Presiding Genius," by Florence Davis. The toastmistress was Caroline Randolph.

The second reunion of the Class of '96 was held Saturday, June 24, at Copley Square Hotel, Boston; about forty-five members were present. At

the luncheon, which was served at twelve-thirty, the following members of the class responded to toasts: Evangeline Kendall, Prudence E. Thomas, Mrs. Emily Brown Preston, Edith E. Butler, Cornelia Park, Josephine H. Batchelder.

The Class of '98 held its first reunion at the Vendome, Boston, June 24, 1899. Seventy-one members were present to enjoy a most enthusiastic reunion. In answer to the roll call each girl told what she had been doing since graduation. A great many had been at home for the year; either teaching or living as private citizens. There was a goodly delegation of the teachers of the class present.

Great enthusiasm prevailed at the Alumnæ Luncheon this year, after Mrs. Winifred Egerton Merrill, '83, responded to the toast, "The Endowment Fund." She reported $52,000 already contributed. Within half an hour after this announcement, the sum was raised to $64,000 by eager clubs, classes, and individuals. Six pledges, of $1,000 each, were given. It seems now certain that the college debt will be lifted by May 1, 1900. After that burden is removed, money for the endowment of the college may be expected to pour into the college treasury.

MARRIAGES.

FABYAN–EDWARDS.—In Portland, Me., April 12, 1899, Miss Louise Edwards, '93, to Mr. Harry C. Fabyan. At home after June 1, 11 Buena Vista Park, Cambridge, Mass.

MCGUIRE–BONNEY.—In Portland, Me., April 4, 1899, Miss Adeline L. Bonney, '94, to Mr. Horace Allen McGuire. At home, 11 Thayer Street, Rochester, N.Y.

STODDARD–JOHNSON.—In Madison, N. J., May 2, 1899, Miss Mary A. Johnson, Sp., '86–'88, to Mr. William Osborn Stoddard, Jr.

ASHWELL–VANDERBURGH.—On May 4, 1899, Miss Kate Vanderburgh, formerly '94, to Mr. Edwin J. Ashwell. At home, Jamestown, N. Y.

POWELL–WILSON.—In Jenkintown, Penn., June 20, 1899, Mary Gertrude Wilson, '95, to Rev. Lyman Powell. At home after September 15, Lansdowne, Penn.

WILSON–CAMPBELL.—In Mt. Vernon, N. H., June 6, 1899, Miss Alice P. Campbell, '93, to Mr. Fred Allan Wilson.

HENDY–FROST.—In San Diego, Cal., May 17, 1899, Miss Carrie Gray Frost, '92, to Dr. Wm. Rankin Hendy. At home, 137 East 34th Street, Chicago, Ill.

NACHTMANN–NEWMAN.—At the Houghton Memorial Chapel, Wellesley College, June 29, 1899, Miss Alice Newman, '93, to Mr. Martin Theobald Nachtmann.

STEVENSON–EASTMAN.—At Albany, N. Y., April 3, 1899, Miss Grace Eastman, '91, to Mr. Adrian D. Stevenson, of New York.

LAIDLAW–POTTER.—In Brookline, Mass., June 6, Mrs. Jennie Childs Potter, formerly a special student at Wellesley, to the Rev. Dr. Walter Laidlaw, of New York.

BURT–JANSSEN.—In East Orange, N. J., June 26, Cornelia Marie Janssen, '96, to Mr. George Franklin Burt. At home, 23 Cross Street, Westerly, R. I.

BIRTHS.

In Blankenburg, Harz, April 20, 1899, to Mrs. Mary McPherson Schaper, '93, a daughter, Grace Louise.

In Cambridge, Mass., July 18, 1898, to Mrs. Charlotte Thorndike Sibley Hilton, a daughter, Katharine Leighton.

April, 1899, a daughter, to Mrs. Dora Emerson Wheeler, '92.

DEATHS.

In Portland, Me., N. P. Burgess, father of Anne Burgess, '90.

In Saranac, N. Y., May 27, 1899, Mrs. Grace Eastman Stevenson, '91.

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